

# INTOUCH

FOR MEN

A man wearing a black cowboy hat, a dark leather jacket, and light blue jeans with a tear in the back pocket. He is looking over his right shoulder towards the camera. The background is a blurred, rocky landscape.

NUMBER 51 \$3.00

**FIRST  
MONTHLY  
ISSUE**

**A GAY MARINE REVEALS  
HIS "FAVORITE THINGS"**

## **BEST CHEST IN THE WEST:**

**Battle of the Bulges!**

## **GAY RODEO COWBOYS!**

**Roping, Rapping and  
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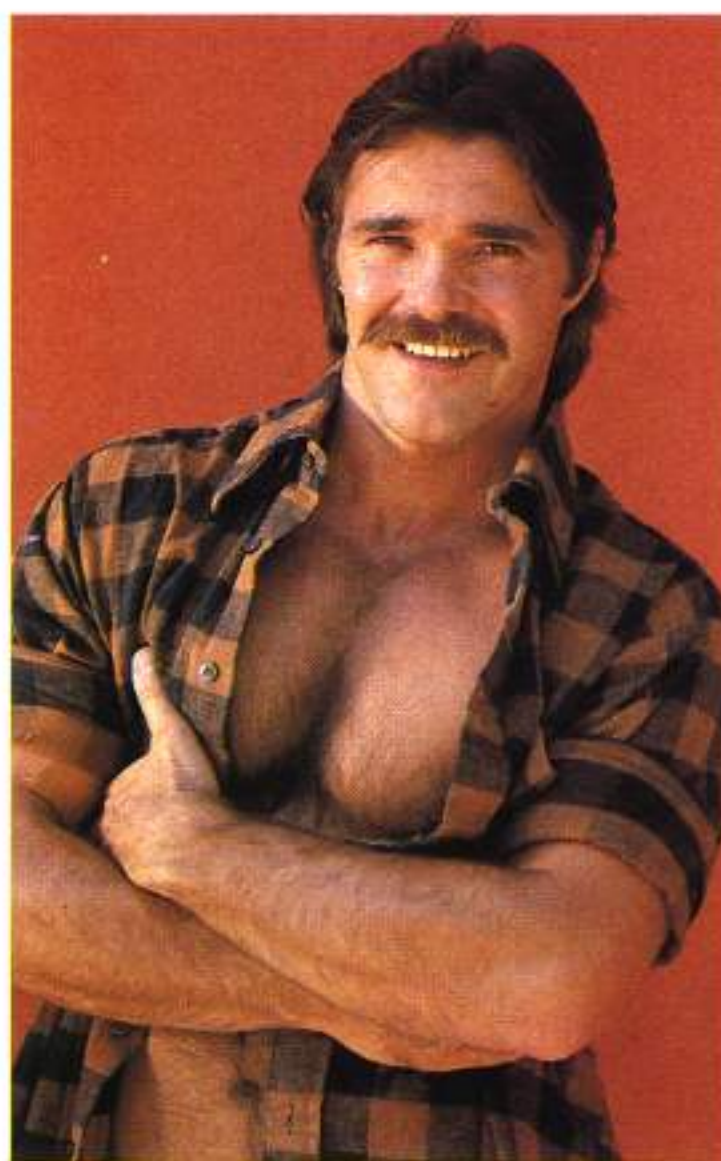
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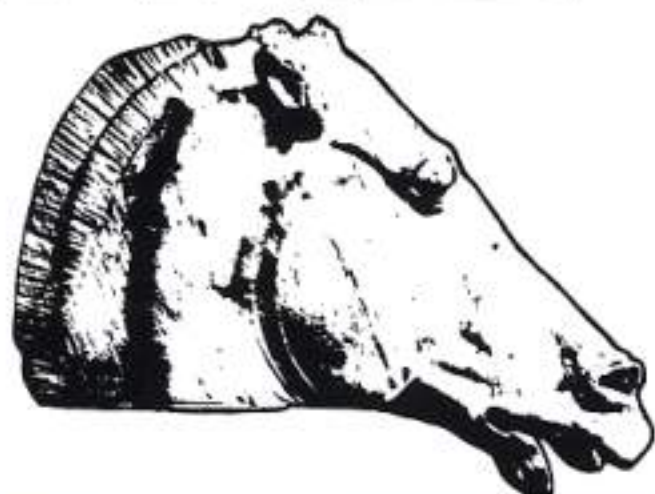
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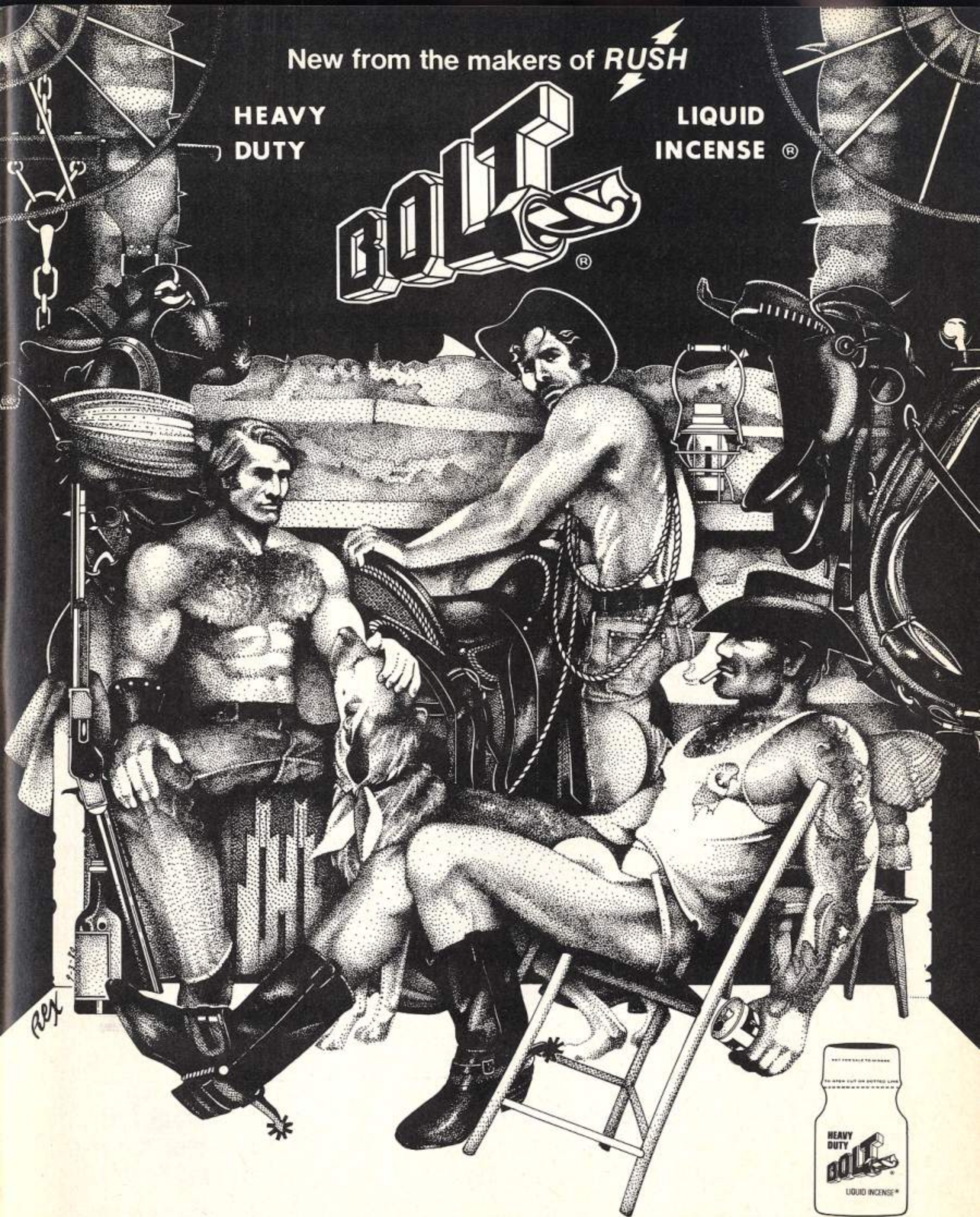


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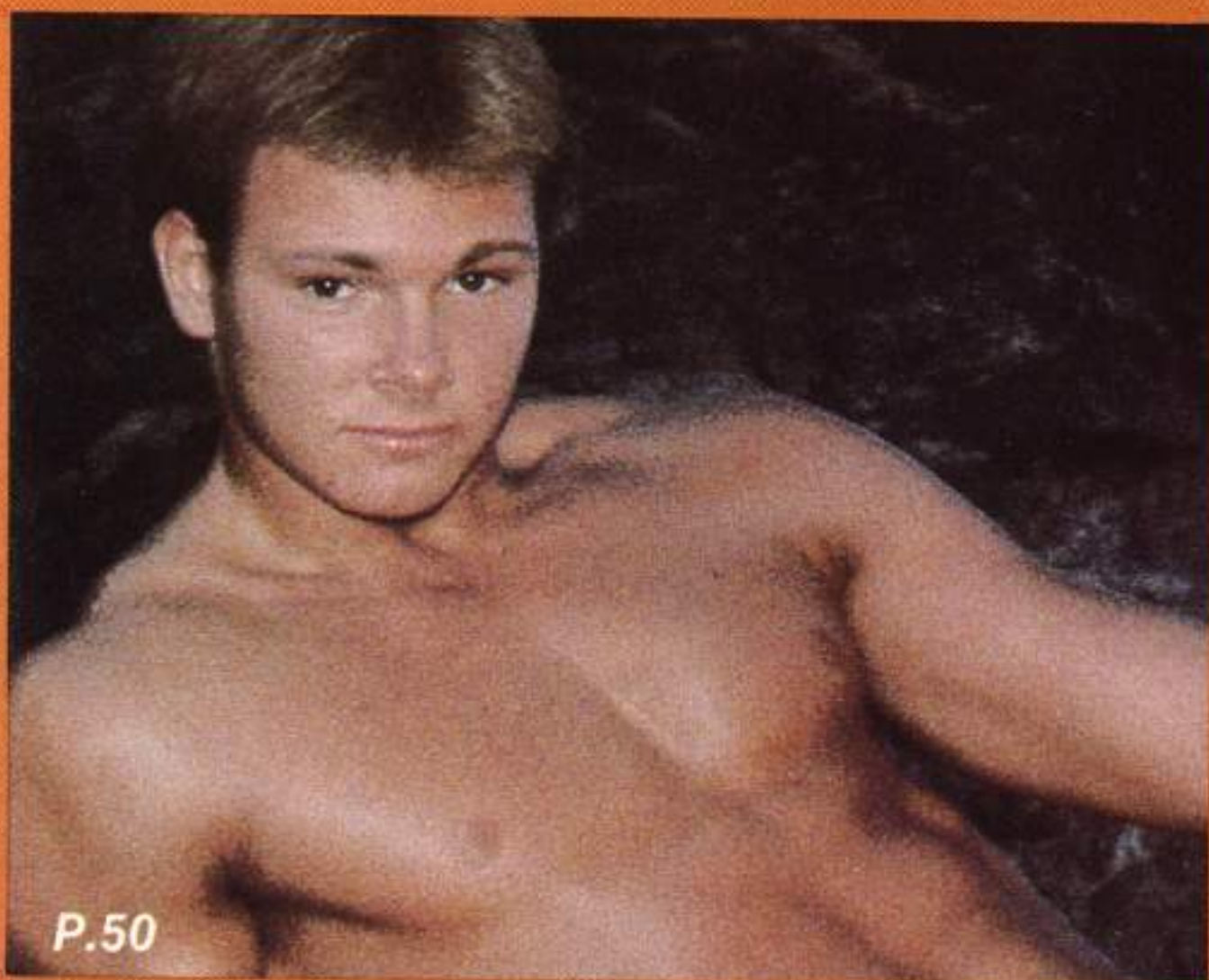




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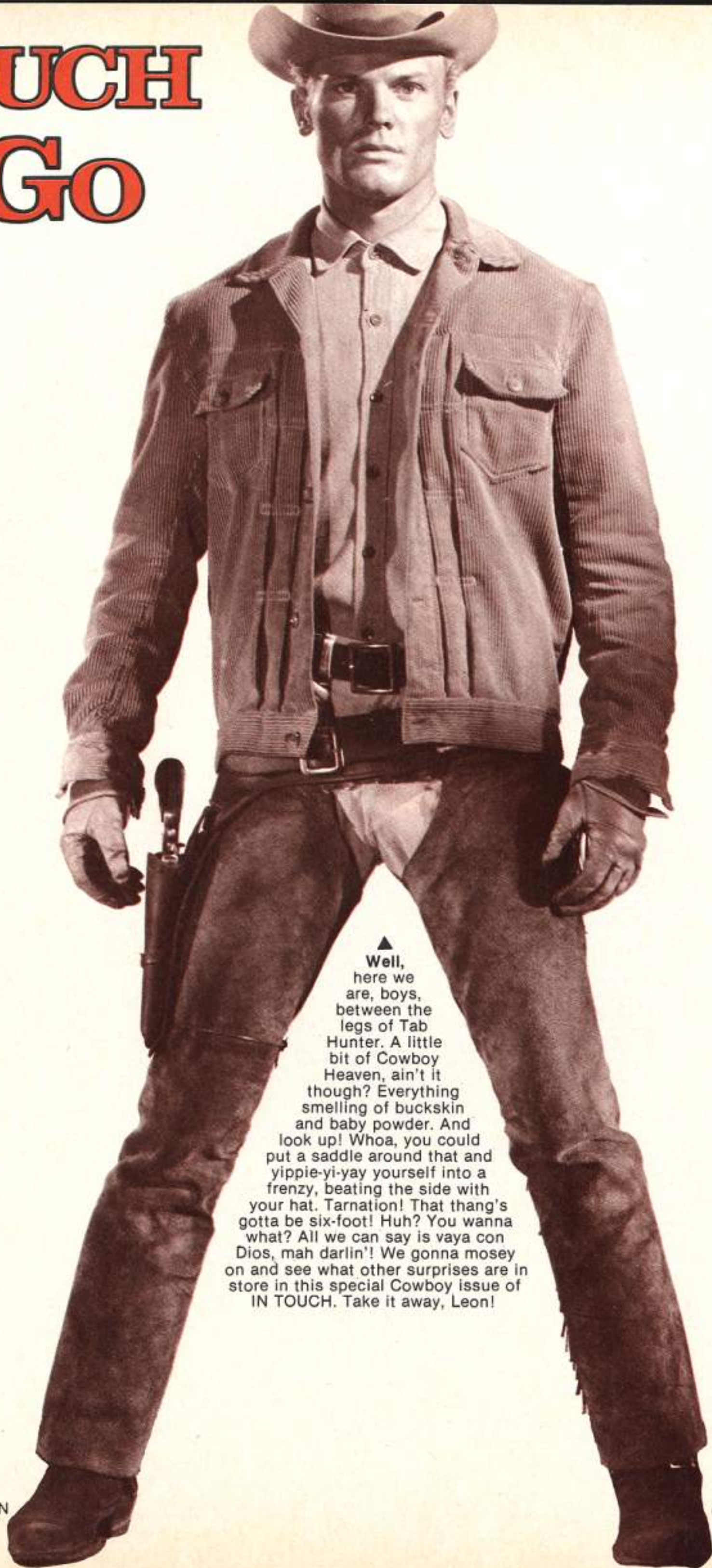
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# TOUCH & GO



▲  
Well,  
here we  
are, boys,  
between the  
legs of Tab  
Hunter. A little  
bit of Cowboy  
Heaven, ain't it  
though? Everything  
smelling of buckskin  
and baby powder. And  
look up! Whoa, you could  
put a saddle around that and  
yippie-yi-yay yourself into a  
frenzy, beating the side with  
your hat. Tarnation! That thang's  
gotta be six-foot! Huh? You wanna  
what? All we can say is vaya con  
Dios, mah darlin'! We gonna mosey  
on and see what other surprises are in  
store in this special Cowboy issue of  
IN TOUCH. Take it away, Leon!





CHARLES MONIZ

▲ "THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN SHOW BUSINESS TODAY" is how director John Waters used to bill his home-grown love goddess, Divine, above, when they were on the midnight-movie circuit with the wickedly funny *Pink Flamingos* and *Female Trouble*. Then they had a rumored falling out, and America's favorite transvestite went on to stage success, a cabaret act, and the better party lists in Manhattan. Waters, meanwhile, filmed *Desperate Living*, and while this punk-Oz-horror comedy was intense, it sorely missed the rampaging Divine. Well good news, art lovers! Divine will team with Waters again in his new film, *Polyester*, which he describes as a "sort of *Father Knows Best* gone berserk" and which he will lense on Baltimore's seamier streets as soon as he finishes penning his book on the best in modern taste, *Shock Value*. (Due in July.)

▼ HEAVENLY BODIES: Below, we see a porky Elvis Presley being inducted into the Army, Burt Lancaster giving uncut a good name, and Victor Mature bearing out our theory about men with big noses. All three



appear in a culty little skin book called *Hollywood Rated X* (Box 28178, Washington, D.C., 20005; \$6) that is loaded with muddy, murky but ultimately must-have nudes of movie males. Unfortunately, there's not much copy. For that we suggest *The Hollywood Star Newspaper* and *The Hollywood Star Conti-*

*dential Magazine* (Box 76356, Los Angeles, Ca. 90076), both the sleaze-o-rama brain children of gossip-columnist Bill Dakota. To say these publications are totally gay would be an understatement; they are totally scar-reaming. Always a forum for Dakota's pet (and often hilariously petty) feuds with stars, the

publications have had headlines like "WALT DISNEY WAS HOMOSEXUAL," "I HAD SEX WITH JAMES DEAN," and "MANSON TALKS ABOUT CELEBS IN SEX CULT." How do you know about all these stars who are homosexual?" one woman wrote in. "Because," replied Dakota, "I've

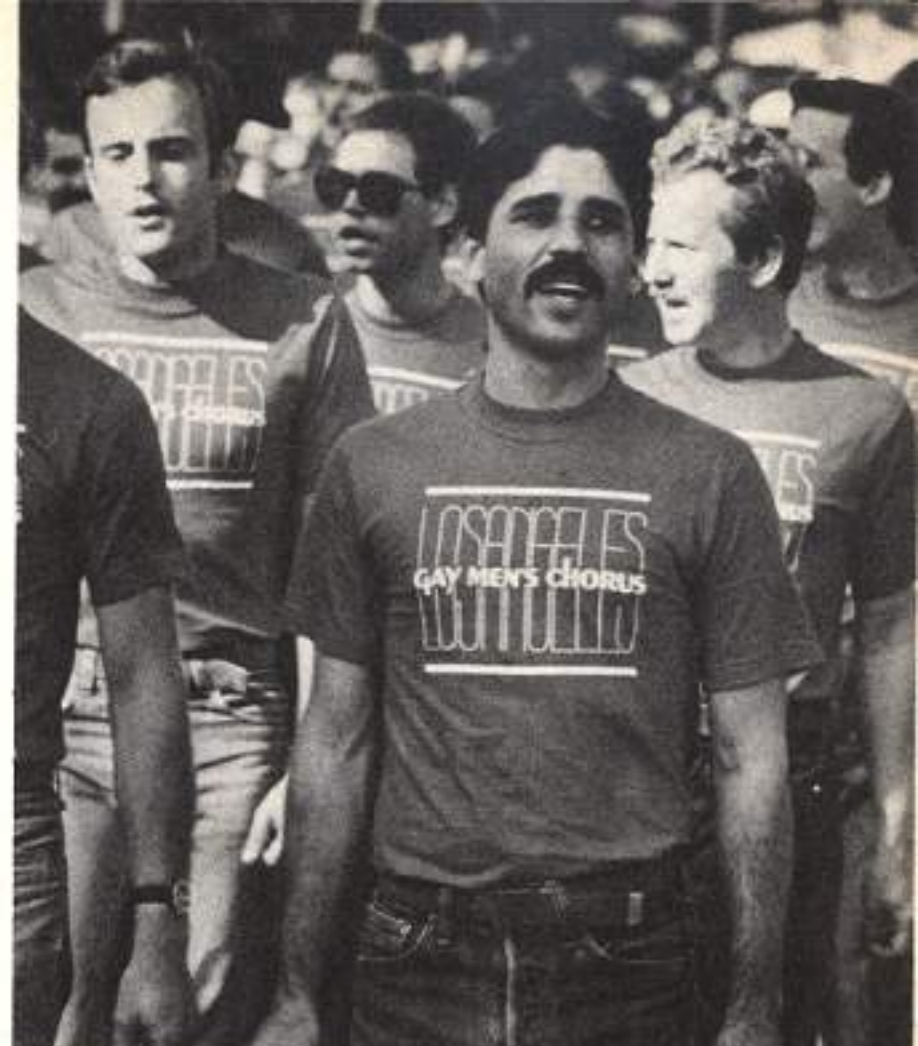
slept with most of them!" A recent issue of the newspaper even ran a list of who is and who isn't cut in Hollywood. Among the uncut: Rock Hudson, Ron Howard, Dino Martin and Vincent Price. Among the cut: Tom Jones, Tab Hunter, Kent McCord, Ricky Nelson and—a lot of fantasies will die now—the Osmonds.

► CLOUT: "The gays have a lot more going for them than people realize," an unidentified Washington politician told the *Los Angeles Times*. "They have money, votes and a sense of persecution. Gay issues to them are like Israel to the Jews. The sense of persecution binds them together."

The article, written by William Schneider, names gays as "the newest 'ethnic group' to find refuge in America's cities, fleeing the oppression and hostility of America's small towns . . . There are now definable gay neighborhoods . . . in most American urban centers. One can ascribe to them all the features that have traditionally characterized ethnic groups: dress, language, cultural habits, clannishness, institutional support structures, even food and holidays."

(The article does not mention what foods or holidays, but we have a few suggestions. Foods would be quiche, raw-vegetable dips and anything made with a Cuisinart. Holidays would be Halloween, of course, the night of the Academy Awards and the day Marilyn died. But we digress.)

"Ethnic" gays tend to be "white, male, professional and affluent. They are a middle-class group rejected by the middle-class . . . They move into declining urban areas, buy property, renovate it and create a chic and prosperous environment . . . This role is, of course, deeply resented by the poor." The article makes the perceptive point that the recent clashes



RON FELSING

between city gays and fag-baiters has nothing to do with sexual, religious or moral issues and everything to do with money and envy.

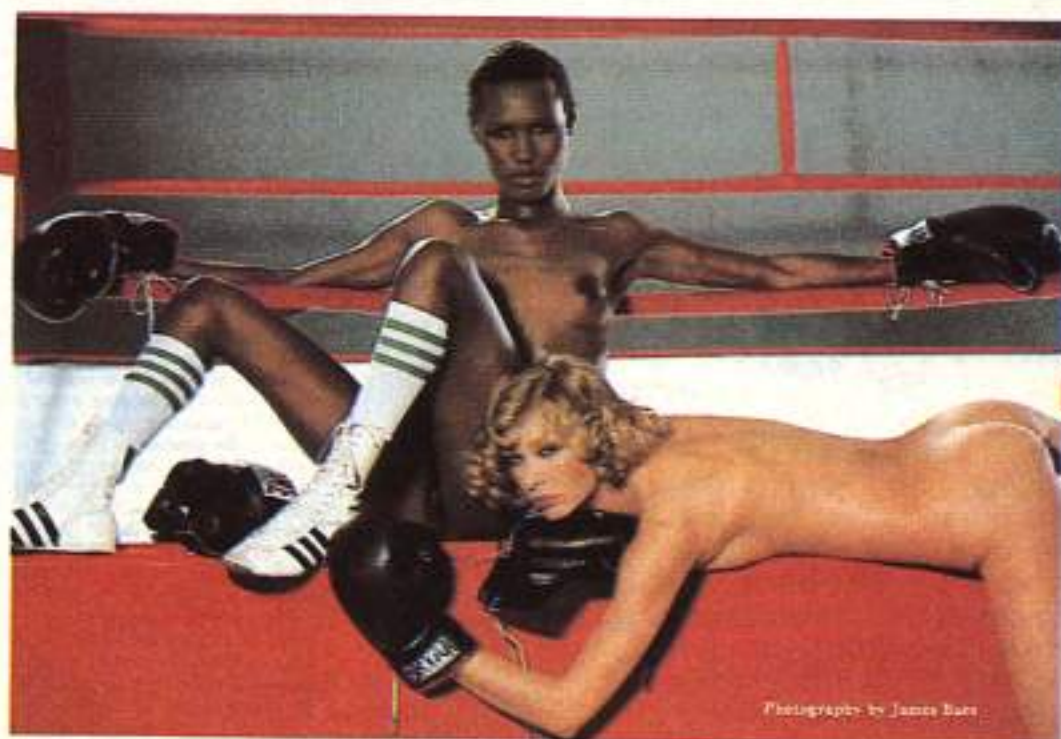
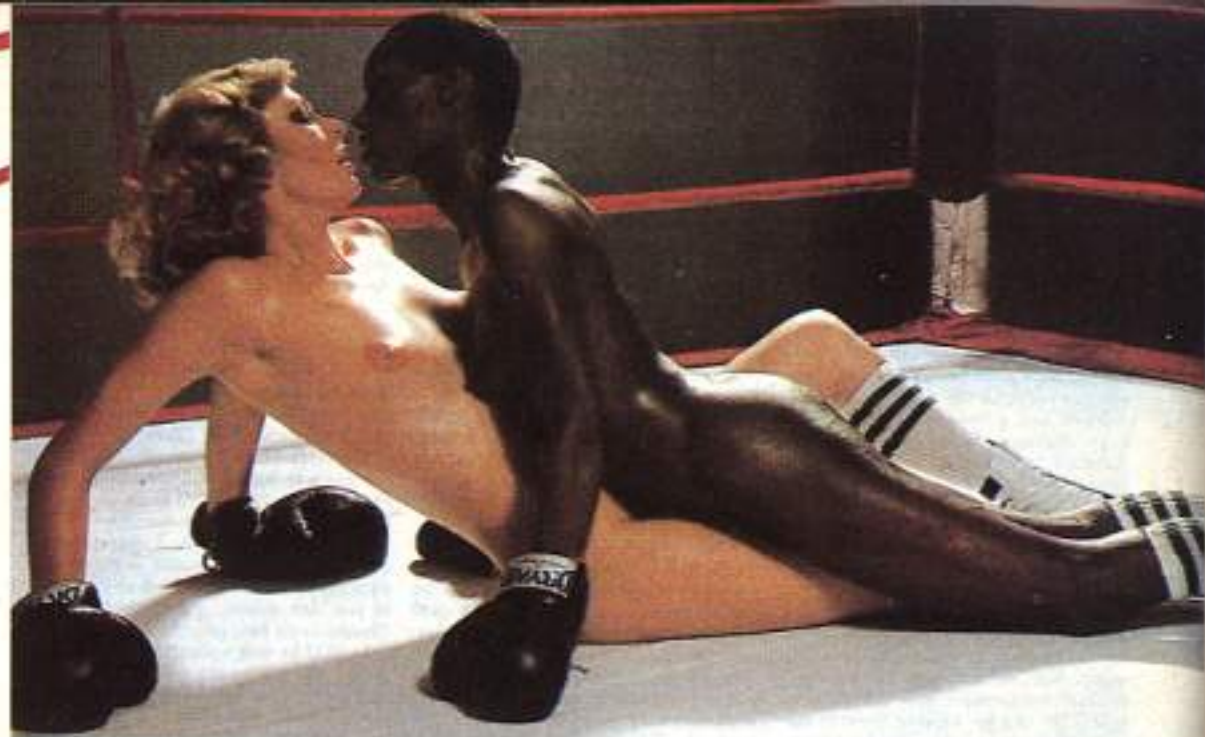
"In Washington, D.C., gays are often credited with . . . the victory of Mayor Marion Barry," who spent years cultivating gay voters. "It paid off on election day when more than 75% of those working on Barry's campaign telephone banks were homosexuals . . . Barry paid gays back for their support in the time-honored fashion of dealing with ethnic groups, by appointing them to prime positions in his administration . . . What gives gays their influence is not so much absolute numbers as their conscientiousness, organization and strategic placement—precisely the advantage that most other minority ethnic groups have claimed at one time or another."

Gay money, gay votes, gay power—ideas whose time has come.





The press calls her "Amazing Grace," and she's appeared everywhere—from the cover of *Vogue* to a four-page photo-essay in *People* magazine. She's a six-foot disco goddess who's topped the record charts with hits like "I Need a Man" and "Do or Die." Now the Island Records superstar is making her first appearance in *HUSTLER*. These never-before-published photos of the sleek and sensual Grace Jones give her the kind of exposure that's bound to make her a bigger hit than ever.



Photography by James Barr

▼ **POSTCARDS FROM DOWN UNDER:** Our next issue will be a postcard from down under when we feature *The Men of Australia*. Our most popular features have always been our photo-essays on Australian athletes at large: lifeguards, footballers, rowing

teams. Well, now we're really turning up the heat with an article on Sydney Harbor and how to pick up the scads of surfers, sailors and country boys that abound there—information that you can use anywhere, but, Jez, it looks so

good on those golden-thighed Aussies! See that bloke in the postcard at right? Wait till you see what he looks like down under, and we're not talking about geography. Whew! Hurry up February!

▲ **GRACE JONES NUDE!:** You've heard her in all the discos. Who cares if she has the vocal variety of a buzz saw. Grace Jones has always been a high-fashion knockout, as is proven by these photos in the December 1980 issue of *Hustler* (2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, Ca. 90067), still one of the most amazing magazines in America. Ah Grace, six-feet and all of it cheek bones, you may not need a man, after all.



GUY FOCALS STUDIO



JIM SAYERS





▲ **SO MANY MEN, SO LITTLE TIME:** One of our favorite writers, Rita Mae Brown, the beautiful, lesbian author of *Rubyfruit Jungle* and *Six of One*, gave an interview recently to the UCLA gay paper *Ten Percent* (UCLA, 308 Kerchoff Hall, Westwood, Ca. 90024). "I don't think homo-

sexual relationships are any less continuous than heterosexual... relationships," she told the paper. "It usually takes us longer to settle down, that is, mid-to-late thirties simply because we have no gay adolescence—that period of growth where we can experiment with different people, have infatuations and live through them openly. Most people go through this phase in their late teens and early twenties. Because we can't do this while living in our parents' home (most of us), our adolescence drags through the twenties. Once you survive that, you pretty much settle down like everyone else in the world. There are a few old hellraisers left to carry forward the flames of wildness, but most of us march off by twos."

► **COWBOYS AND INDIANS:** The big red-headed frontiersman has just kidnapped the Indian brave, tied him down to the bed and is about to screw the living hell out of him. Remember those daydreams we used to have as kids? Well, now they're writ large in a wonderful underground comic called *Gay Heart Throbs*. First published in the late Seventies, and again in 1979, there has never been a third issue, or at least we've never found one. The page, above, is from Issue Number Two, drawn by Mike Kuchar, conceptualized by C.C. Remington. The issue also features the brutal love story of two Spartan warriors in Ancient Greece, the sobering tale of a small-town boy who turns gay after he's sucked one too many hunks in big-city porno films, and an autobiographical offering called "A Straight at a Gay Party." Nothing lightweight about it, *Gay Heart Throbs* is an erotic brew of stories with unpredictable courses. An issue costs \$2 and can be obtained by writing to the publisher, Larry Fuller, 681 Ellis St., Box 2595, San Francisco, Ca. 94109.



▲ **FETISH TIP OF THE MONTH:** We know. You knew everything it is possible to know about Judy Garland years ago. In fact, if you hear one more item, one more lurid tidbit, one more incredibly drug-and-sex-soaked morsel, it'll be all over. You'll split, you'll fuse, you'll turn radioactive and melt down.

Sorry. We can't resist.

Look, just look at those gloves. Loose... leather... snow-gloves. Worn with short sleeves. We say no more. You know what you must do. Only know that this photo, shot by the famous studio photographer George Hoyningen-Huene on the set of *A Star Is Born* in 1955, is available as a postcard from Fotofolio, Box 661. Canal Station, New York City 10013. You can thank us later.

#### REFERENDUM.

[Please check the answers and mail this ballot to *The Manhattan Review*, Box 982, Radio City Station, New York City 10019.]

In light of their abuse of wives and daughters, would you entrust your children's education to a male heterosexual teacher? ☐ Yes ☐ No

In light of the Vietnam War, do you think heterosexuals should be permitted to serve in the military? ☐ Yes ☐ No

In light of the high percentage of criminals in Government, do you think heterosexuals should be permitted to hold public office? ☐ Yes ☐ No

In light of their brutality and corruption, do you think heterosexuals should be permitted to serve on the police force? ☐ Yes ☐ No

In light of their "make war, not love" mentality, do you think heterosexuals (especially those who suck cock and denounce homosexuals) should be ordained as clergymen? ☐ Yes ☐ No

In light of the dangers of street crime, do you think heterosexuals should be placed under a sundown curfew? ☐ Yes ☐ No

In light of their abuse of homosexuals in order to make themselves feel big, do you think heterosexuals in the media—TV, movies, books and periodicals—should be arrested for obscenity? ☐ Yes ☐ No

Anita Bryant has red hair on her head. What color hair do you think she has in the crack of her ass? ☐ Black ☐ Red ☐ Brown

In view of the fact that they brought such people as Nixon and Ford into the Presidency, do you think heterosexuals ought to be denied the right to vote? ☐ Yes ☐ No

Do you think heterosexuality should be forbidden by law on the ground that it is socially-induced and unnatural? ☐ Yes ☐ No

▲ **HAND JIVE:** *STH*, short for Straight to Hell, is a pamphlet publication that calls itself at times, "The Manhattan Review of Un-natural Acts," at other times, "The American Journal of Cock-sucking and Current Affairs" and is one of the most outrageous j/o items on the market. Small (it is actually only 30 pages long) and cheap (\$1.50 each; minimum check \$15). *STH* features those classic crew-cut porn boys of the early sixties and articles with heart-stopping titles like "How Sailors Taste," "Professor Sniffs Truckers While They Fuck," and—sensitive viewers please tune out—"Can You Spare a Scumbag (Used) For a Needy New Mexican?"

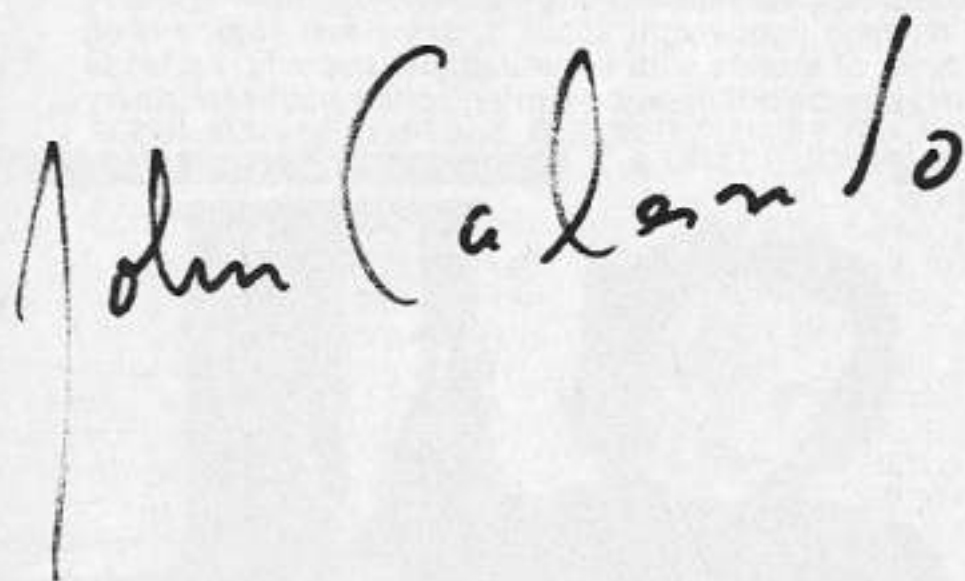
"In the long run," writes Editor Boyd McDonald at the beginning of one issue, "the only thing that has any real class or real dignity or respectability or responsibility is the shameless truth." Supposedly these articles are true-life accounts sent in by subscribers (though a lot of them read like fantasies to us). Still, *STH* (Box 982, Radio City Station, New York City 10019) bears watching. We thought you'd enjoy their referendum ballot.



# EDITORIAL:

I'm the new Editor-in-Chief, and this is the new IN TOUCH. I'm sorry I didn't get the chance to introduce myself in Issue 50—my first issue—, but I was edged out by, among other things, 50 large naked men. Big boys they were, but I don't begrudge them. It is my desire to make IN TOUCH more visual and tightly-written. In a sense, this whole issue is my editorial. The new features—Touch & Go, Hot Tips, Tom-of-Finland's monthly page, informative articles like Facelift and last issue's no-nonsense guide to picking up straight men—these are the kind of things I always wanted from a gay magazine but never got.

I hope you like them.



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# LETTERS:

## IT'S NOT ALL IT SEEMS AT 17

I am 17 and I am gay. I guess I realized it when I was 14. It's really been hard for me though no one knows but myself. When I go to a party and see straight couples having fun, I wish all the barriers of hate, mistrust and fear would come crumbling down so I could really be myself, be free.

I have a friend who I think is gay. We went to bed together a few times. I've tried to tell him about myself, but I couldn't say it. One night I asked him if he was gay. He said he didn't know and then let it go at that.

I really have to get this off my chest, so writing to your magazine was the only way I could turn. I've only ever saw two issues of your magazine #49 and #47. I live in a small town in Canada, which makes it hard for me to get it. I really enjoy your magazine but I don't think it tells enough about love. Sometimes I lay awake in bed for hours trying to imagine how beautiful love must really be. Sometimes I wonder if I'm any less a man because I enjoy the company of men rather than women.

Here is my problem. Do you know what to say to your parents when you finally tell them of your gayness? Both my parents have been good to me, so I don't want to hurt them, but they have to know. You must get letters like this all the time. I bet you've been asked this question 1000 times. But, please, tell me because I don't know the answer. Your gay brother . . .

Kevin  
Canada

Dear Kevin, our first response was to tell you to seek the aid of a counselor and go to your parents with him or her. But we realized that we had a responsibility to tell you something more soothing and concrete that that because you are not yet our gay brother, you are, in a very special sense, our gay son. Different parents react differently to the news—some very well, though not most; some terribly, though not most (and even the worst get over it in time). But Kevin know this, it is a rare parent who does not know his child. You have just admitted to yourself that you are gay—though at 17, you have not earned the right to be that conclusive—and now suddenly you want to get rid of this secret you've been shouldering so long, you want to tell everyone and let them carry it for awhile. We, too, went through this phase, running around, drunk with self-revelations but after a couple of knocks we cooled out, realized this was not an appropriate way to carry our homosexuality. What we are saying is that you don't tell

your parents just because you want to. You must be more sensitive, more responsible to these people who probably love you unconditionally. You tell your parents when they can best handle it and when it is most necessary to your sense of self-worth. These two things are not likely to occur at the same time, and, in the end, we all must make the best of a difficult situation. Still, it is wise to go with care. There are no magic words that will make everything all right, but there are certain things that must be said: "I love you. Nothing has changed. I am still your son."

—Ed.

## CUT/UNCUT WARS

Boy, the phrase "Natural Man" is sure used loosely nowadays! The cover for issue #49 said it was going to be full of "Natural Men," but they were all mutilated males—circumcised! It is a sad day when people start accepting "altered" males as being complete and as nature intended them.

Nick Tereska  
Bridgeport, CT

I like IN TOUCH a lot, but I have noticed foreskins creeping into your magazine. I don't agree that foreskins are in. In classified ads that I have read in *The Advocate*, there is a fad now for kinky sex, smelly crotches and lots of smegma and urine behind the foreskins; still for the majority, the circumcised penis is still popular and will continue to be so. What gets me is that for years the uncircumcised penis has been shown in magazines, in art work and sculptures, and it's high time that the circumcised penis was given the coverage it has a right to. Keep up the good work, but don't fall for foreskin. Viva the circumcised penis, erect or soft.

John Ashton  
Ottawa, Ontario

Do you realize that every man in Issue #49 was circumcised? As an uncircumcised man, I protest! At the turn of the century, practically no Americans were circumcised (with the exceptions of Jewish men who had to do it for religious reasons.) I think the current practice of routinely circumcising boy babies shortly after birth is another example of a rip-off; it's just done so doctors and hospitals can make more money (\$60 a cut!). We who are in the natural state should get a break pictorially in your magazine. Say, 50-50. And there should be no attempt to retract the foreskin so the model can "pass" for cir-

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cumcised. I have known men who were very touchy about it, always attempting to push the skin back as if they were ashamed of their natural state. I have always liked your magazine; your men look more real—and sexier because they are more real—than the model-looking boys in other gay magazines. I think your magazine could really make a change. I think it could really do something for us.

Concerned Citizen  
Madison, IND

*We think this is maybe our favorite nonsense issue of all time.*

—Ed.

### WET UNDERWEAR

In Touch, your guys are really the best. Wow! Lately I've gotten into water sports, and I would love to see guys in underwear,



any kind is OK, but I really get horny for ratty old boxer shorts. Can you help me out?

Tommy Swain  
Seattle, WA

*Not from here. But we hope this photo will be kissed and fondled by you. As far as water sports goes, how much do you love our cover?*

—Ed.

### JOCKO HOMO

I am a college student and had to check in early for summer football practice. All five guys in my room were reading your issue #49. We got into much more than that later! Much more. Needless to say, a lot has changed in our lifestyles lately. A lot has not been accepted by all our teammates, but we have decided to take our stand and not cop-out. Surprisingly, it hasn't been all that bad. Enuf of my comments. The other guys say to show more of the coverman, Rex Johnson. I'd like to see something on Pitcher Steve Howe from the L.A. Dodgers and Catcher Steve Yeager. They're hot! Thanks for a great magazine. Sign me...

Plenty O'Toole  
Joplin, MO.

*How did a football player get a name like Plenty O'Toole? Is it because you have plenty of plenty? Or do you find yourself performing "This Is My Life" in Carmel-Quinn makeup when you and the boys tie one on? Anyway, Plenty, you can see more of Rex and another guy from issue #49 whom we've gotten a lot of mail on, Chris Silberhorn, in TOO HOT TO HANDLE #10*

—Ed.





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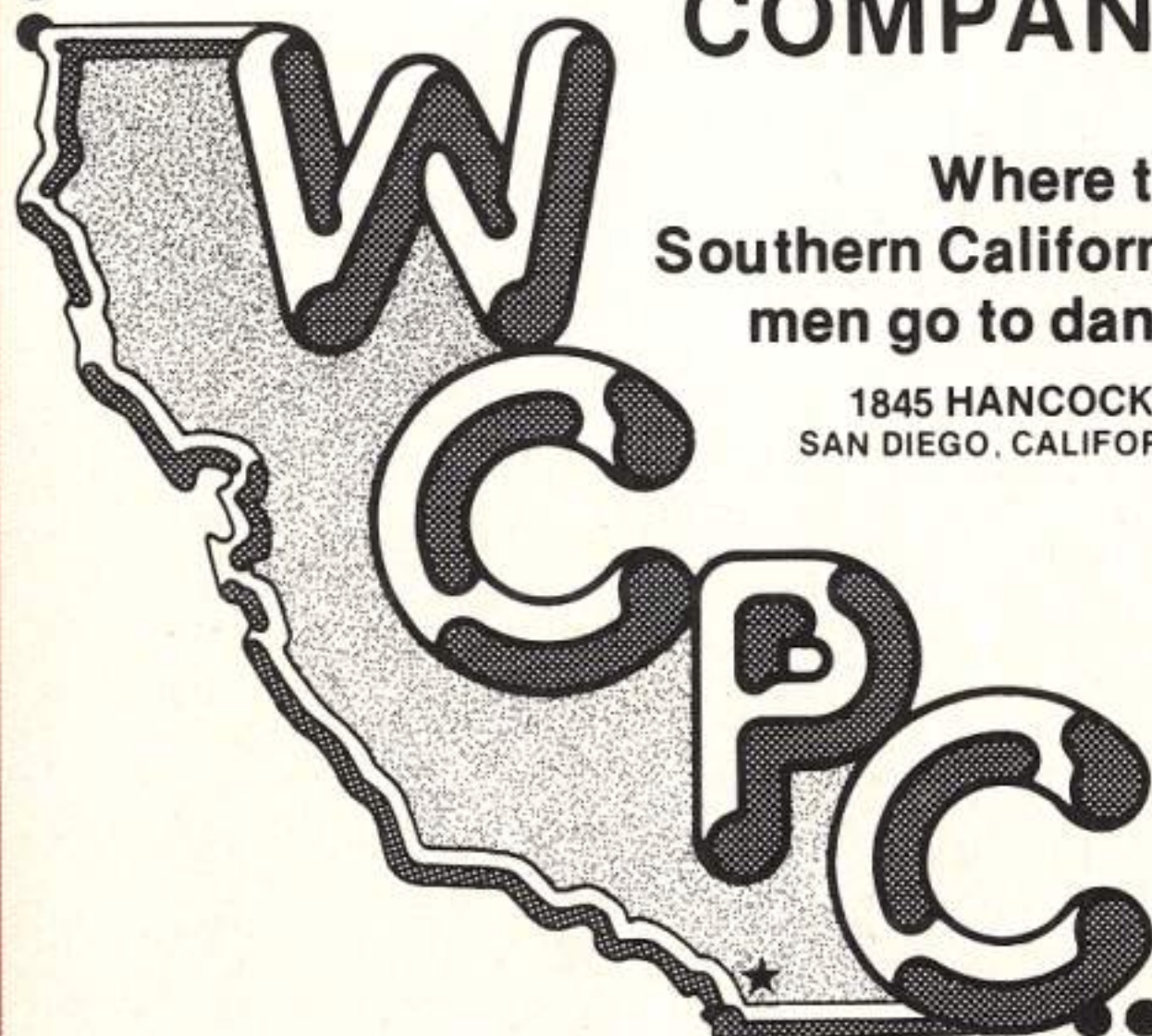
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## TONY,

with his deep, piercing eyes and splendid physique, is a 22-year-old ex-Underwater Demolition Team member, with a definite flare for fun and games. He's wild and exciting . . . a budding young model whom you'll be seeing much more of in the future.

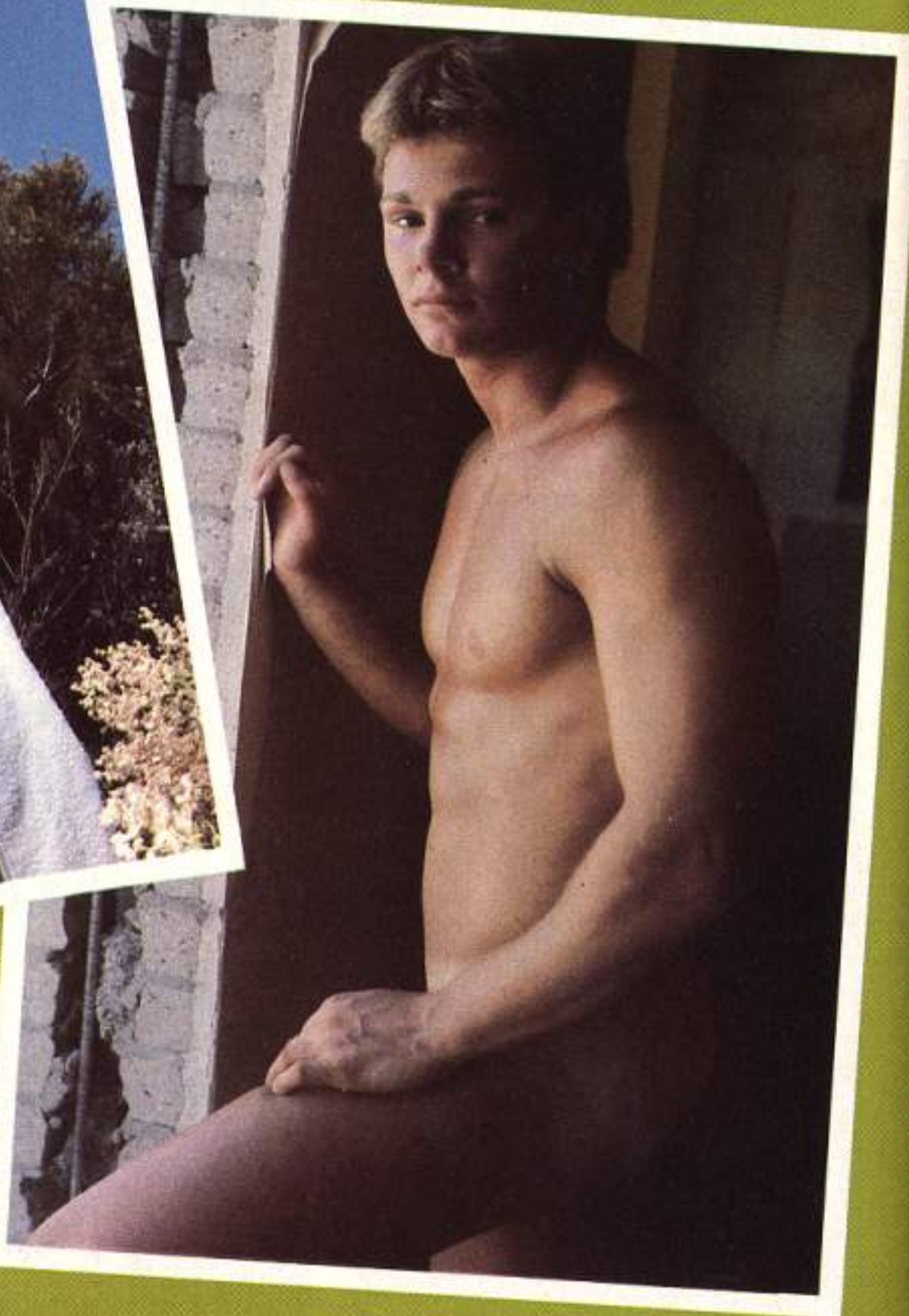
- Black and White Sets: TAB 1, TAB 2, TAB 3
- Color Photo Sets: TAP 1, TAP 2, TAP 3
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## JEFF

Blond teenage bodybuilder follows in the steps of IN TOUCH coverman Rex Johnson (#49) . . . bringing body worshippers another treat for the eyes. Photographed in the wilds of California, as well as around a swim pool, he's just what the doctor ordered for flagging spirits. Enjoy Jeff.

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**S**plish, splash. You shut the door and curse the rain. Your cap is soaked, your jacket smells like a dead cow, and your chaps are smeared with cooking grease. Everything would have worked out fine if you hadn't had to park so far from the private club and if that jerk could have seen where he was daubing the polyunsaturate. At four a.m. you're tired. You grab a chair, hang the jacket limp and wet, over the back, lay the chaps limp and wet, across the seat, shove the chair up against the heater, and crawl into bed.

Shame! A lot of hard-earned cash went to pay for your favorite playground-gear, and here you are adding to the damage.

"Aw, shucks!" you exclaim, "I'll be jingod if I'm going to carry an umbrella! What should I have done?"

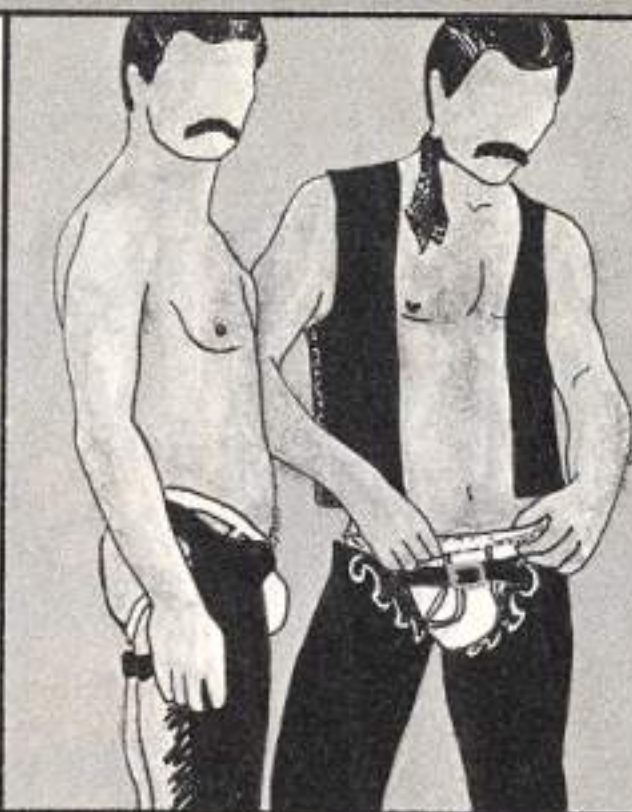
Okay, all right. All isn't lost—yet.

First of all, get up and move that chair away from the heater. Then drape the jacket and the chaps so there will be no folds or creases caused by any hard edges. The drying of leather can never be hurried. Any direct heat source will wreck it, so keep wet leather away from heaters, radiators, stoves and out of intense sun.

The chaps can be cleaned (ho-hum), so relax. Some cleaning establishments specialize in leather and suede, but the bill can be prohibitive, let alone having to explain what the problem is. At home, use mildly warm water and a neutral soap (Ivory will do). Work up a good lather and gently swirl the soap onto the chaps with a soft cloth. Take care not to work the grease into the leather itself. In wiping off the soap, gentle, even rubbing will give a nice finish.

A word of caution: never use a commercial spot-cleaner or alkali (such as naphtha or benzene) to clean a leather garment. These products will "pull" or raise the dye, leaving a spot of their own.

New leather is finished with one of many waxes, pastes or oils which are made specifically for that purpose. Many of these finishing products have added preservatives, but periodically, the proper oils must be worked into the leather to keep the fibers moist, prevent cracking and maintain the finish.



# Hot Tips

By Chuck Izatt

## Caring For Leather

Neatsfoot oil is a good preservative for boots and other heavy-use items, but saddlesoap is best for jackets, vests, chaps and caps.

Saddlesoap cleans as well as preserves, and it doesn't destroy the smell of leather which is one of the nicest properties it has. Saddlesoap should be applied whenever necessary. Use a slightly damp sponge and rub it into the surface until a lather forms. If necessary, wipe off the first lather and apply another. Allow the soap to dry and then buff with a soft clean cloth until you get a natural glow on the surface of the leather.

Mink oil also works well, and if preferred, should be applied liberally with a soft clean cloth.

Particular attention should be paid to working areas on leather garments. Flaps, folds and other locations that get an inordinant workout require extra oil and care.

Occasionally, your leather may suffer the cuts and scrapes of outrageous fortune (extremely outrageous if you're lucky). If thin little flaps are still hanging on the cut, don't pull them off. Put a very small amount of liquid cement or adhesive on the end of a matchstick and carefully work the ointment under the flap. Press the flap down and immediately wipe off the excess.

Raw edges may be dyed with an all-purpose leather dye. The Fiebing's brand has the best properties, and leathersmiths recommend it. Rubber gloves will protect

your hands as you dip a felt or lambs' wool dauber into the dye and then squeeze out all the excess. Don't dab it on; use an even stroke and draw the dauber along the raw edge of the cut. Be especially careful to restrict the dye to the abrasion itself. When the surface has dried, rub away the excess dye with a soft cloth.

Leather dyes are difficult to use because they can give spotty coloring results and they are generally unpredictable. When in doubt, don't use them. Besides, some guys get turned on by the worn look.

Leather garments should be stored in a low-light, dry, airy place. Take care never to fold a garment, since the fold will not come out of it later. The article should be laid out flat or draped over a padded surface. Items meant for long-term storage may be loosely rolled with the grain side out. Rolling with the grain side in will cause wrinkles, which will be impossible to remove.

Leather may also be pressed with an iron. Occasionally, this will help the appearance of an article, but it has a limited effect. Put the iron on a warm setting and put a heavy paper, pressing cloth or towel between the leather and the iron. Make sure the iron isn't too hot and then press on the wrong side of the garment. Don't use steam. It can cause a permanent stain.

Although a leather article that is exposed to bright light for a long time will fade, darkness, dampness and humidity will encourage mildew. Should mildew attack your leather, wash the affected area with a mixture of warm water, neutral soap and eucalyptus oil. Then allow the article to dry in sunlight that isn't harsh.

Many factors contribute to the deterioration and discoloration of leather. Wear and tear, excess light and extreme temperatures all take their tolls, but with proper care your leather articles will last a lifetime. Of course, some activities cannot be avoided; and after all, leather is meant to be used for heavy-duty situations. However, your pals won't be able to bury you in it if you haven't given it the kind of attention it deserves. ■■





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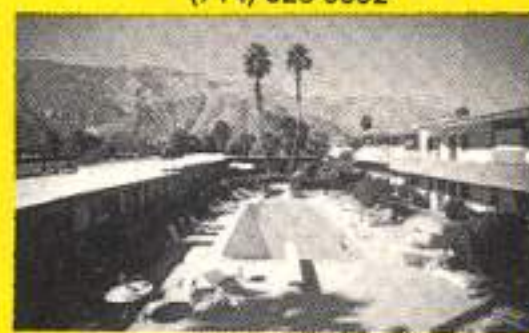
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# F A C E L I F T !

WHAT • EVERY • MAN • SHOULD • KNOW

• BY DON BEAVERS •

**H**aving passed my fortieth birthday a couple of years ago, I decided to ask the mirror that dreaded question. I braced myself for the answer, which did not come. Most people are pretty rough on themselves. I knew I wasn't over the hill, but on the other hand, I wanted to look my best on the climb. Your face, after all, is really no different from your teeth or your eyes, which require, ideally, checkups every six months. What I needed was an opinion from a good, ethical plastic surgeon.

But where do you find a good,

ethical plastic surgeon, and how do you know him when you find him? I was lucky. A friend turned me on to Marilyn Mohr, who was a specialist in post-operative makeup; she taught ladies how to hide those tiny, red stitch-scars after their face-lifts. She also had been in the field long enough, appearing on AM Los Angeles and Daybreak, two local talk shows, to become a professional advisor on which doctor did what best. I made an appointment with her and was immediately impressed when we met. Marilyn Mohr radiated professionalism.

She exemplified her makeup craft beautifully and within minutes put me at ease. At best (worse), she said, I was a borderline eye-job ("One eye, but while you're at it, do two.") She suggested that I meet with Dr. Maurice I. Bassilios, a head and neck specialist, for a free consultation. Ms. Mohr was so full of information, dispelled so many misconceptions, and had such good advice for people who, unlike me, had no Marilyn Mohr to turn to that I decided to prologue my interview with Dr. Bassilios with an interview with her. ►



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## ITFM: What does a facelift cost?

**MOHR:** A complete lift costs anywhere from \$3000 to \$5000; it can go as high as \$7000. Eyes go from \$2000 to \$3000. Most doctors charge what the traffic will bear. If you feel the fee is out of the question, it often can be reduced through negotiation.

**ITFM:** Are Brazilian and European surgeons more technically advanced than ours?

**MOHR:** No. American doctors are very qualified. In fact, European doctors come here for follow-up training, especially in New York and California.

**ITFM:** Should people go to either New York or California, then, for a facelift?

**MOHR:** Of course not. Qualified doctors are everywhere. I recommend that anyone interested in a facelift contact a big, local university. A surgeon on the teaching staff is usually pretty safe. Always get a specialist for the area you wish to have corrected. A big hospital is another place to check.

**ITFM:** Why is an advisor so important?

**MOHR:** Because consultants, such as myself, are in touch with the current state of the art. For instance, there is one Los Angeles doctor who was considered the best surgeon eight to ten years ago but who now has personal problems which have affected the quality of his work. There is another doctor who about four years ago developed the technique of slitting right in front of the ear and pulling the excessive skin into the ear, minimizing scarring. Now the procedure is common, but four years ago a good advisor would have led you to this pioneer. Still not every doctor is good for everything. One well-respected surgeon tends to be very cautious, so much so that a woman I know had to go back to have one of his lifts redone. The current reputation of the doctor is very important, and young physicians often have more modern techniques.

## ITFM: What do you do if you have plastic surgery and then are not happy with it?

**MOHR:** If you went to a qualified doctor, he will try to make it right. If he's a quack, forget it. But you should judge the results, not your friends. Have pictures taken before and after. We have a tendency to quickly forget how we looked before surgery.

**ITFM:** Can a patient drive himself home after an eye-job?

**MOHR:** Not if he has had both upper and lower lids done. Patients are medicated, and it's not likely a doctor would release them to drive, nor is it advisable. In Los Angeles, there are several recovery homes specifically for facelift patients. Intermezzo, for instance, is a very nice facility. They pick you up after surgery, take you to the retreat and give specialized 24-hour care.

**ITFM:** You are an expert on preventive skin care as well as post-operative, aren't you?

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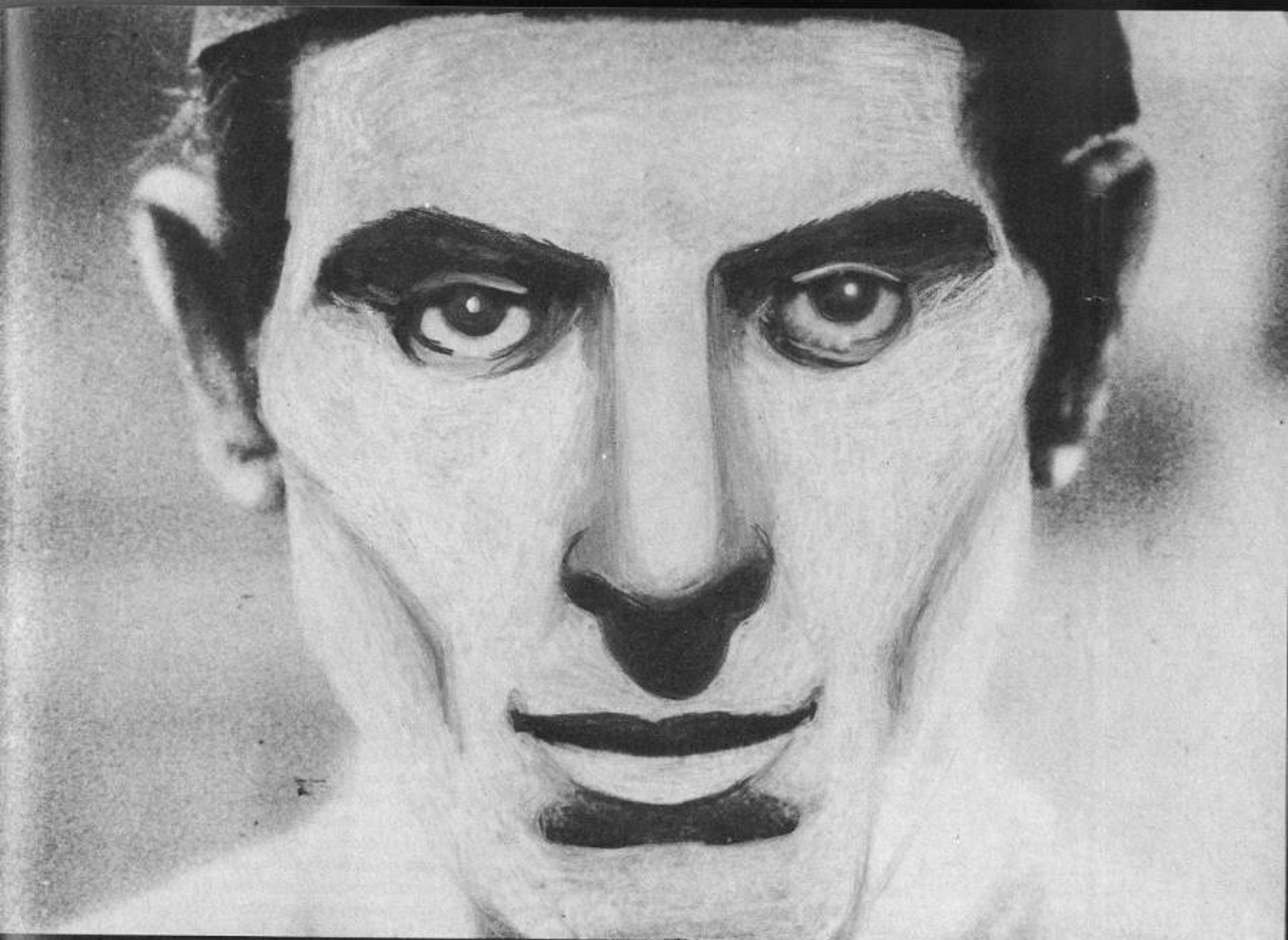
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**MOHR:** Yes. Actually the procedures are the same.

**ITFM: How can you prevent the necessity of a facelift?**

**MOHR:** This depends basically on your genes. With proper skin care, however, a facelift can be prevented—or at least the extent of the damage checked. I don't believe in wash cloths, cotton or buff-puffs. Use a water-soluble cleanser then splash your face with just tepid water 10 or 15 times. Pat dry or let dry naturally if time permits. Apply a moisturizer if needed, not forgetting the throat. It should be unscented, if possible, for purity. Always use gentle, upward strokes on the face and neck. Naturally, I recommend you use my product, Firmacel, which shields out the sun's ultraviolet rays, a prime cause of skin deterioration.

**ITFM:** Does your product contain the much-written-about sunscreen PABA?

**MOHR:** Yes, broken down, making it pure enough to use around the eyes. The weather where a person lives is the deciding factor in skin care. For example, if you have to handle Mid-Western winters, you need protection on the face, particularly around the mouth. On the other hand, if you live in Florida, where it is hot and

humid, you wouldn't want a heavy creme.

**ITFM:** Why don't you recommend professional facials, Marilyn?

**MOHR:** Remember, I'm a professional facialist. Facials manipulate and tear down the skin. We have found that gentle skin care is the answer. That's why most men's skin looks good. They don't spend as much time pulling and tugging at the face. Plus, men start shaving at 13 or 14, using a shaving cream, and the results show. Keep the water tepid not only for the face, but for the hair and the entire body. No extremes!

**ITFM:** A lot of guys take steam at the gym or the baths. Do you consider this an extreme?

**MOHR:** Steam stretches the pores, and it is very difficult to close them. Therefore, dirt lodges in the pores. Men with ingrown hair from shaving are only going to add to the problem by taking steam. Extremes of all kinds are bad. You can, for instance, over-vitaminize. I recommend water-soluble vitamins. You can over-cream. A lot of people think, 'Oh, I look so good with a little, I'll use a hundred times more.' That's not the way. Taking care of the skin is like making a salad. You wouldn't put a gorgeous dressing on a wilted head of lettuce. I feel that way about surgery too. You should prepare yourself. You can't

expect everything from the surgeon. If your skin is dry and flaky, it will still be dry and flaky after surgery. If you have dry, flaky skin you should drink lots of water because this will moisturize it. Change your diet a little. With oily skin. Use a scrub, mask and balancing products.

**ITFM:** So really, the bottom line is self-discipline.

**MOHR:** The bottom line is that they don't do head transplants! It's up to you to give your face the best care and not expect a surgeon to be able to repair years of alcohol, drugs and late nights.

**ITFM:** Any other tips for our readers?

**MOHR:** Yes. Don't pass up skin-care products simply because they're packaged for women. Skin is skin is skin. Many times you can save money by purchasing a woman's product. Gays have done this for years anyway. It's straight men who have a problem here—though many a husband sneaks his wife's moisturizer. Don't buy skin-care products in health-food stores just because they say "natural," which they probably aren't, and cost more money. My most important tip is that a person should obtain two or three consultations from different plastic surgeons before deciding on one. *Then follow your gut reactions!* If your readers have any more questions! (Continued on page 70)



# THRILLS OUT HERE IN THE STICKS



## Cowboy Fiction by J.C. Kraus Illustrations by Teddy

the cow-women in these parts could spit farther than any cowboy, and I just wrote it off that he had high standards.

This Saturday night I found John all hunked over his beer. Everybody gets depressed, but John was completely out of it. I wondered if he had reached the point that we all reach out here, the point where you find out how things really are compared to how things ought to be.

"Jeeza," I said, plunking down on the bar stool next to him. "You look like you're about to whip somebody's grandma."

He looked at me real sudden-like. For a second he perked up a smile, but it didn't last long. I nudged him on the shoulder. "Hey buddy, what's the problem?"

"Oh nothing. I'm just hacked off at the world."

"Job got you down?"

"My job, this town, this state! ... I heard from the aviation school today." John wanted to get into big-city airplane maintenance. "They said they surely wish they could admit me as a student, but they have such a large

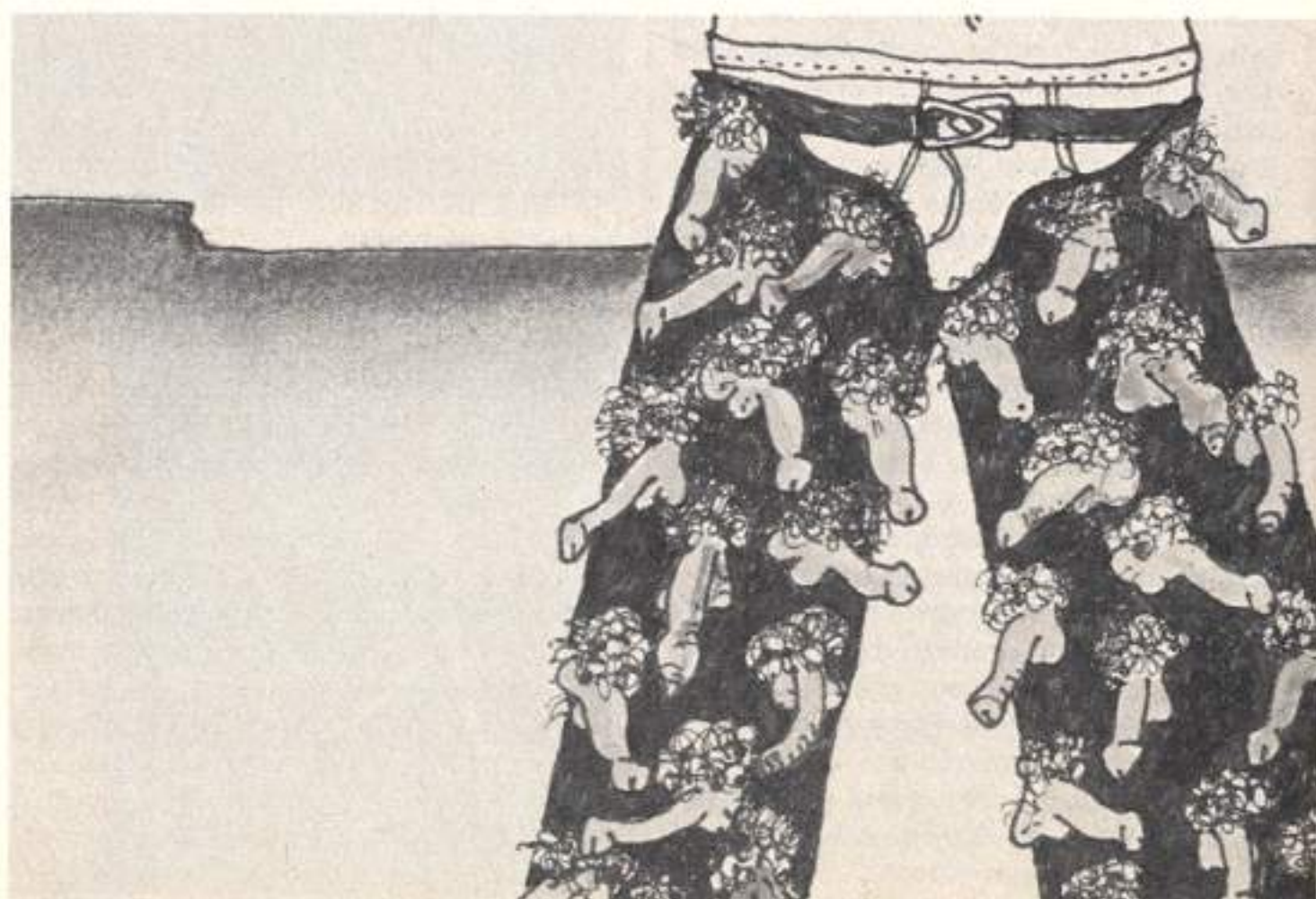
I don't do this sort of thing often, going after a local. Let's face it, if folks around here knew what I was, they'd run me out of town on a two-by-four. My town is a small, small, everybody-knows-your-business town. This is the sort of backwater you pass on the Interstate and just think you're passing a few farms' worth of plowed, corn-rowed fields. Well, I've got to live and work out here. I don't usually let myself get involved with local guys. I save my fun for Kansas City.

Usually.

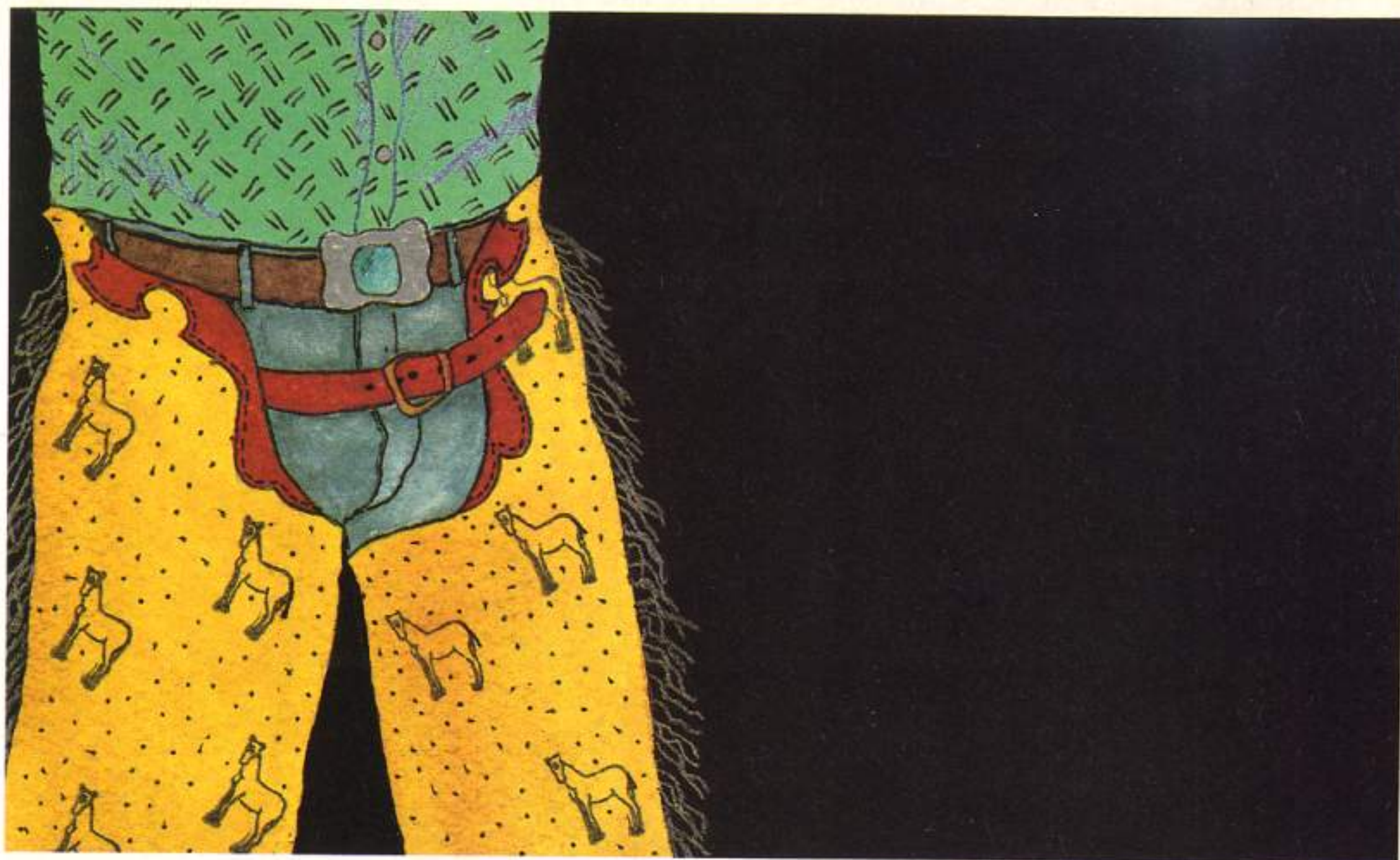
His name was John. A mechanic by trade, but like all young men under 25, he had big dreams. There was a quiet excitement in his eyes that said someday he was going to leave this hicktown. ... God, to be that way again.

Well, it happened on a Saturday night at the Roadside Tavern, along old Highway 40. Out here in the sticks, if you don't partake of the succulent nectar of the hops, you better get a Bible and bite your toenails for kicks. John and I hit it off, I think, because neither of us had much in common with the bunch of cowboys and farmhands whose big highlight of the night was to see who could spit tobacco juice the farthest. Like them, like me, John had that same cowboy-German kind of face

... but without the ever present tobacco juice oozing out of it. I also noted that he never rooted after the girls in the bar. But most of







number of in-state applicants, they can't pull it off."

"Gee, that's tough."

"God, I was counting on that! I have to wait another nine months now. Damn! It won't even do any good to move in-state. Residency takes a year . . . I've got to kill more time in this crappy, nowhere town at my crappy, nowhere job!"

"John, listen, I know it's a disappointment. But you can't let it get you down. Look at the bright side . . ." I could hear how corny I was sounding. ". . . You'll save that much more money. And besides, this town ain't all that bad."

Right about then some dumb cowboy started to sing along with the jukebox. He was drunk enough that his voice would slide way off key in a loud, spine-jangling way. "Well," I added, "it ain't all that bad if you like throwing up." We both laughed, but John was in no mood to listen to that idiot, who sang right into the next song as if he wanted every cow within earshot to stampede.

"Hey, Beef Lips," John growled, "put a lid on it."

"What'd you call me?"

"I just asked you to can it for awhile."

"I heard that part good . . ." The cowboy was drunkenly swaggering toward us. ". . . but what the hell did you call me?"

"Beef Lips," said John, and his hand clenched.

"Why, you bast—"

John blocked the fist easily with a left and made a fast jab with his right. Beef Lips collapsed to the floor like a sack of doorknobs.

Most times, that's it. Everybody goes back to drinking—except, of course, the guy on the

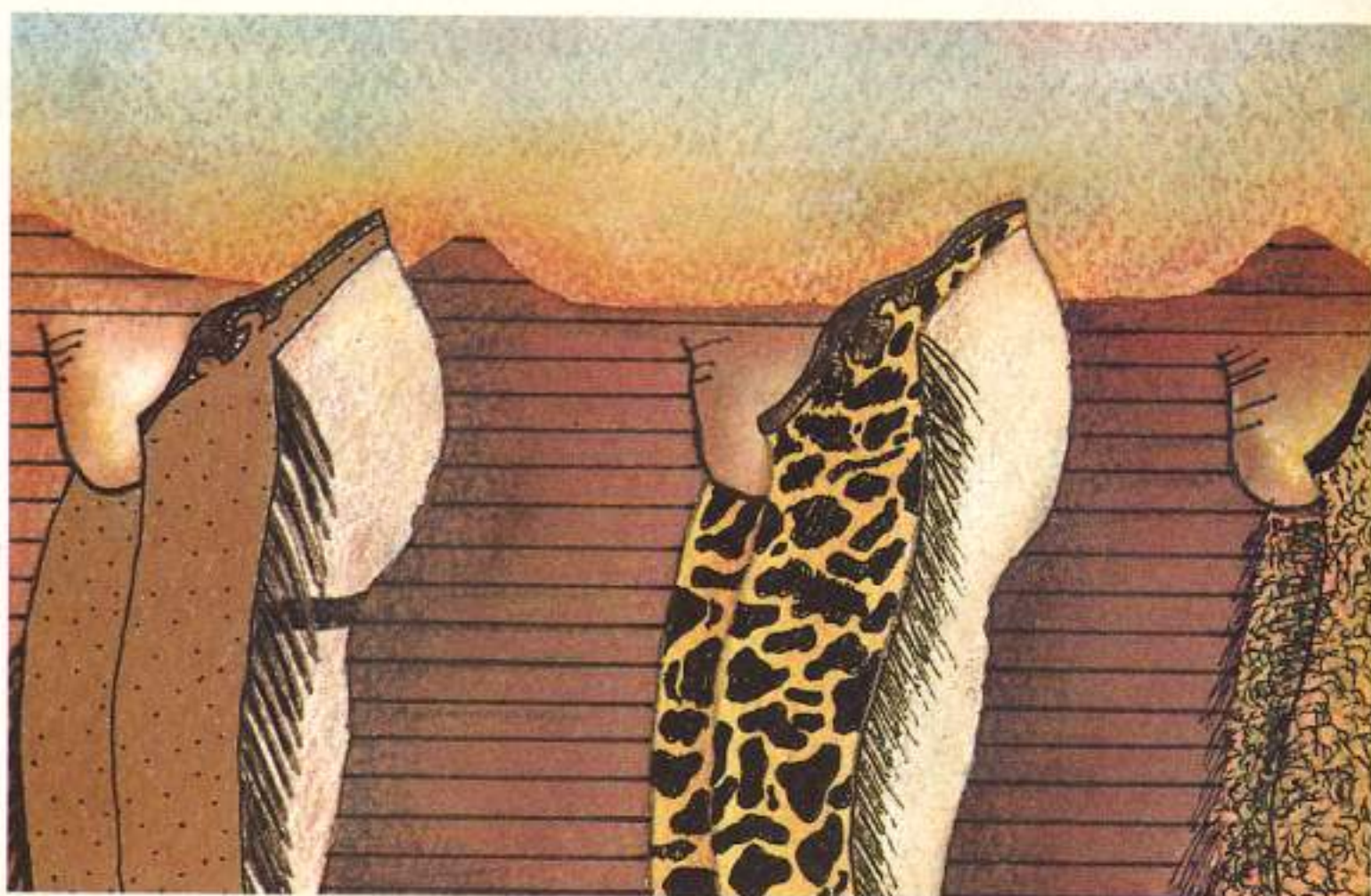
floor. But that cowboy had his buddies along. I don't think they wanted to defend his honor so much as they just wanted a good, rip-roaring fight. Such are the thrills out here in the sticks on a Saturday night. Hell, if the truth be told, I don't mind a good knock-down-drag-out once in a while either. Two cowpokes pulled John off the stool and a third belted away at him.

I grabbed the guy by his shoulders and threw him off balance. He tumbled into the pool table where a couple of farmhands took serious offense to having their game interfered with. They shoved him back to me. I met

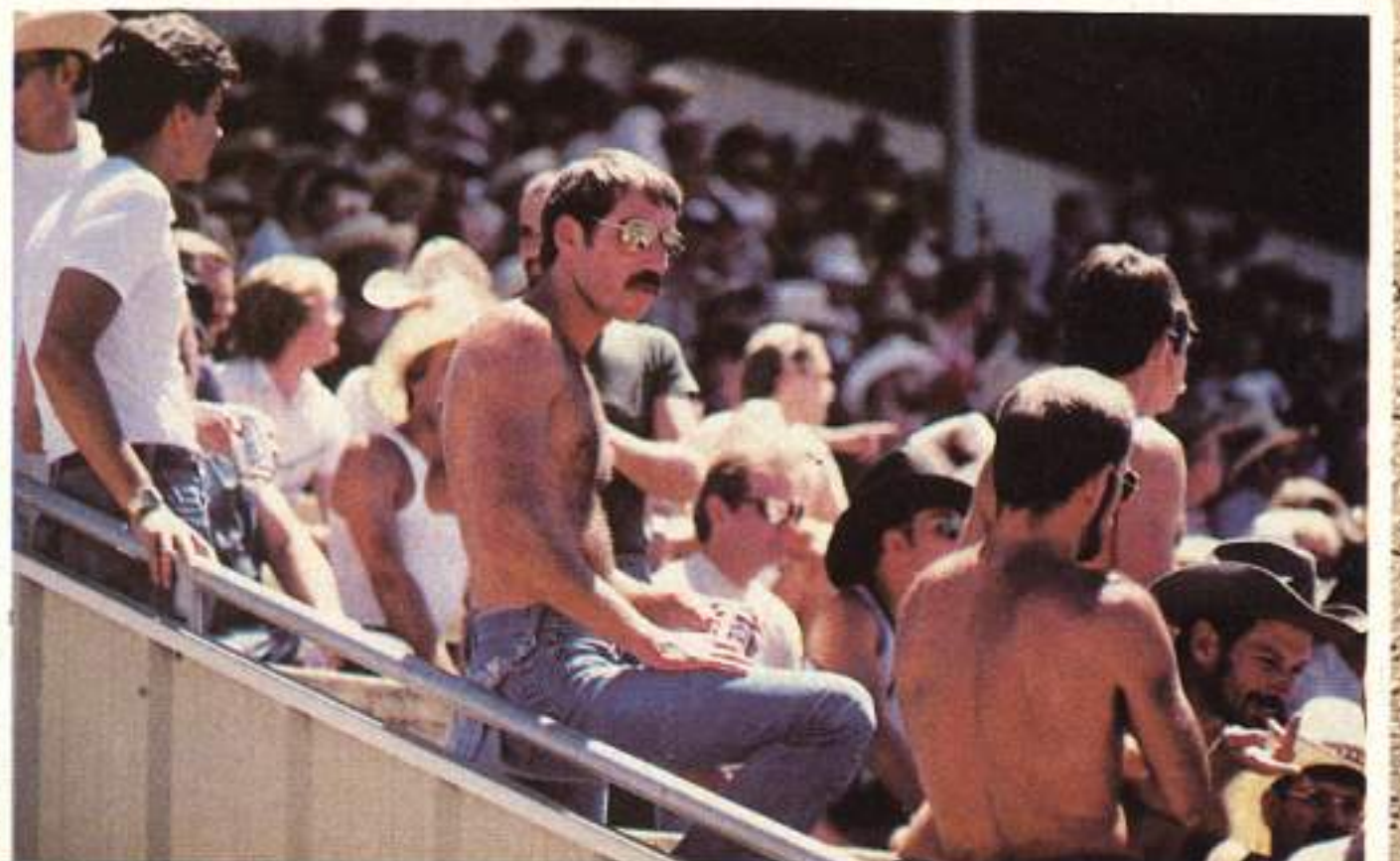
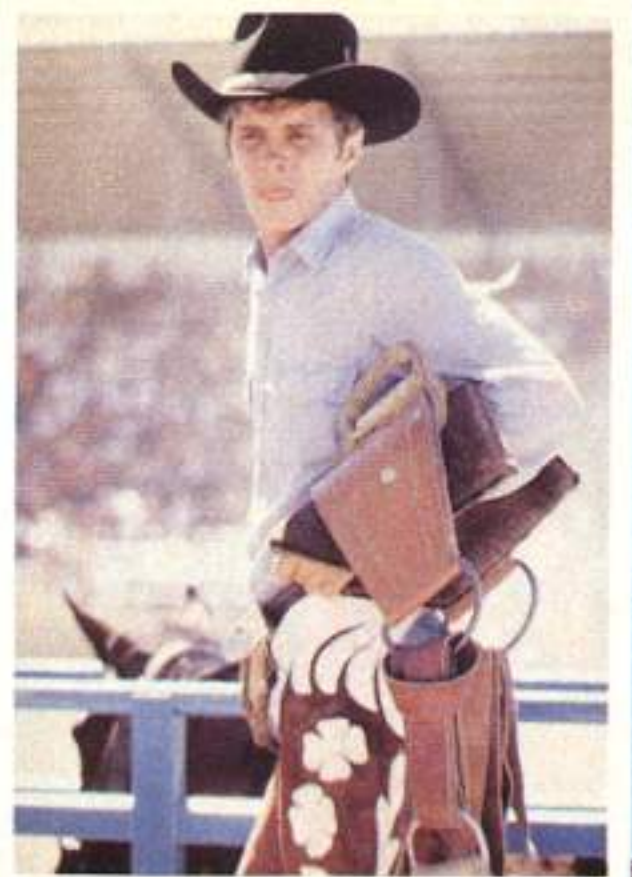
him with a hard chop in the mouth. And do you believe it? What comes on the jukebox just at that moment? "Stand by Your Man" by Tammy Wynette!

John had struggled free, and together, we weren't doing too bad. We weren't Batman and Robin slugging it out with the villains exactly. It was more like dodging punches and beer bottles on our way to the door. Somewhere in there, the bartender asked us to kindly get our asses out of his place. We were more than willing to oblige.

I invited John over for coffee. I just lived  
(Continued on page 37)









# GAY RODEO

## Wild Times In Reno

By John Calendo

Photos by  
Nick D'Aurizio  
& D.J. Garrett

There is a belief, widely held, that as soon as you put "gay" in front of a word, it is less. Gay jocks are somehow less than jocks, gay churches less than churches, and gay rodeos—well, that's a contradiction in terms. Redneck will never equal homosexual.

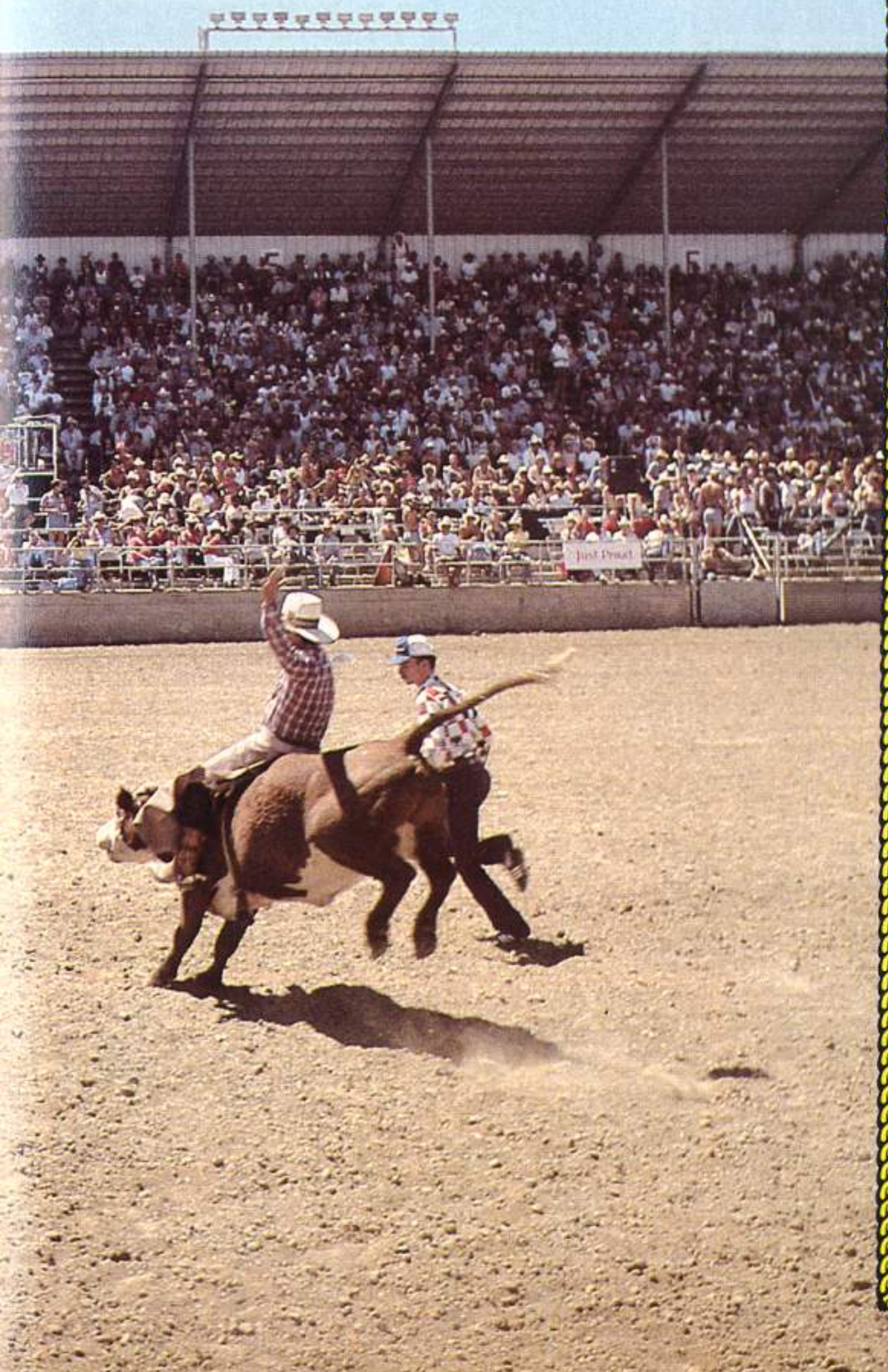
Well, boys, I have been to a gay rodeo and I am here to tell you that gay can magnify. I have been to a gay rodeo and I tell you that redneck combines with homosexual—often, in large groups, and like rabbits.

After the dust had cleared at the Fair Grounds in Reno and that weekend of beer-swilling, bull-watching, casino-gambling, love-drug-taking had wound down, one horse had to be destroyed, one woman went into labor in the grandstand, and three men had to be carried back onto the L.A. charter flight in wheelchairs (twisted ankles, all gotten in glamorous positions.)

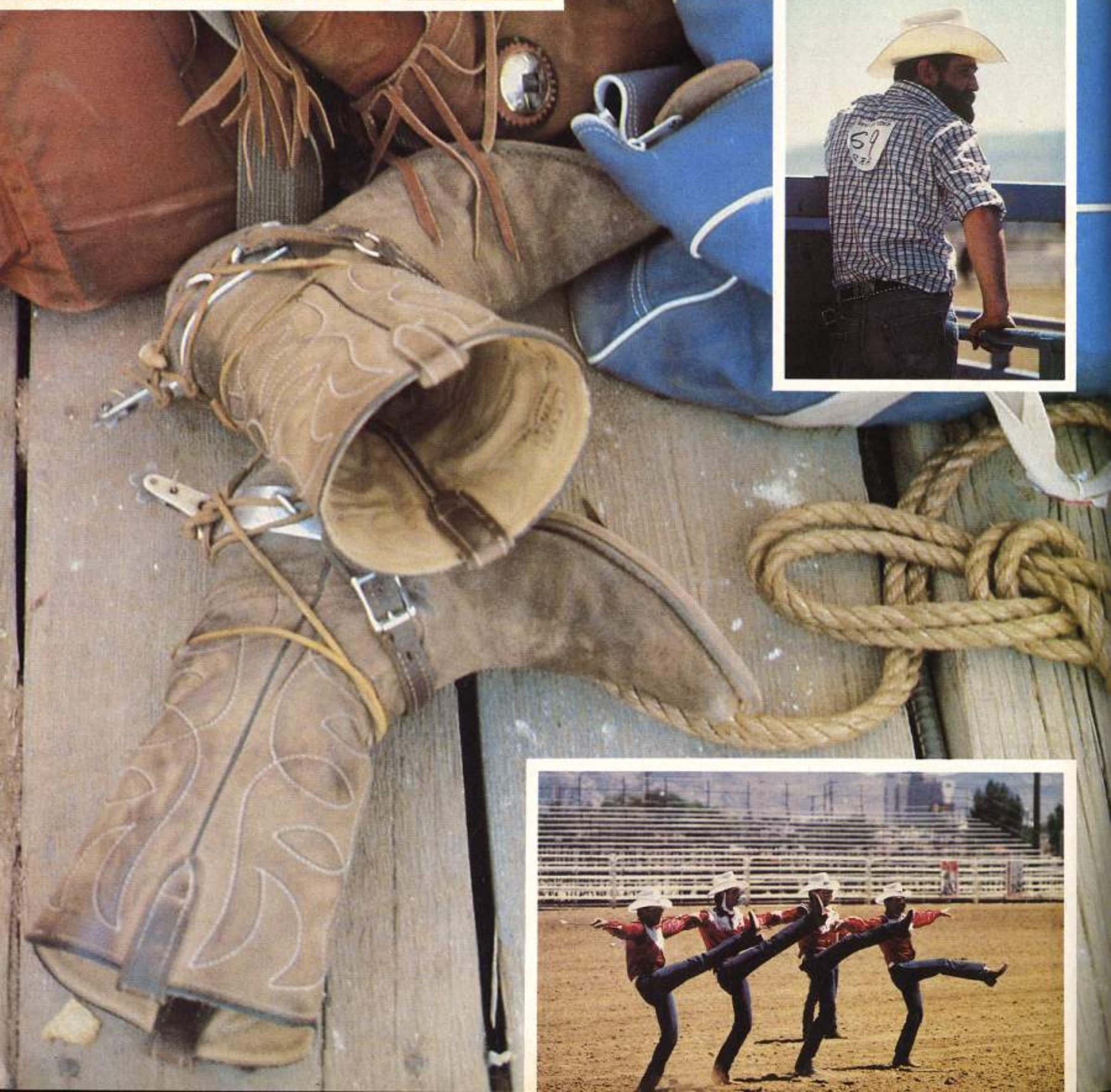
Actually, I know very little about what took place at the rodeo itself. I was behind the chutes during most of it, interviewing the riders [See page 30], many of whom had put their careers on the line to be here. However, in regard to those many people for whom the rodeo was secondary, a mere pretext and excuse for having one hell of a weekend—on this story, your faithful reporter was in the front trenches. Stay tuned.

The Gala Tours flight out of Los Angeles was not without incident. One of our cowboys tipped off the metal detector, bells ringing, lights flashing, because he was wearing a cockring. "This never happens on the L.A.-San Francisco run," he said afterward to a round of deep-pitched laughter and knowing nods. My flying companions were mostly well-heeled men on the crest of 40 with gym-built bodies and memberships to Probe. Quietly affluent, but then this little two-night, two-hundred-dollar jaunt had affluence written all over it. Many of the men were preparing to drop two or three grand in Reno's casinos.

I had arrived at the airport early, so early in fact that not even the Gala Tours people were there. Only one other man arrived when I did, and we sat and waited, having a conversation by fits and starts. He was late-thirties, handsome, self-contained. He wore a black Stetson, aviator glasses that tinted purple in direct sunlight, and had his shirtsleeves rolled to show L.A. biceps—thick, tan and so attuned that they streaked when he just tapped his knee with his forefinger impatiently. He was waiting for "a friend" (destined, naturally, to be one of the very last arrivals, an-









other late-thirties, built-up man in a cowboy hat, who, however, was not so self-contained. This one would be constantly looking up into the other's purple-shielded eyes.) It was a bright afternoon at LAX, and the nighttime incongruity of our clothes—he in his Marlboro-Man fetish-wear, me in a red rodeo shirt and spoochy black chaps—turned heads. Teenage boys, particularly, picked up the message, and certain stylishly weathered women who looked like they knew how to have a good time. "Wait," I told him. "Wait till they see what's coming."

That wait was not a long one. "Um... he's on the tour," I said when I first saw Bruno even though he was a long way off and obscured intermittently by crossing bodies. Concentration-camp hair, sunken sockets, long Western body in pointy boots. Bruno had one of those over-alert gay faces where the eyes jump around a great deal and seem to come to points, who within the first two minutes of introductions manages to tell you how much he enjoys getting fistfucked. Bruno was not his real name. "That's my name for him," he said, tapping the white-worn bulge in his jeans. But he called himself that now, and since his whole body was no more than an extension of that member—his legs for taking Bruno to a bar, his eyes for showing Bruno a magazine—we called him that too.

And when he had come upon us, he was upon us suddenly, with non-stop chatter. Yes, he had been to the rodeo before, and no, it was not a Howdy-Doody affair, hell, two of his friends entered events on the spur of the moment... and won. And the square dancing at the pre-rodeo bar-b-que, don't let the square dance fool you because it was just like disco except you stomp more. And he had really enjoyed getting fistfucked by the cowboy he met last year in the lobby of the Comstock. It was so hot, just sooo hot that it was then, in that position, that he made his decision, declared for the Gay Rodeo, vowing to return every year. And by the way, he hadn't eaten in three days.

"Wait a minute," I said. "Why haven't you eaten in three days?"

"Oh. Because then I would have to get on the hose. I don't want to waste time."

Reporters pray to meet people like Bruno for articles like this. He wasn't crazy, really, just a little... obsessed. He was one of those mysterious people that L.A. is so full of who manage to live without working. And live well. The luxury camera that hung around his neck took 3-D photos.

"Oh, do you make postcards?"

"Naw, it's just my hobby." Nice hobby.

I don't have to tell you, do I, that all through this, he was making an unmistakable, inescapable play for the man next to me, leaning in close and instead of looking into his eyes locking on his biceps, making things so quickly uncomfortable that the man, who had zero in common

**"By the time the dust cleared in Reno, one horse had to be destroyed, one woman went into labor in the grandstand and three men had to be carried back onto the L.A. charter flight in wheelchairs (twisted ankles, all gotten in glamorous positions)."**

with me, turned and addressed me intensely, throwing an arm around my shoulders at one point as if we were old buddies who had been through a storm or something. Bruno did not abate. Several mentions of "the friend" who was so late now. No avail. Hurricane Bruno kept locking in on those arms and mentioning the red handkerchief he kept in his right pocket. I hadn't even gotten on the plane yet and already I saw the weekend shaping up. It was going to be *Where the Boys Are* with everyone wanting the Yvette Mimieux role. I wondered how many sexed-out rodeoboy would be found, come Sunday, staggering down the middle of the Nevada State Highway.



"Is this a convention?" asked the sunny little stewardess when 42 men on the crest of 40 boarded her plane in cowboy hats.

"We're going to the rodeo," one of the cowboys told her.

"Oh?"

"The Gay Rodeo in Reno."

"Oh." No surprise, no surmise, nothing impolite registered on her face. If anything, her complexion became sunnier—these girls are trained like geishas. The "Oh" that came from the steward, however, a tall Negro with blow-dry hair and big Dior glasses, was near musical. Hunks to the left of him, hunks to the right of

him, furred arms throwing overnight bags into overhead compartments, he disappeared for a moment in the prepared-food nook, screamed silently, and then returned to meet his boys. He was not wearing glasses.

"May I help you with that?" "Would you like some assistance?" "Is there anything I can do for you?" Actually, there was something he could do for everyone. The drinking of doubles began almost before we left the ground.

The seat I drew turned out to be next to the Tour Director, Leon Bine, who had been directing men to the Gay Rodeo for five of the seven years it had been in existence. "In the first years, they used to meet the planes with haywagons and give everyone a hayride back to town." Leon was a wise, white-haired roly-poly that people liked to cuddle. "Dirty old men need love too," he'd say whenever a man, whose room he had just switched or luggage confirmed, impetuously jumped out of his seat and kissed him. You must understand, we were only 1/3 of the plane. In general, everyone was well behaved, big arms resting on the tops of adjoining seats, but toward the end of the flight when the drinks—and drugs?—were settling in, some men felt comfortable enough to call across aisles, stand, hold court, hug. The two straight blonde women sitting behind me, the good-looking Reno businessman opposite—conspicuous in this section because he was not in a cowboy hat but wore a light summer suit and sandals—all watched the proceedings with a non-committal interest.

When I was waiting for the john, I stood next to one of our men, on the crest of 50 and in the pink, who had enough gold on his fingers to be mistaken for a cardinal in Eastern Europe—that is if cardinals there had so thorough a penchant for turquoise in-lays. The steward, meanwhile, had been making playful announcements over the P.A., the best coming at the end when he thanked us for flying the friendly skies of United. "We regret that this was such a short hop and that we couldn't show you how friendly the friendly skies can be."

"Did he really say that?" Yes. Really. The men broke into laughter and applause.

We were descending along a curve. I was surprised how green and irrigated Reno looked. I had expected tumbleweeds, like Las Vegas. But Reno was upstate Nevada, closer to the lush forests of the Ponderosa than to Death Valley. Reno was where the wives in *The Women* got Reno-vated, the divorce capital of the world, and a loose-living town from way back. Even before the discovery of the Comstock Lode made everyone silver-rich in 1859, Reno was notorious for its whorehouses. Those houses, along with gambling casinos, would proliferate wildly in the years to follow when Reno became a railroad-town, where cowboys drove their steer for shipment and received end-of-the-drive paychecks. Today as ever a cow-



# WE NEVER CLOSE



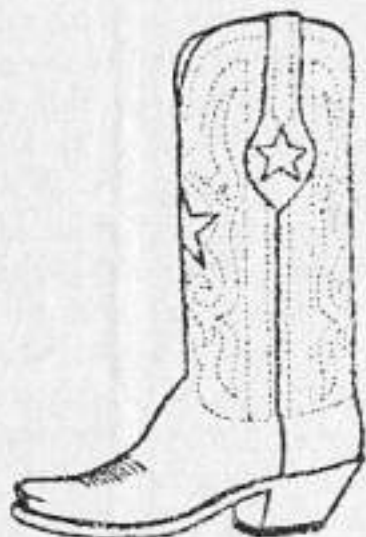
hand would most likely go to Reno to blow his wad. Las Vegas was too foreign, full of Jews and Italians and "that Hollywood crowd"; Lake Tahoe was for San Francisco money; but Reno came closest to the Silver-Mining-Town-With-One-Opera House ideal of the Old West.

Even the airport was primitive. They wheeled out one of those wobbly airplane staircases, and we deplaned into a long, low, aluminum-sided hangar that was passing for an airport. A good friend from college days, Nick D'Aurizio, out West on a visit to San Francisco, was meeting me in Reno. I saw him waiting at the end of the hangar... but Bruno got to him first, locking in on his lean body. Back at New York University, Nick, with his handsome goatee, had looked like Peter of Peter, Paul and Mary; he still had the goatee and now spare convict hair, but the years were taking him to other places. He now looked like one of those laconic, deadpan noblemen in the paintings of El Greco.

"How was your trip?" Nick said when he had hugged and shaken off Bruno. "Um, Nick, riding with a plane full of L.A. queens..."

"Yeah?" He was laughing already.

"...is like riding with a plane full of showgirls. I had a wonderful time."



Across the street from our hotel was a gay lounge that we could see from our window. We were high about it, looking through a picture window, and it was a tiny hole in the wall. Now every place in Reno had a marquee, extolling its casino, star acts and steak breakfasts. This tiny lounge had a marquee too, but with one  
(Continued on page 32)

## BEHIND THE CHUTES:

### 1. Kevin Meunier:

ITFM: Do you ride in other rodeos?

MEUNIER: I ride the CCA (California Cowboy's Association) circuit. The events are stronger; it's more professionally run. This is more just fun, just a bunch of guys getting together.

ITFM: When you're in a straight rodeo, it's cool?

MEUNIER: It's never come up. I mean, people don't walk up to you and say are you gay or straight.

ITFM: But now that you've been in a gay rodeo, aren't you putting yourself in a position where the topic will come up?

MEUNIER: I don't care. Because if they don't want me then I don't need them.

ITFM: Did you just get the highest score?

MEUNIER: I don't know. I got 63. What

are scores going?

ITFM: Nobody stayed on as long as you or was as popular with the crowd.

MEUNIER: It's not long. They only judge you on your first six seconds. You're judged firstly on your horse and then on how you ride. You can't touch the horse with your free hand. If you do, you get a goose egg. You have to hold on with one hand and keep the other up. I wanted to fan him but I didn't get a chance.

ITFM: Fan him?

MEUNIER: Take your hat off and fan his head. It spooks 'em, makes 'em buck. It's illegal to do it now... *(Just then the crowd gets carried away in a great uproar, and Kevin is carried with them)* Look at that horse buck! Look at that horse buck! Shit, he got a high score. *(He applauds with the crowd, but a bit slower.)* If my horse bucked like that I

### 2. Dave Wilson:

ITFM: What do you think of this rodeo?

WILSON: It's fantastic. I've done it a year. I won All-Around Gay Cowboy last year.

ITFM: Where are you from?

WILSON: Portland, Oregon.

ITFM: Were there any repercussions after being in the Gay Rodeo?

WILSON: I lost all my contracts. I used to train and sell horses; I was on the Show circuit. But after the wire services picked up my picture as the All-Around Gay Cowboy, all my contracts went. And my friends, they just kinda *(clears throat)* ... walked away.

ITFM: Really?

WILSON: Yeah. Very redneck.

ITFM: These were friends?

WILSON: Friends.

ITFM: God, that's so... shocking.

WILSON: Very shocking. Two clients stuck it out with me, but that's not enough to make a living. People got where they'd say so-and-so has a gay trainer behind their backs, and they got worried whether the judge was going to be prejudiced, whereas judges don't know me from Adam, but it's just the idea of someone maybe telling the judge, tipping the scales.

ITFM: The *Real People* cameras are here. Do you worry that they might exploit the event, zoom in on the most stereotypical, high-impact images?

WILSON: I kinda hope they do. Regardless of what kind of publicity they give us, it's gonna be good. It shows that you can be gay and a cowboy. A lot of people

### 3. Ron Brewer:

ITFM: Are you a professional rodeo rider?

BREWER: Yes.

ITFM: Some guys have told me the rules are not as strict here.

BREWER: If you're a professional rodeo rider, you follow the rules no matter what. The events are not as strictly judged but probably the peer-pressure is greater here.

ITFM: Peer-pressure?

BREWER: You got a bunch of queens out there, you want to look good!

ITFM: Isn't it risky for you to be at an unsanctioned rodeo?

BREWER: Yeah. I can lose my card. But it's time for all that to change. I just love to ride. I love rodeo. I love it to death. This is my first year at the gay rodeo and, O.K., maybe it's not grown up

enough to meet the demands of professional rodeo, but I've had as much fun today as I've ever had at a rodeo.

ITFM: I imagine you deal with a lot of rednecks...

BREWER: ... Yeah.

ITFM: In a way, being in this rodeo is like making a public announcement that you're gay. You are gay?

BREWER: Oh yeah. 34 years worth.

ITFM: See, you're a person who could easily pass.

BREWER: But the time to pass is over.

ITFM: Do you think being here will strain relations with your colleagues?

BREWER: I enter a rodeo as a professional. They do too. If they happen to find out I'm gay—and it's happened a few times—for me, nothing. It's not a big deal at all. Look, I own a gay bar.

ITFM: No kidding, where?

BREWER: The White Horse in Berkeley.



# 3 GAY COWBOYS

## "Look at that horse buck!"

might have gotten a high score.

**ITFM:** I'm told that as a rule, rodeo riders are gay. Is that true?

**MEUNIER:** Everybody likes to think that everyone else is gay, you know. I've been riding for four years and I met a couple of gay people, but as a rule, I couldn't say. We never really talk. I mean, I don't go to a rodeo because I'm looking for a hot trick! I go for the excitement.

**ITFM:** Do you do this for a living?

**MEUNIER:** I do this for a pastime. But I'd like to do it full time.

**ITFM:** What do you do now?

**MEUNIER:** Right now I'm unemployed. I've been working for a lawyer in San Francisco. *(D.J. Garrett, a photographer, is sitting next to us on the fence behind the chutes, alertly listening.)*

**ITFM:** Do you have groupies?

**MEUNIER:**

Oh me? Naw.

**D.J.:** Me!

**MEUNIER:** I wouldn't mind, though. *(D.J. hugs him.)*

I wouldn't at all. He's my first groupie. Actually, they call them rodeo flies.

**ITFM:** Both guys and girls?

**MEUNIER:** Yeah. They're not supposed to but a lot of them come back in the chutes. Larry Mahan has a whole group of beautiful people that follow him.

*(Laughs.)* He's a hot man.

**D.J.:** You're a hot man. ■■

*(Now turn to page 40 to see exactly how hot Kevin got when D.J. took photos of him bareback and bucking!)*

## "A lot of people were wondering if I had the guts to return again this year."

helped to change things. Because where I come from the only stereotype people had of gay people was the limp-wrist.

**ITFM:** Then being in the Gay Rodeo is a political act for you.

**WILSON:** I take that as a by-product. For the first year in my life, I'm being myself. For 31 years, I've been lying to people; I've been, you know, hiding. And every time I wanted to do something, I had to lie about where I was going.

**ITFM:** Do you think you should move out of Oregon?

*(Continued on page 77)*

## "You have a bunch of queens out there, you want to look good!"

bought it three months ago, and it's the oldest gay bar in the West.

**ITFM:** Please don't say that because we'll get millions of letters from people claiming their bars are older.

**BREWER:** It's true. It is the oldest gay bar in the Western United States, and this is the first time it's had a gay owner.

**ITFM:** Where are you from?

**BREWER:** Originally from San Francisco. I spent all my summers on a ranch.

**ITFM:** What do you think of the glut of people who pretend to be cowboys.

**BREWER:** Kickers, I call them. Most of Texas, as far as I'm concerned, is kickers. They all have the right boots, all

the right shirts, all the right hats. See this hat. It's a Stetson, traditional block, seven years old. And I prefer this to that—the guy in the second row in the white hat with the feather in it. It's an O.K. hat but, you know, it's styled, it's not real. They're real popular right now.

**ITFM:** Did you see *Urban Cowboy*?

**BREWER:** Yes. A very good friend of mine directed it. Jim Bridges. Great man; great, great man. I'm even immortalized in it. He calls somebody "Big Buck Brewer," which is his pet name for me. He also used it in *China Syndrome*. But Texas is O.K. I don't want to say it's a good place to be from because I'd just as soon Texans stay in Texas. But . . .

**ITFM:** You really have it out for Texas.

**BREWER:** Name one good thing that came out of Texas.

**ITFM:** Jerry Hall.

*(Continued on page 77)*



# THE COWBOY CODE

**I**n all societies there are unwritten laws that good men live by. The cowboy's code of ethics was a simple one but each "law" was backed up by good, sound reasoning.

**I**t is ill-mannered to ask any man his name. (It may be that for one reason or another he cannot afford to bring notice to himself.)

**S**tealing a man's horse is a crime punishable by death. (Leaving a man stranded on the Plains, miles from food, water, or shelter, is as good as killing him.)

**C**heating at cards is an unpardonable offense. (The victim or one of his friends is entitled to retaliate with a six-shooter.)

**D**rawing a six-shooter on an unarmed man is strictly prohibited. (Offenders may be gunned down on the spot by the victim—if he is able—or by one of his friends.)

**E**ncountering a stranger on a trail, a man must approach him and speak a few words before moving off in another direction. (The greeting establishes his good intentions.)

**W**hen two men meet, speak, and pass on, neither man must look back over his shoulder. (Such a look is an indication of distrust, a sign that the man

doing the looking expects a shot in the back.)

**W**hen greeting a stranger on a trail, it is proper to nod and say "Howdy"; it is not proper to wave. (A raised hand may cause a skittish horse to bolt.)

**W**hen a stranger dismounts to cool his horse, it is not polite to remain in the saddle while carrying on a conversation with him. (The proper thing to do is to dismount and speak to him face to face so he can see what you are up to.)

**T**o ride another man's horse without first asking permission is a grave insult. (A horse is private property, and borrowing one without leave is equivalent to slapping his owner's face.)

**O**nly in dire emergency is it permissible to borrow a horse. (Every man has his own style of riding, and a horse can easily be spoiled by the wrong kind of rider.)

**A** smart rider always puts his horse's comfort before his own. (If the horse becomes lame or disabled, the rider may find himself stranded in the middle of the desert.)

RODEO (Continued from page 30)

simple message: "WE NEVER CLOSE." I think that must have been the motto of everyone I saw at the Gay Rodeo. People seemed pharmaceutically fueled to go on and on, get wilder and wilder. No one closed, least of all the gay residents of Reno. Reno had no gay-pride parade, so the Gay Rodeo functioned as their collective letting off of steam. You'd see oversized drag queens dragging their heels into the little lounge at high noon, not the best light for layer upon layer of fotch. Or you'd hear screams in the night that got you out of your plush hotel bed and onto the terrace to see, among other things, a very young teen queen, unbothered by the row, making out with a cowboy against a pickup in the parking lot, or you'd hear spit-fire confrontations between drag queens and queer-baiters in jacked-up cars that would screech to lunging, spark-flying stops, as if to intimidate the answering queens. But nobody was about to intimidate these pioneer-stock Nevada girls. Not on Gay-Rodeo weekend! They'd scream and snarl and bring down a police squad to arrest *everyone on the street* before they'd back off from their territory.

The history of other cities was repeating itself in Reno. When the war for gay rights is first fought, it is fought by drag queens

and drag dykes who will not (or can not) disappear into anyone's closet. I met an L.A. cowboy in the elevator who complained about the "tackiness" that went on below. Well, yes, it was tacky, I agreed, but maybe it was necessary. It was a drag queen, we should remember, a gutsy little drag queen and her loud refusal to be pushed around by policemen that sparked the Stonewall riot. The L.A. cowboy smiled, but I don't think he was remembering, and we all got on the bus to go to the barn dance.



The barn dance and bar-b-que were held the night before the rodeo at the Fair Grounds in what looked like another airplane hangar. Inside, the hangar was lit up like daybreak because the *Real People* cameras were filming. I wondered who had allowed this. Three school teachers, who had driven all the way from Salt Lake, were furious and left. I know the Gay Rodeo was put together by Phil Ragsdale, a gay Reno businessman, and since this was primarily a word-of-mouth event, he understandably wanted publicity. Still, I wondered if he



had considered the kind of publicity he could expect from *Real People*, a TV program that regularly sank to the level of freakshow. I wondered if he had considered how vicious those cameras could be if they chose to zoom in exclusively on the most exotic and frightening foibles of homosexuality. How many eye-rolls from Sarah Purcell would it take to ruin his Gay Rodeo forever? We had paid to come here, paid to enter and then upon entering were told we had just joined the circus. I wondered if he had, for one moment, considered any of us at all.

Anyway, the barn dance and bar-b-que were lit up like a sailor on payday. And those lights were hot. There was fine fiddling and fancy Texas dancing and hundreds of cowboys from places as far flung as British Columbia and Brooklyn. The proximity of San Francisco was apparent, if only by the number of black T-shirts worn with everything and anything. One burnt-out cockette, a certified Bay-Area type, roamed about in leather collar, leather halter, fishnet stockings. And everywhere you saw lots of Germanic Out-West faces, small-built men with bundles of farmboy muscle, long tall Westerners that went through the roof. The whole rodeo was a convention of humps. Beer was sold non-stop, pulled out from barrels of ice.

"Coors, please."

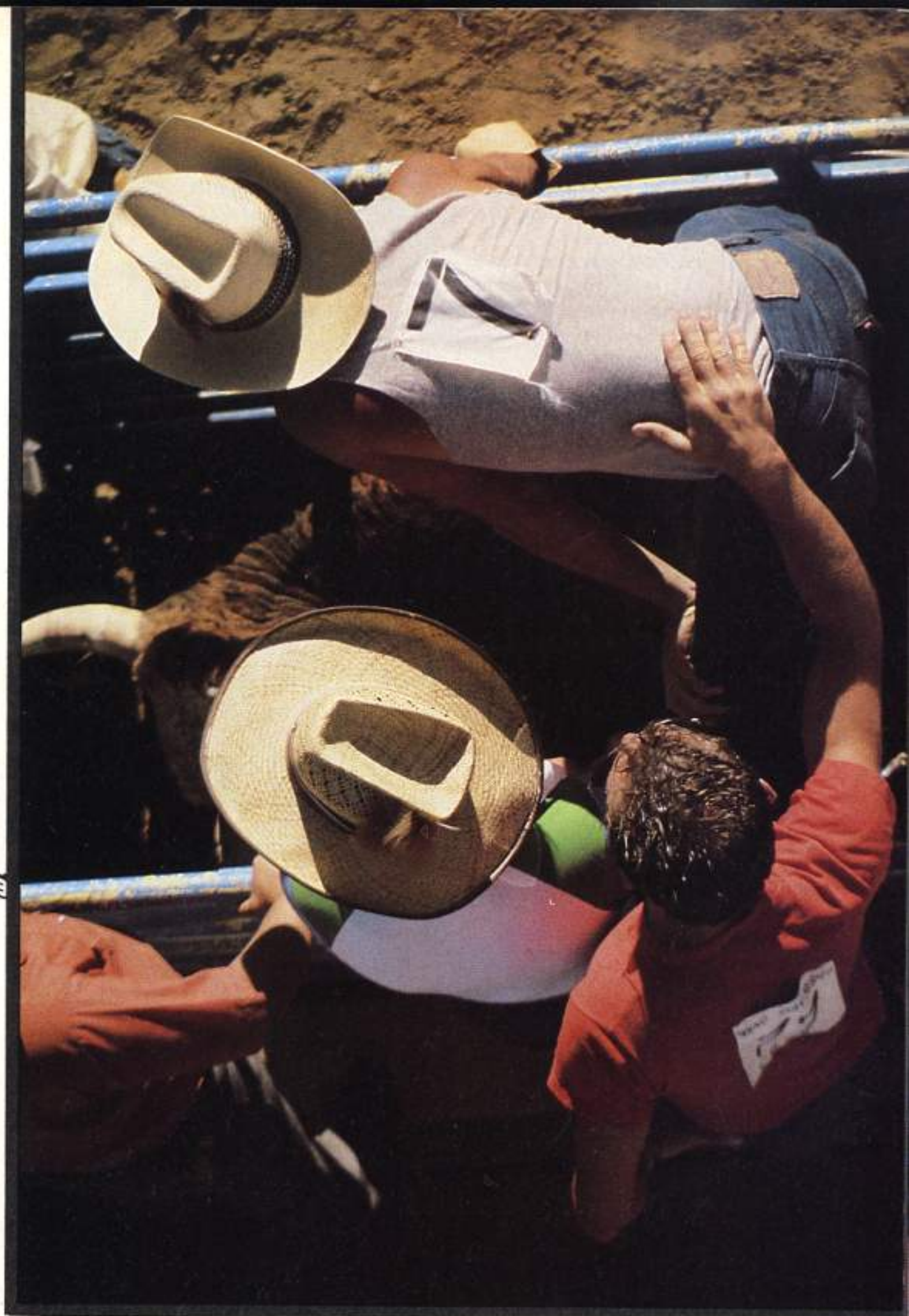
"We're boycotting Coors."

"But I thought . . . I mean, they have an ad in the *Advocate* . . ."

"Naw, the owner's wife gives money to Anita Bryant and Moral Majority and stuff like that."

(I think I heard that conversation at the barn dance, though it was such a drunk weekend, I'm not sure. Definitely, it was some place in Reno.)

You couldn't buy beer outright, you



bought "script" (tickets) first—I guess to keep everybody honest. The script was sold by officiating drag queens: One bracing Dale Evans. One chic and debonair Divine. Ragsdale, you understand, being Emperor I of Reno and these two lovelies part of his Silver-Dollar Court—an example of the title-madness bartenders and gay-business owners get into out here. The titles are for fun, but the appointees often do good works. Part of the proceeds of the Gay Rodeo, for instance, was going to buy TV sets for the Veterans' Hospital (so they could watch *Real People*?), a Thanksgiving dinner for senior citizens, and (my favorite) a horse-washing facility for the teenagers of the 4-H Club.



And suddenly Bruno was upon us, actually upon Nick, who in the rapid fire, managed to slip in, "Come on, Bruno, I face the same side of the pillow you do." But Bruno was too busy not missing a trick, because everybody passing by, he was dying for, those over-alert eyes sharpening to points. And then for some reason, conversation turned, as it often will, to the subject of Sophia Loren. Sophia was Bruno's favorite actress, and guess what his favorite Sophia movie was. Not *Two Women*. Not *Marriage, Italian Style*. Not any of her important Italian stuff. Bruno was into the Hollywood period. *Houseboat*, he tells us and then—in the face of fiddles fiddling recklessly—proceeds to sing the theme. In Italian: "Prrresto, prrresto..."

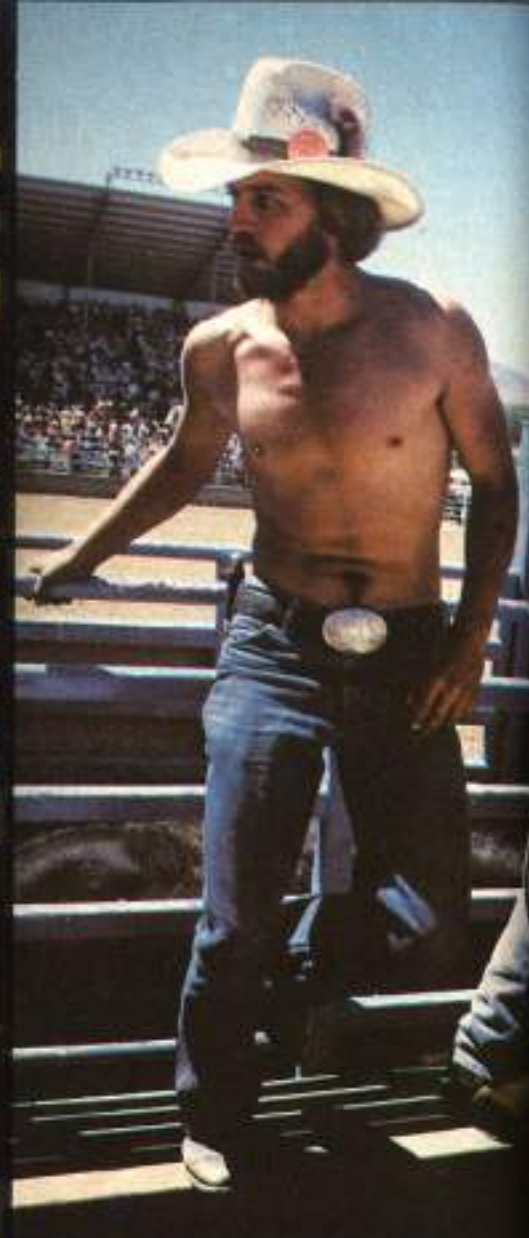
I mean, here we were in Reno, three Italian kids now totally assimilated into advance Americana and cowboy outfits. It gave you pause. It made you see gayness as the great equalizer, the great educator.

"...with a bing bang bong." Again Bruno. "With a bing bang bong..."



The next day, we were at the rodeo. Nick with his camera and I with my tape recorder sneaked past the guard and quickly scooted behind the chutes to interview the riders. We had to skulk around like this because his majesty the Emperor had not sent us press passes—nor any of the other journalists and photographers I spoke to. Shoddy treatment of the press is not the mark of the professional promoter, and frankly there were a few complaints out in the grandstand that the rodeo was strictly junior, the stock not up to snuff, the rules too loosely observed. But these were the exceptions. Most people I could see—some 7,000 to 12,000 souls—were hooting and hollering and loving it all: The bucking bulls, the brave riders, the rag-mop clowns, the San Francisco Marching Band that introduced the whole shebang by playing "The Stripper" on glockenspiels and kicking like Rockettes.

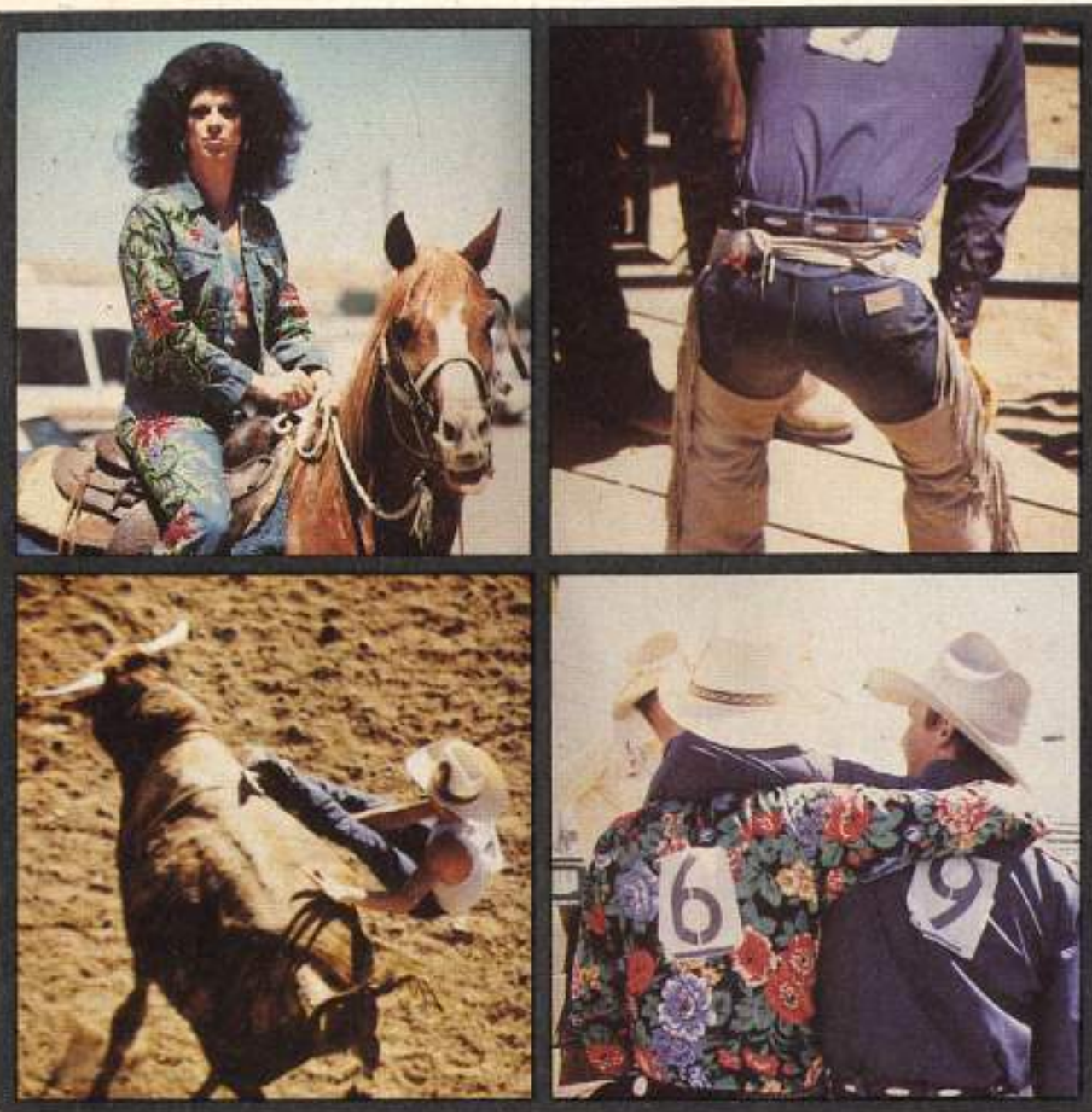
Of all the things that happened to me in Reno, the rodeo is the thing I will remember the least. (With one exception.) I will remember it the least partly because I saw it the least (I was interviewing riders), partly because I understood it the least (it was my first rodeo) and partly, I suspect, because it was innately forgettable. But then this is the nature of sports. High-impact in the immediacy of the moment, low-import in retrospect. The pictures on these pages tell the story of that day. Here are a few snapshots from my collection:











Arriving at the rodeo, all the barn-dance humps are here, but tenfold. Lots of shirts off, pink sunburn, beer-swilling. Nick, I say, take a picture of him . . . and that one . . . Christ, get this guy . . .

"Relax, John. A lot of these looks are going to last all day." A gaggle of blood-shot cowboys tumble by, hitting a popper. "Some looks, of course," Nick continues, deadpan, "will get better."

Crowds clog the grandstand aisles: A Chinese cowboy. A punk cowboy with two-tone hair and a "Wanna Fuck?" T-shirt. For the first time since I got to Reno, I spot the airport man with the L.A. biceps, shirtless in black cowboy hat, followed by his "friend," also shirtless in black cowboy hat. You know you are close to San Francisco when you see someone pass with a T-shirt that says "HOT TUB SPOKEN HERE." And everywhere a procession of the Great Blue-Eyed American Men; all the cowboy stocks represented: The Dutch with their short-stop noses. The Germans with their vivid pink-and-blond complexions. The French with their long, melancholy faces. And your basic Nevadan with his stringy body made out of beef jerky.

"Hey guys!" The voice was familiar by now. "I'm ripped to the tits!"

And suddenly Bruno was upon us, his 3-D camera in hand, head turning every way, red-cracked eyes showing the strain of information overload. This will give you an idea of Bruno being flirtatious at the rodeo. He points down at a passing man's crotch.

"Is that a sock?"

"It sure ain't."

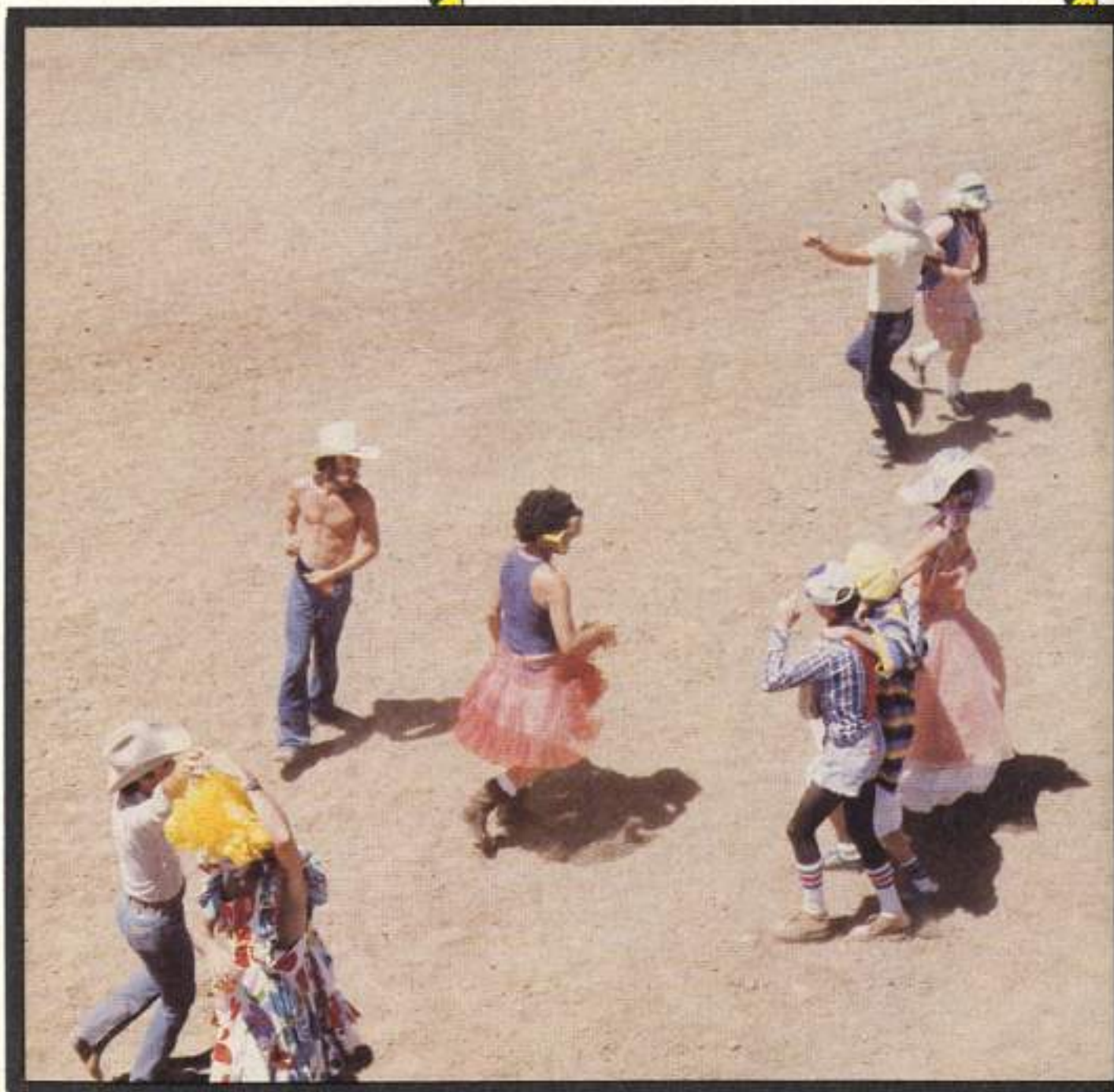
"Really!" And goodbye Bruno.

Scene change: Hanging out behind the chutes, chatting up the riders. "Who," says a hefty cowgirl, pointing to a perfect sweetheart of a platinum horse, "Who is riding this mother?" Men are helping each other with the back buckles of their chaps and kissing one another good luck. A beautiful cowgirl, striking in her iciness and authority, sits on the fence. In her grey felt Stetson is a pin, the armadillo, symbol of Texas. A cowboy passes by. In his hat is also a pin, two cherubs in sunglasses, symbol of Fiorucci's.

But in regards to the rodeo, I did make one exception. One thing happened there that will stay with me a long time. We have to run the film backwards now to the start of the rodeo, the very, very start, the National Anthem. I've been to gay parades, I've seen gay people in huge masses; I just never saw them all assembled to salute the flag before. The aisles had just unclogged, people were settling in their seats, when the announcement came over the P.A.

And then they played the National Anthem and everybody got real solemn and stood up and sang with their chests pushed out, a little louder and a little more desperately, the way gay people often do when the subject turns to patriotism or religion because they have something to prove, or have been made to feel they must prove something that should be

(Continued on page 91)







# THRILLS OUT HERE IN THE STICKS

(Continued from page 25)

down the road a piece, and we drove there in near silence, a little embarrassed that we had even gotten into such a stupid mess.

Once the lights were on in my room, I was startled to see just how banged up John really was. Someone had caught him in the side with a beer bottle. His shirt was bloody.

After some ridiculous arguing, I got him out of his shirt. It wasn't a bad cut, but it needed to be cleaned. He sat real quiet while I dabbed the wound with a wash cloth. He was fighting back tears. Surely it didn't hurt that much.

"That's the trouble with living out here," he said. "You start acting like them!"

"Well . . ." But I didn't know what to say. All I wanted to do was hold him. I slid my hand across his chest and around his shoulders. John fell against me and really started to cry. It was strange to have a big strong guy go to pieces on me, but I kept ahold and hugged him. And then I took the next step. I kissed him. It seemed natural, until it was done, and then it seemed like I had just taken an awful chance.

John looked at me. Just looked at me. It was the longest minute in my life. Then he said, "Aw, shoot," closed his eyes and wrapped his furry blond arms around me. We stayed that way for a long time. I eventually helped him out of his jeans and stripped out of mine. Somewhere along the line we got into bed.

We hugged without kissing, and after awhile I got up and went into the bathroom. John saw the jar of vaseline in my hand as I came back, and his eyes went wide with a wild kind animal fear. I guess a couple of old and very bad playground jokes suddenly weren't so funny to him anymore.

"Don't worry," I said, "There's no way you're going to make me pregnant."

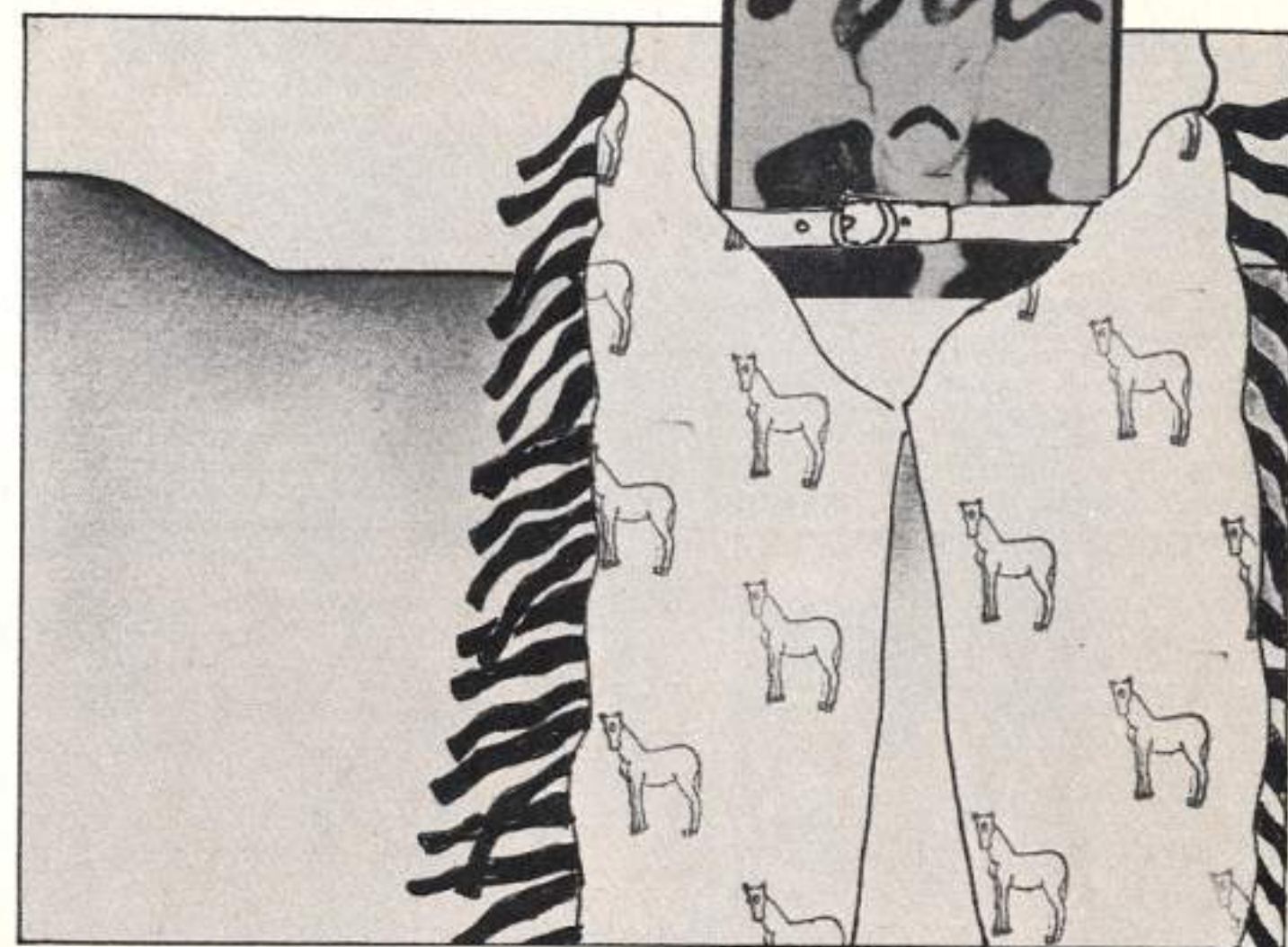
He gasped out a laugh that went on a bit too long. It was a nervous laugh, a gasp of relief, sounding like a balloon letting out air. I unscrewed the vaseline top. He looked at the stuff like he had never seen it before, and I lubed him slowly. He was up solid and already wet, but there was still a wild fear in his eyes. "We can stop, John," I said. "We can stop right now if you . . ."

"No," he mumbled. "I want to."

I wanted to kiss him squarely on the lips and take it further, but I suspected this might blow everything, so I just turned and looked at the moonlight. It came through the window and draped across our bodies, giving everything an air of wintery solemnity. I took hold of his nipples, and they were hard. Touching them really turned him every which way but loose, and when I applied pressure, he moaned like a calf caught in a fence.

I sat up and straddled his middle. It took a couple of tries and a lot of pain, but I finally was able to relax and let him enter me. I told him what to do, and he did it, moving up and in until I was all around his cock.

For a moment, I just sat there, my eyes



shut tight. "Hey," said John suddenly, "are you alright?"

"Oh yeah," I answered, my voice deep and quivering. "I'm . . . alright . . ." I looked down at him and smiled.

And then we got into it, lost in it, overturned in it, grinding and bucking and biting down on our own lower lips.

■ ■ ■

Sunday evenings are worthless. The bars are closed. TV is the pits. And the fact that you have to get up bright and early the next day hangs over everything like a cloud. I sat down on the veranda steps of the boarding house I was living in and smoked a smashed cigarette. It had come through the brawl in better shape than I had. My back was sore, and my jaw was swollen.

The twilight was settling in. My old landlady was in her front-parlor apartment with the radio tuned to one of those religious programs that scream about the Second Coming being right around the corner. Well, it was better than listening to some cowboy yelping his lungs out.

Jeeza, I said to myself. I really blew it this time. Not only am I going to lose a friend, but I sure as hell won't get a lover. Why hadn't I let John alone? I knew better than that! Even if they go along with it, putting the moves on a straight guy completely blows their minds.

God, what a dumbbutt I was. In another week I could have gone to K.C. for a trick and gotten it all out of my system. But no, I had to fall for the only friend I had here.

I started to wonder what he was doing. Probably trying to forget what had happened and scared stiff I might tell someone. It does blow their minds.

It was getting dark, and the yellow porch light was attracting moths. I was about ready to get up and head in when I heard footsteps up the walk.

"Who's there?" I said.

"It's only me . . ." The voice was in darkness.

John came into the light. He was looking down at me real carefully as if I was supposed to have turned into some horrible monster. There was some of that wildness in his eyes. Yes sir, I was wondering if maybe we were fixing to have our own private knock-down-drag-out right here on the lawn.

"How's the cut?" I said.

"I'll live, I guess."

I held up the crushed pack of cigarettes. "Smoke?"

"Sure." He sat down beside me.

We sat there smoking in dead silence, those grotesquely molested cigarettes in our mouths. We could have laughed, should have laughed, but there was too much tension. If I made a wisecrack and nudged him, he'd probably think I was trying to pull his pants off the way we homos are supposed to do when we're around men.

"Feel better than last night?" I asked.

John didn't answer me. He wouldn't even look my way. Finally, he flipped his smoke into the grass and our eyes met, locked. He reached over and put his hand on my leg, smiling nervously like a kid in church, not sure if it was supposed to be done this way. "You know something, Gene, with you here, this wouldn't be such a bad place to live."

Yup, these old baby-blues got all watery. I found his hand and held it tight. Right there. On the veranda steps. Way out here in the sticks.

We held hands off and on all evening, just like the most innocent of innocent high-school kids, sitting real close with the religious program talking about the Second Coming and the moths fluttering around the porch light. No, I thought, this won't be such a bad place to live after all.

■ ■



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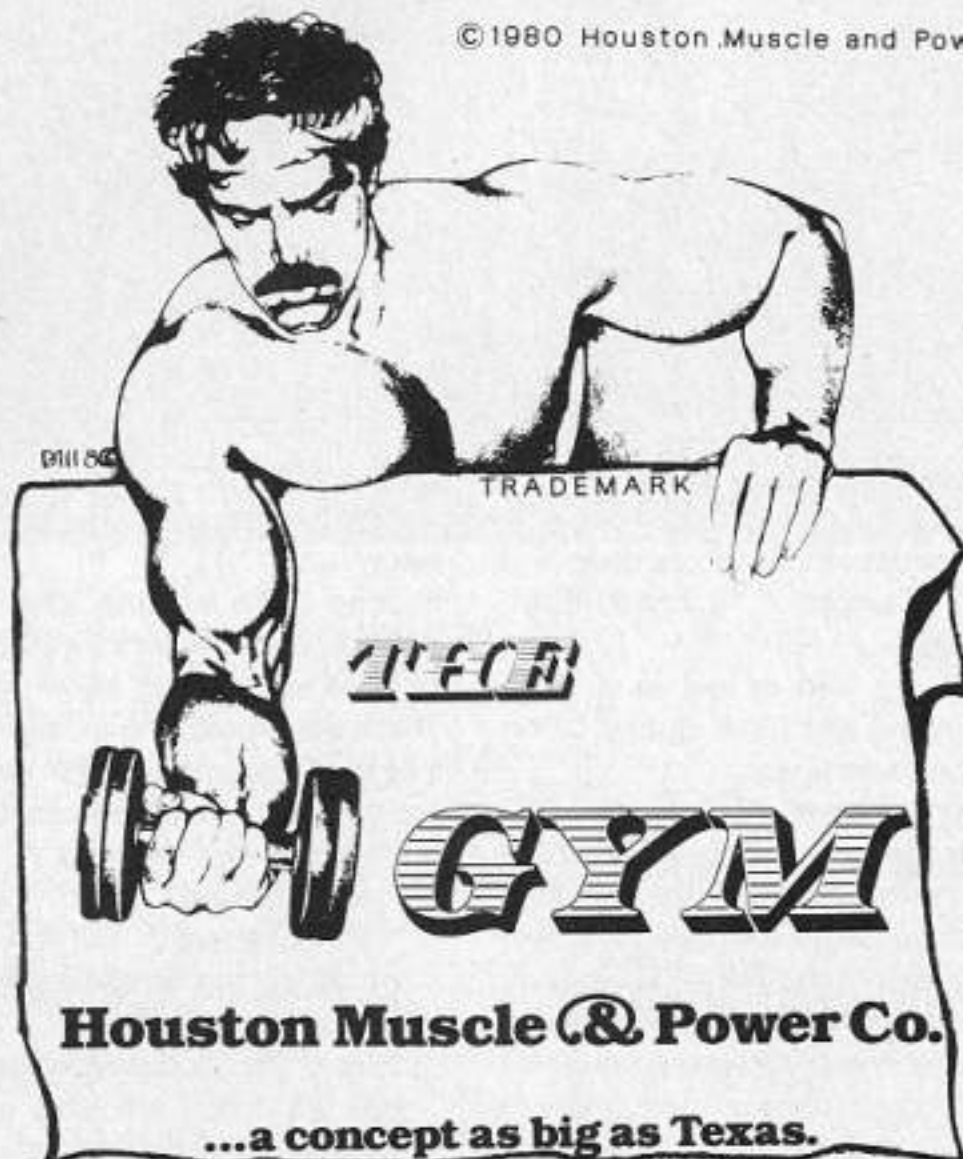


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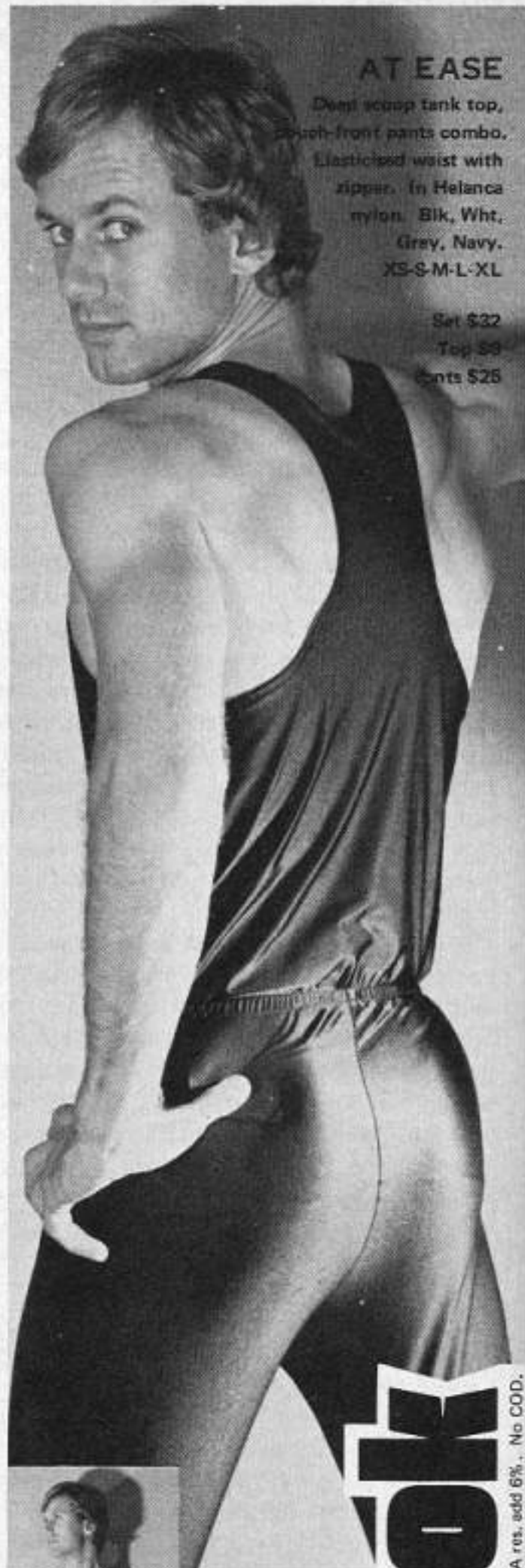
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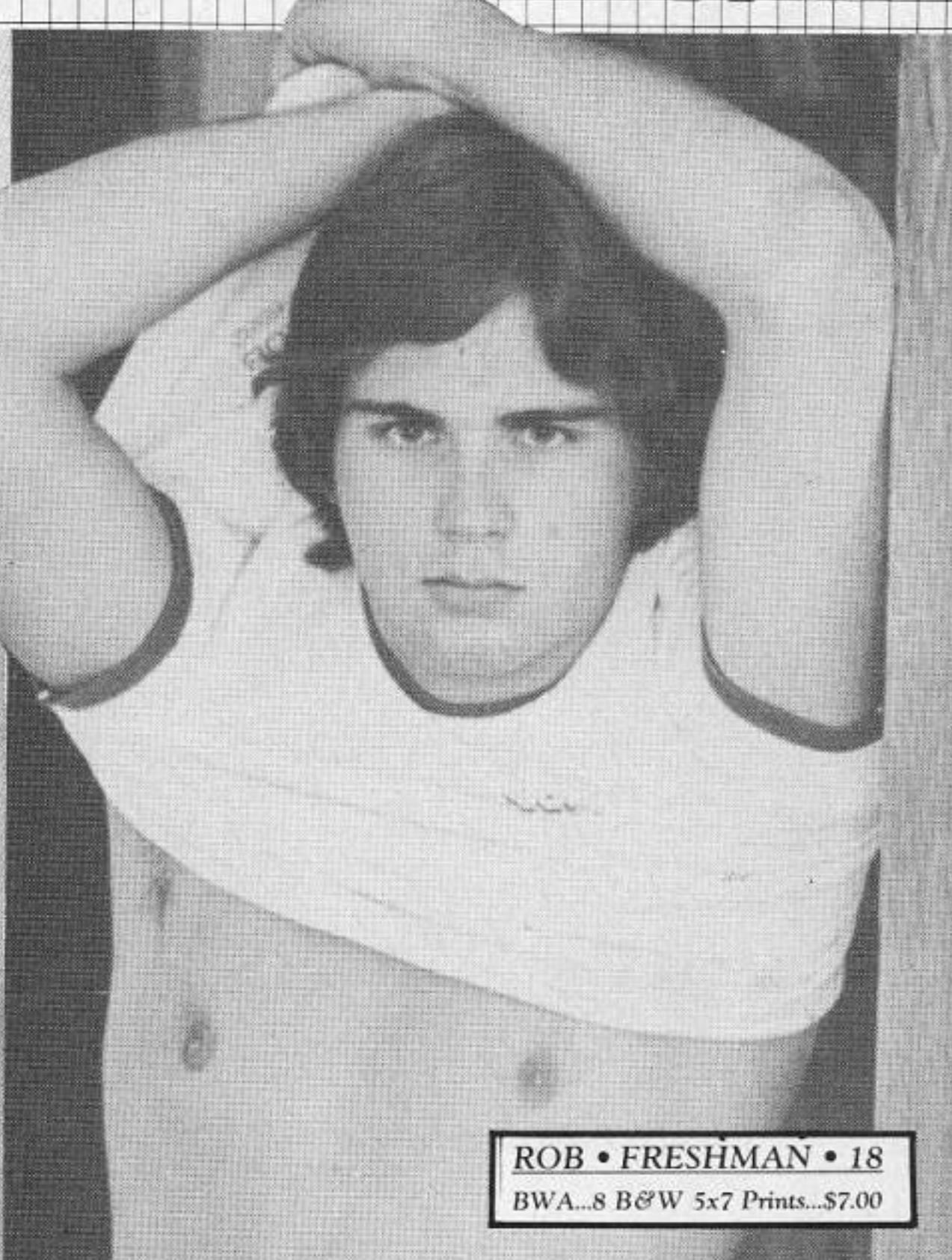
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# KEVIN

*He rides low  
in the saddle.*

Kevin Meunier, a rider in the Reno Gay Rodeo [see the interview on page 30] immediately lassoed our heart when we saw him behind the chutes, munching on an alfalfa stalk and intensely watching the action. His arms were folded across his pale rodeo shirt, and his thumbs kept absent-mindedly rubbing his pecs. It was enough to bring a grown man to his knees. Kevin had a spare, laconic, Franco-American face (when people tell him he looks like Michael Sarrazin, he just shrugs) and his body is like beef jerky—long, lean and chewy. "This time," said our photographer, "it's for keeps," and for a moment the world went Lana Turner.

*Photos by*  
**D.J. GARRETT**



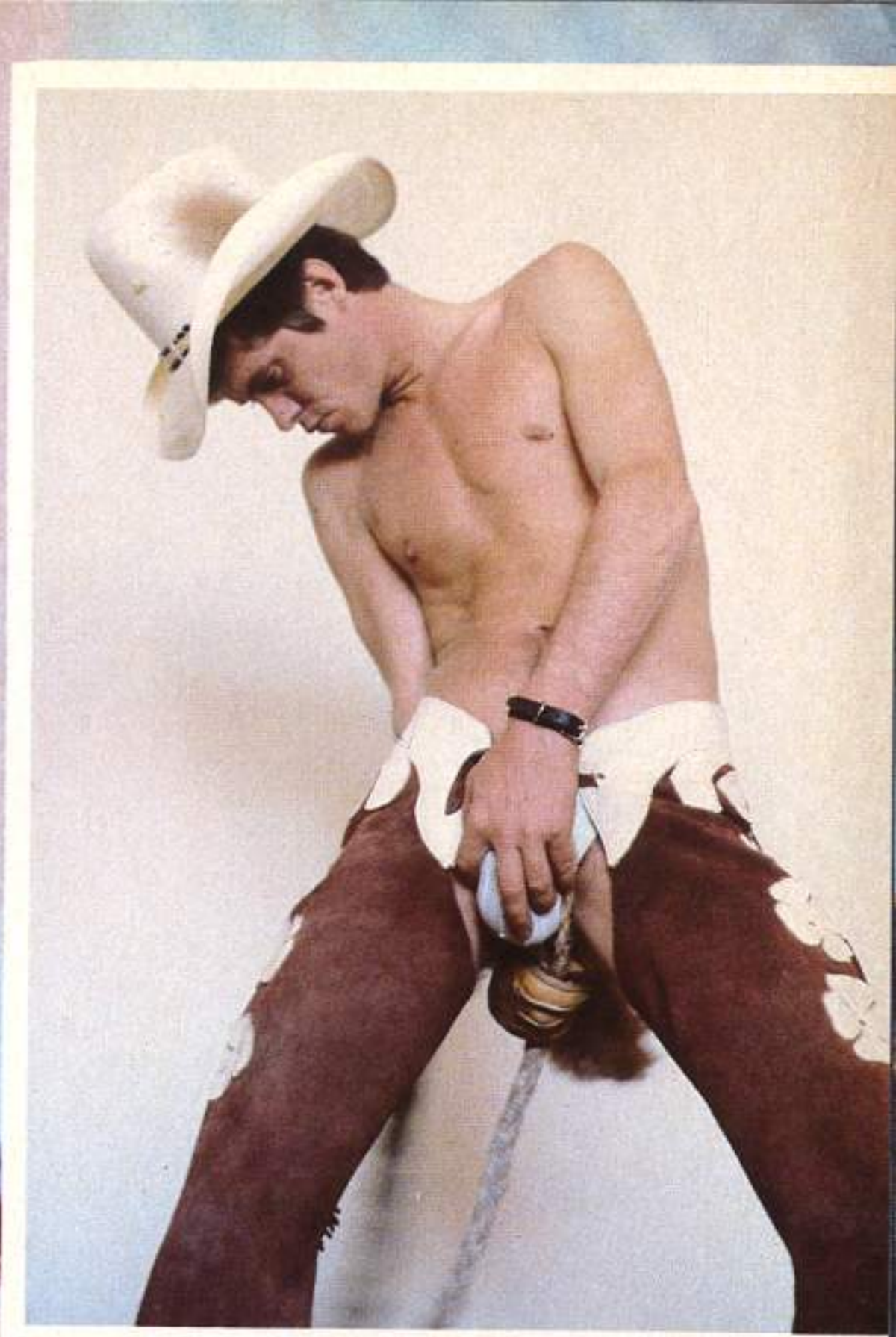
Out of his clothes and in front of the camera, our cowboy was up like thunder. He simply could not keep it down, which he had to do or we couldn't get our modest but highly cultural publication past Canadian customs. The photographer tried everything: applied ice, read aloud from the phone book, showed him the pictures from *People* of Karen Carpenter's wedding. It turned out to be quite a labor . . . of love, which finally did do the trick but only for 2.6 minutes during which these photos were hastily snapped. (For the full story, see the next issue of Too Hot To Handle, our favorite hard-news magazine.)























# JEFF

He's a Playboy.

NAME: Jeff Wells

AGE: 18

SIGN: Taurus

HOME: St. Albans, Vermont.

FAVORITE SPORTS: Football, wrestling

GOALS: To lift weights, to be a movie star,  
To finish high school.

LAST BOSS HEAD: "Playboy" magazine

INSIGHTS: Hollywood is a little  
Hollyweird.

REASON ON WEST COAST: Santa Monica is the  
most out going place for weight lifters

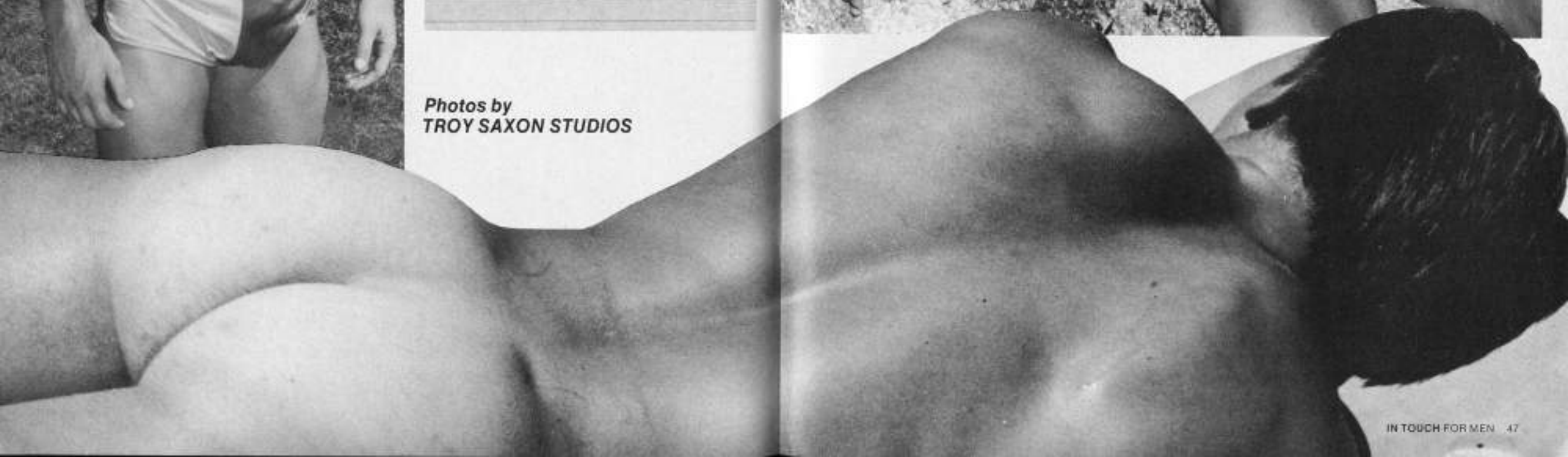
FURTHER INSIGHTS: I'm basically straight.

ANY STATEMENT ABOUT MEN: NO. It's OK.

FAVORITE FOODS: eggs, chicken, meat,  
high protein with supplements

ACCOMPLISHMENTS: Led high school to  
State Championship in wrestling.

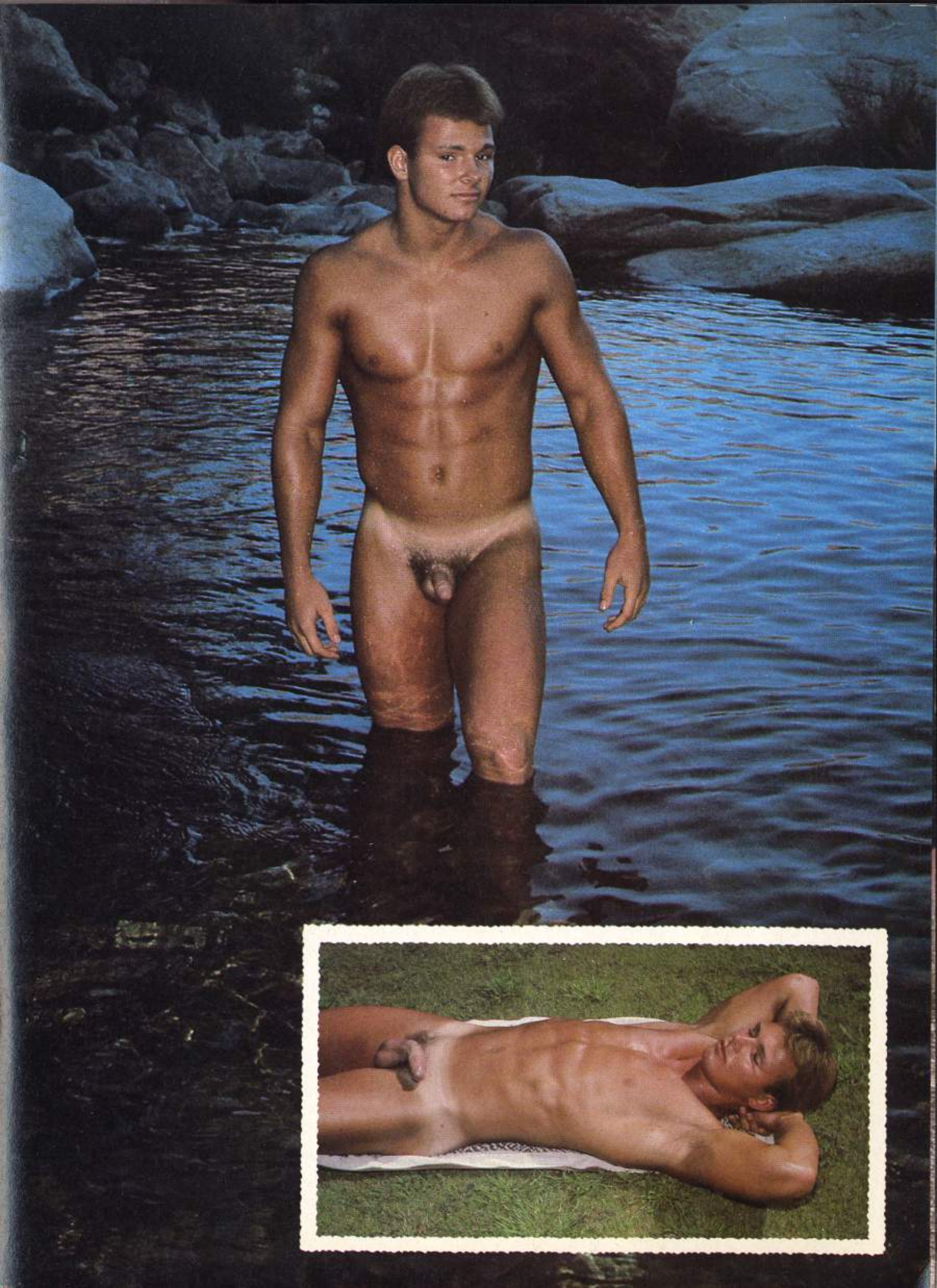
Photos by  
TROY SAXON STUDIOS



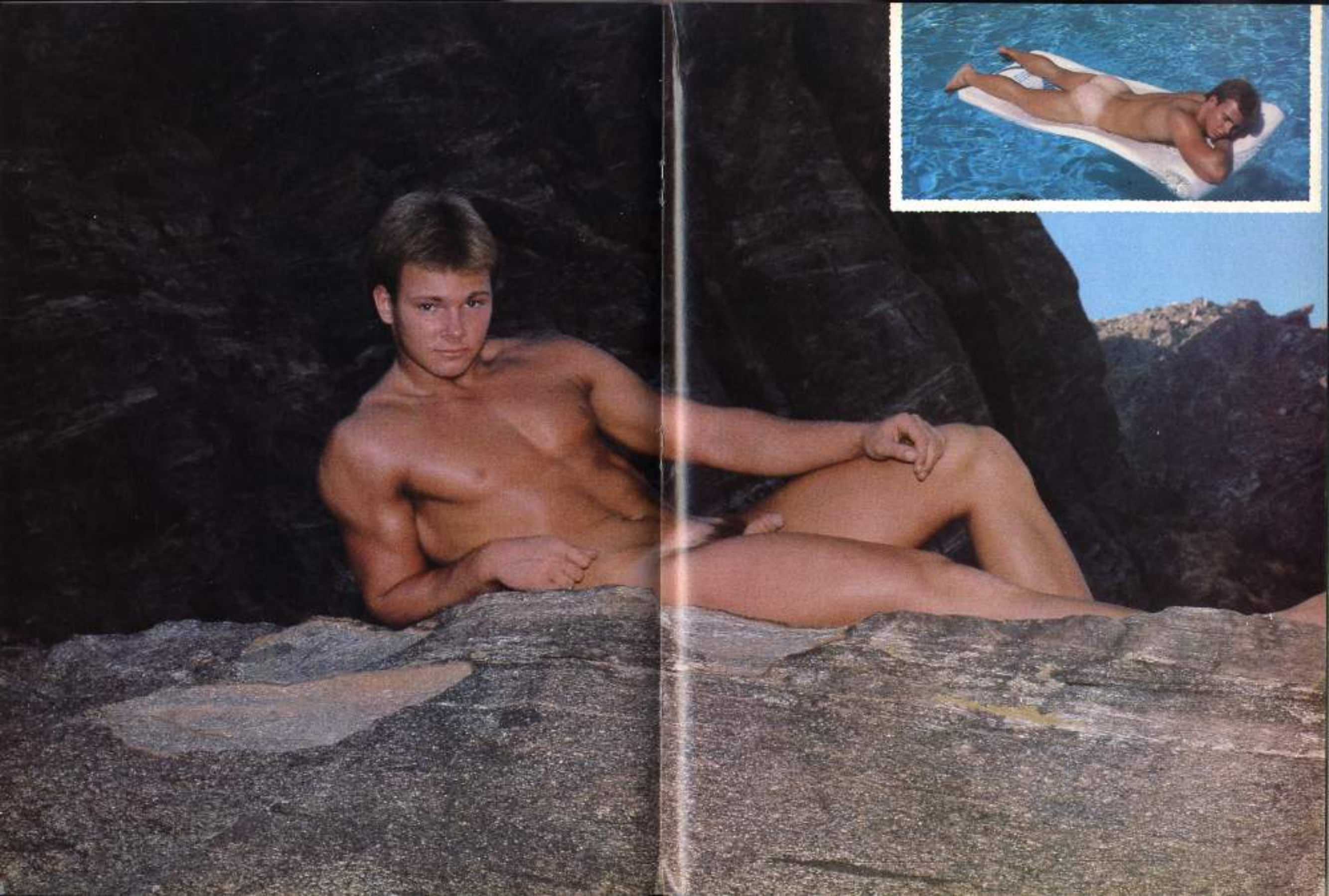




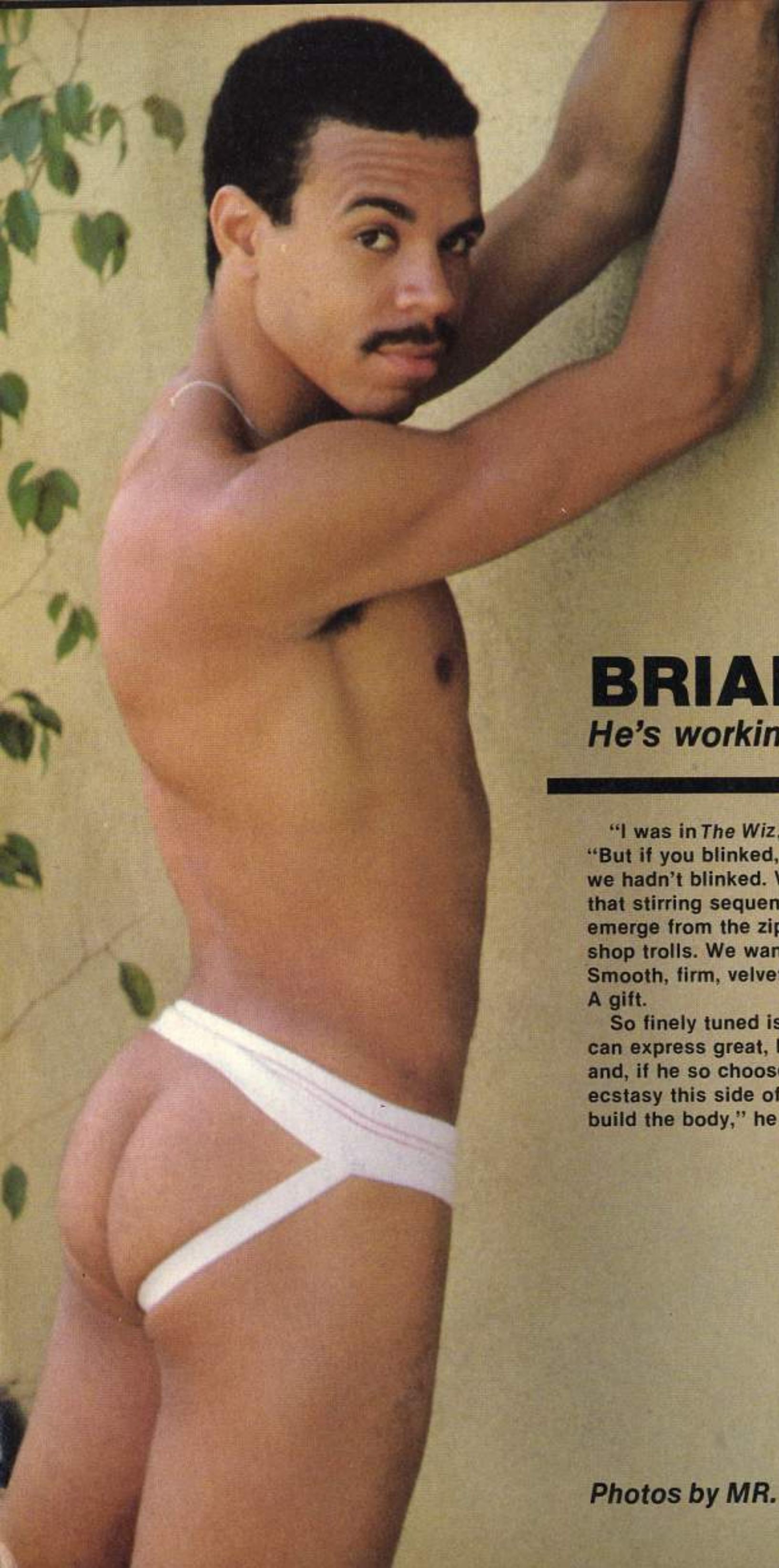












# BRIAN

*He's working on a groovy thing.*

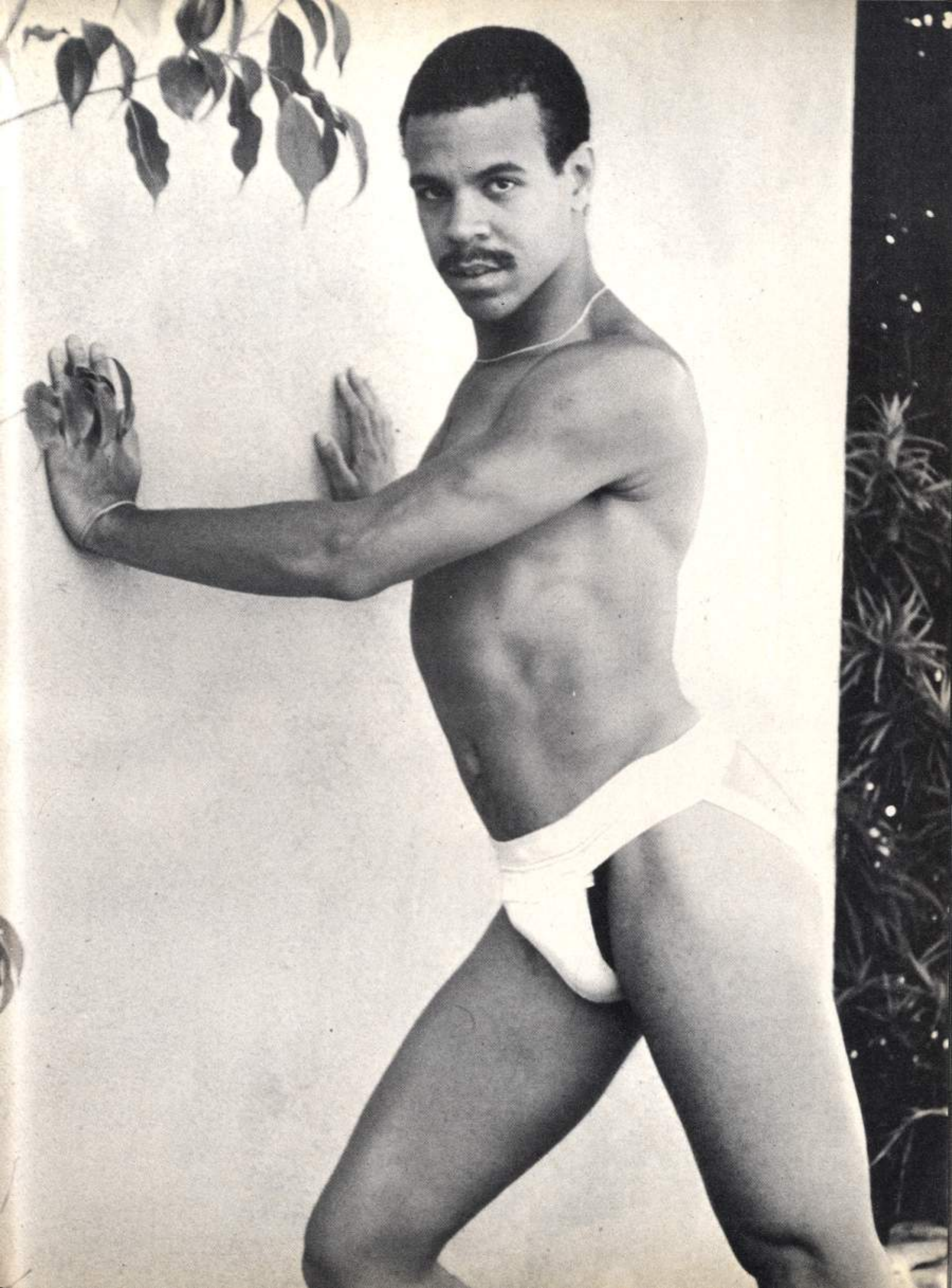
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"I was in *The Wiz*," says Brian Scott with a smile. "But if you blinked, you missed me." Point of fact, we hadn't blinked. We remember him well from that stirring sequence where the beautiful dancers emerge from the zipped-off bodies of the sweat-shop trolls. We wanted a longer look. Ah yes. Smooth, firm, velvet to the touch. Softly muscled. A gift.

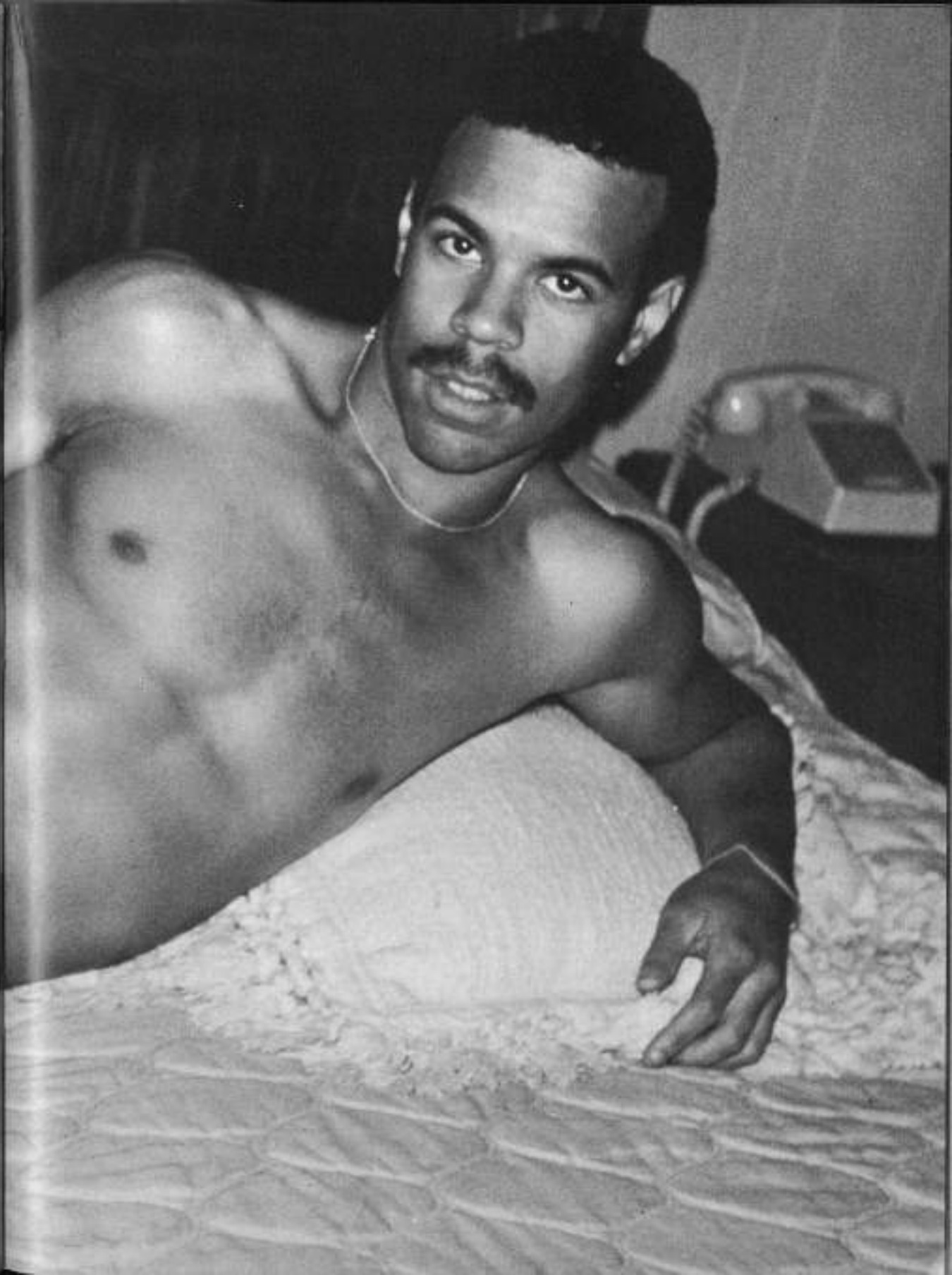
So finely tuned is his dancer's body that Brian can express great, leaping joy, arm-flinging pathos and, if he so chooses, some of the best pounding ecstasy this side of the Hollywood Hills. "Athletes build the body," he says. "Dancers perfect it."

*Photos by MR. STARR PRODUCTIONS*



















A full-page photograph of a man in a cowboy hat and leather jacket, sitting on a log in a wooded area. The man is looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. He is wearing a dark brown cowboy hat, a black leather jacket over a plaid shirt, and light blue jeans with a large tear at the knee. The background is a blurred forest scene with trees and rocks.

**JAKE**

*He's hole-ier  
than thou.*

Photos by JOE TIFFENBACH



Most cowboys just want to die with their boots on. Jake Burnett has this thing for his jeans. He just will not take them off. Come on, Jake, they're getting holes and stuff

"That's O.K."

Not to mention the smell.

"Powerful, h'aint it."

Yeah.

"I thought you liked that."

Jake, do yourself a favor and go take a running leap in the stream.

"And ruin my Levi's! Where you from, son?"









Come on, Jake, I want to take some pictures of you in the buff.

"This'll do fine."

You're not ever going to take off those stinking pants, are you!

"Affirmative."

How old are you, boy?

"26, Asshole."

Don't you think . . .

"No, I don't."

. . . that a six-foot-two, 26-year-old man looks ridiculous with his dick hanging out of his pants!

"Come over here and say that . . . closer . . . closer! . . . right up against me . . . Mmm-hmmm, now what was that you were saying?"

Um . . .

"Mmm-hmm?"

Jake, aaa . . .

"Mmm-hmm, mmm-hmm? Mmm-mmm!"

Jake we're never gonna get these pictures taken or this article written.

"You don't have to write no article. Just tell it plain. I'm a Sagittarius, I was in the Navy for seven years, in the Far East, just got out last May, and I love rodeo, love it to Hell and to itty-bitty pieces. What more is there to say?"

How about your sex life?

"Nobody's business."

Will you give me a break, Jake.

"Just tell them I got one comment about sex."

Shoot.

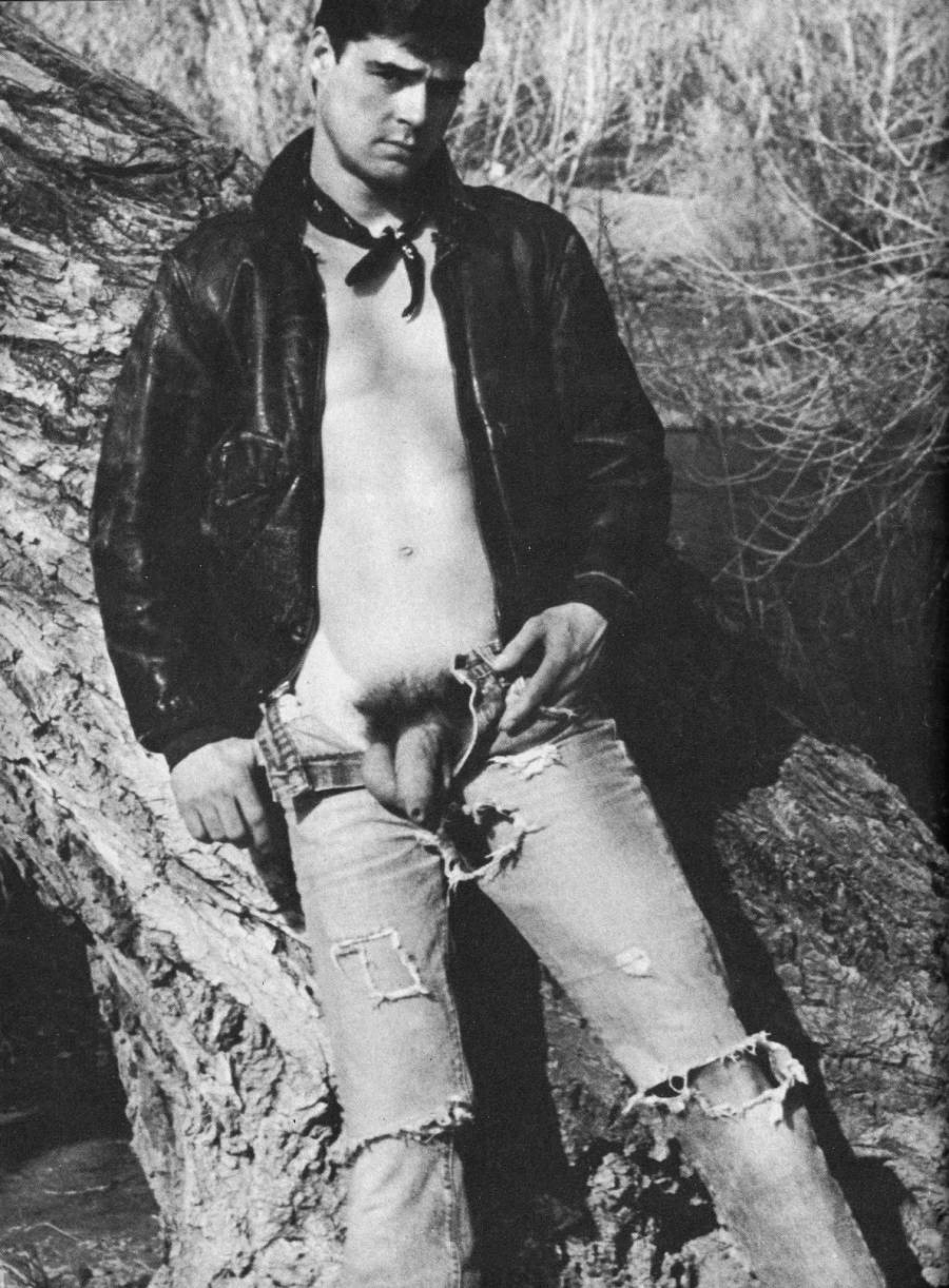
"I like to ride 'em hard and push 'em away wet!"

That's my boy.

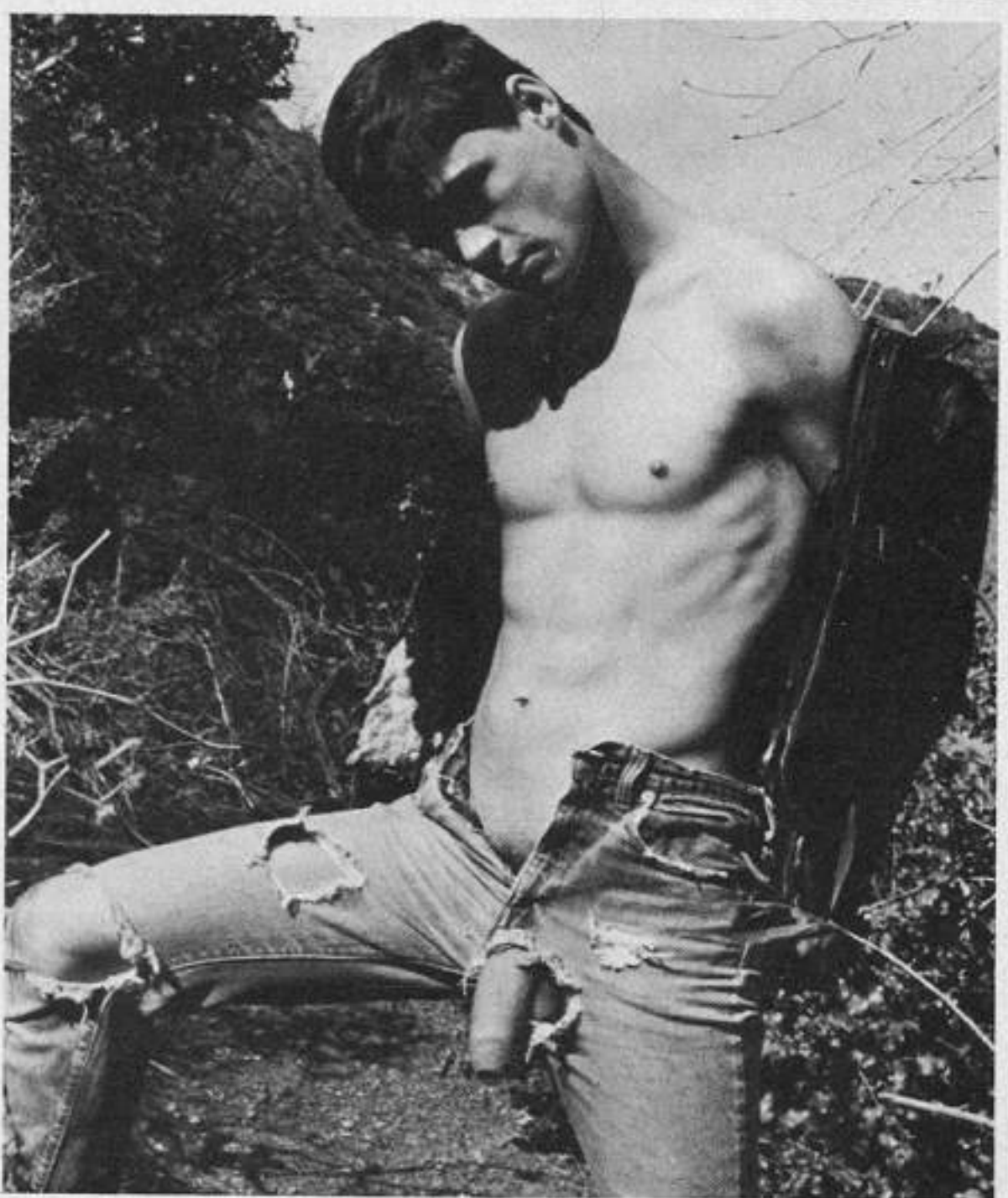
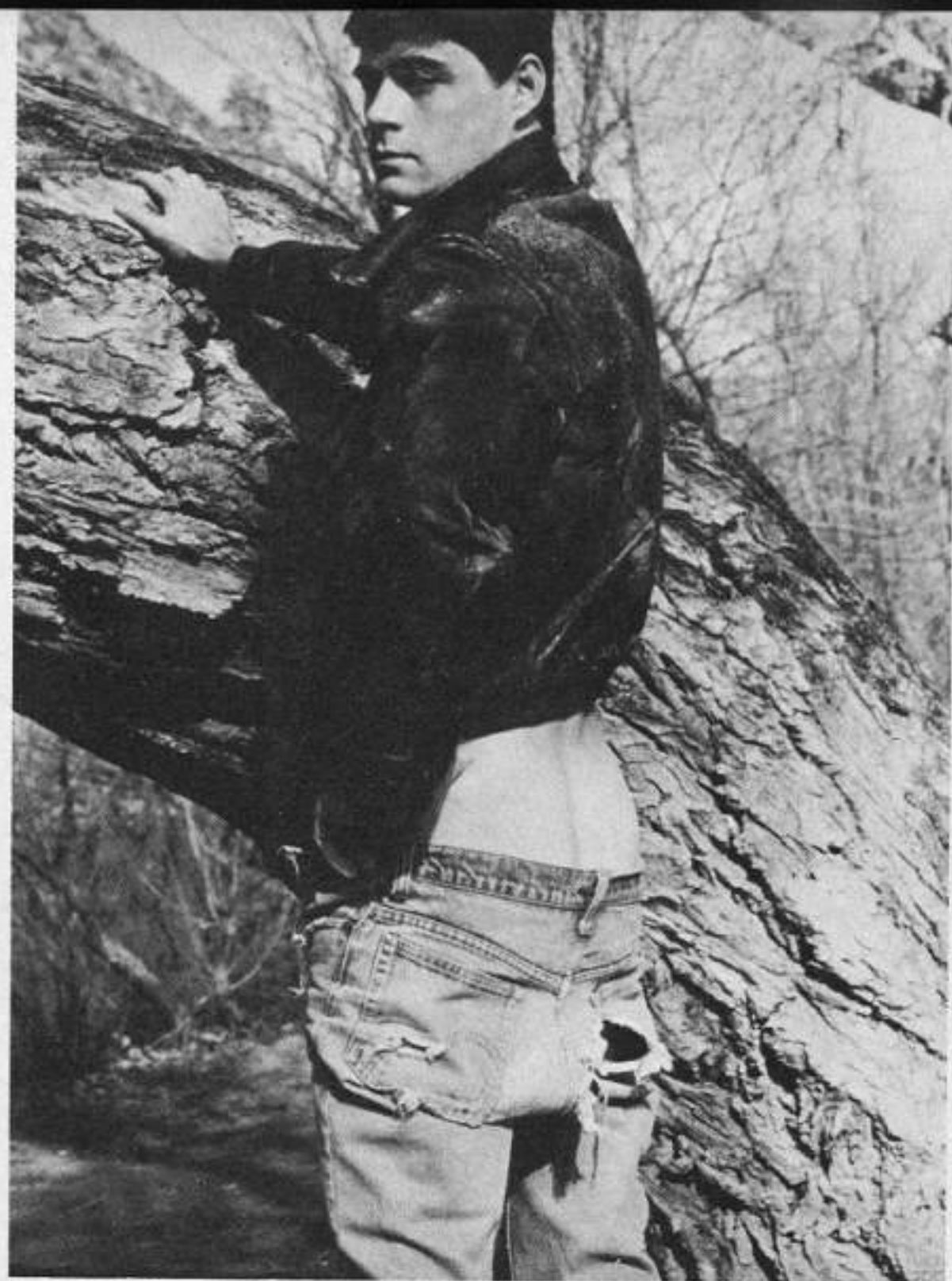
"Ah ha! San Antone!"













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# *Best Chest in the West*

*Winner: Lou Ferrigno*

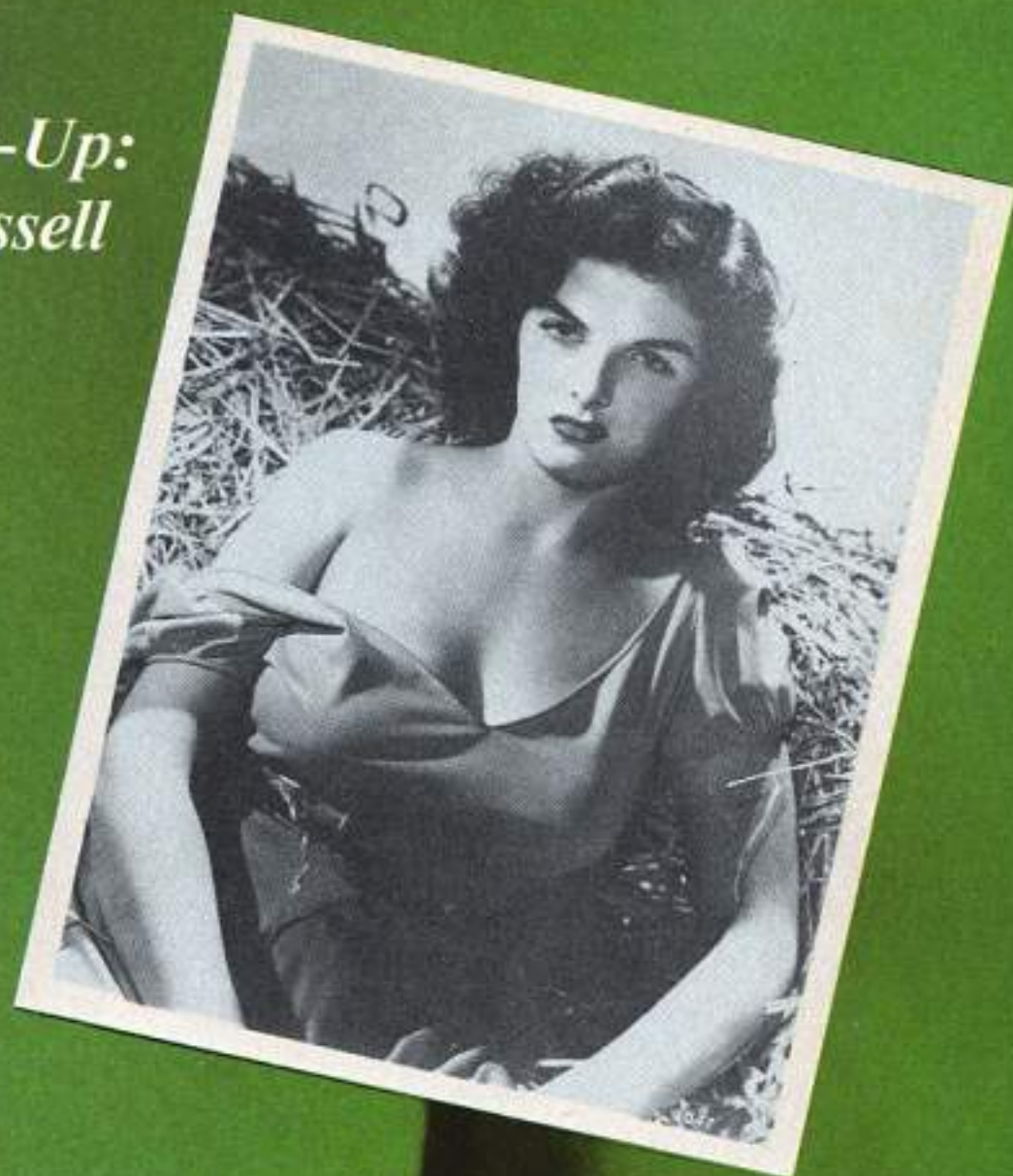
ACTUAL SIZE

*In the event that Mr. Ferrigno  
or Miss Russell are unable to  
complete their term as Best  
Chest in the West, the title  
will fall to one of these  
strapping boys:*

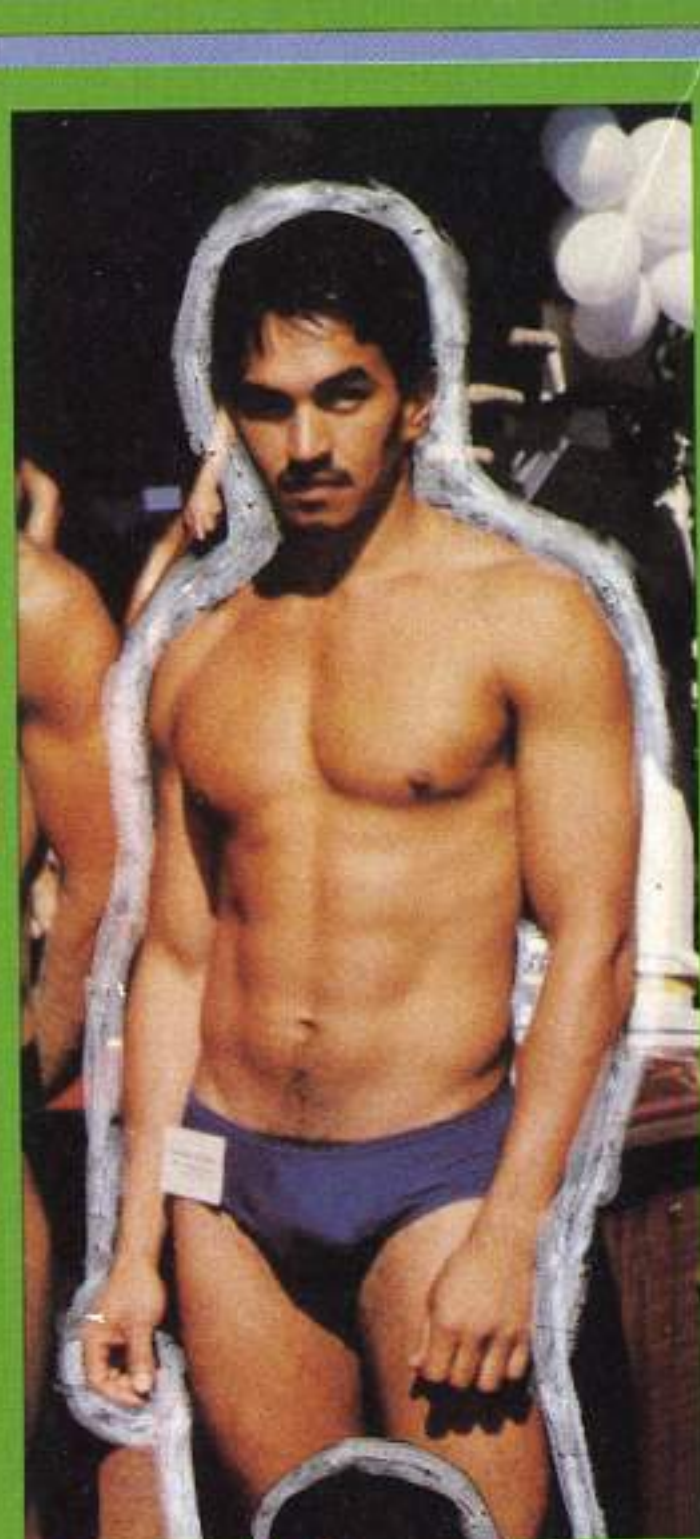
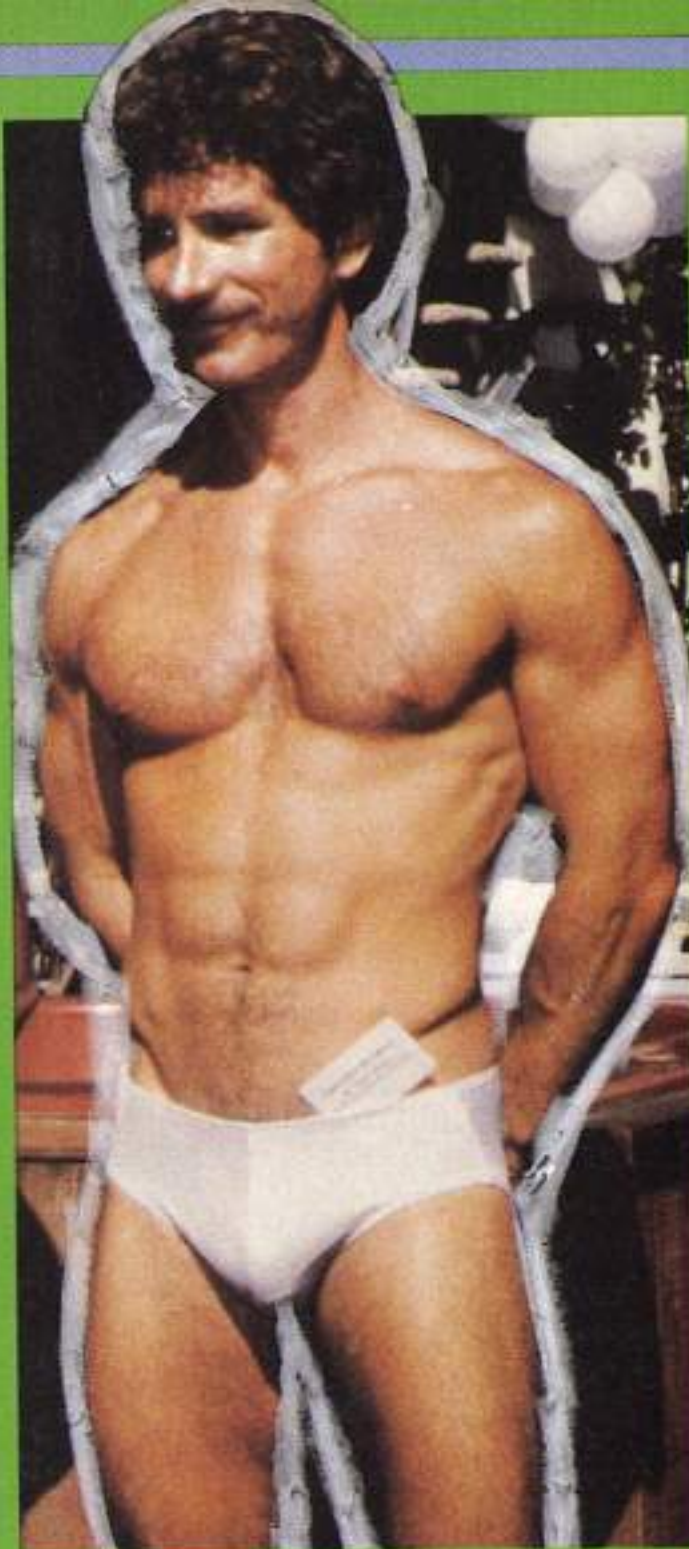




*First Runner-Up:  
Jane Russell*

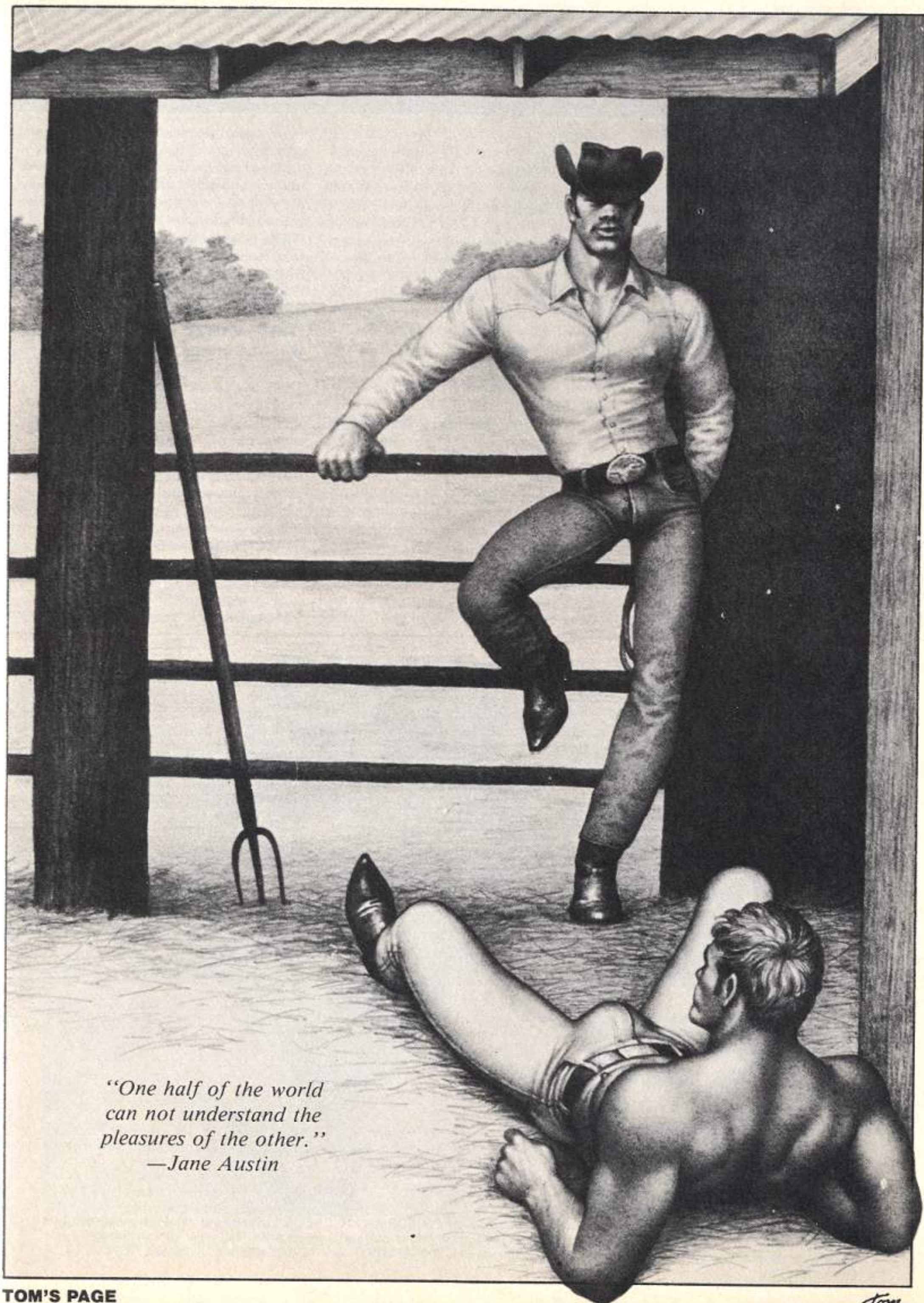






*Hey, stuff, you think you're bigger and better than what you see here? Send us your photo and if you're right, we'll publish it! Chests are not the only bests we're interested in. Other size-contests will soon follow: biggest biceps, biggest fists, biggest boots and biggest you-know-whats. (Please be sure to include your name, address, and phone number.) We'll be watching the mail. ■■*





*"One half of the world  
can not understand the  
pleasures of the other."  
—Jane Austin*



# "Fanny lifts, pec-lifts, stomach tucks can all

## FACELIFT!

(Continued from page 23)

tions about skin care, they can write me at Mohr Cosmetics, P.O. Box 392, Encino, California, 91426. (Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope.)

...

*Marilyn Mohr led me to Dr. Bassilios, a native of Cairo, Egypt. He had done his internship in Egypt and received post-graduate training in London. Later he kept up with the new developments in plastic surgery by taking additional courses in New York, Boston and Los Angeles.*

**ITFM:** At what age does a man need a facelift?

**BASSILIOS:** "Need?" That depends on the patient.

**ITFM:** Alright. What is the average age of the men who come to you for facelifts?

**BASSILIOS:** 50 to 55.

**ITFM:** How long does the average facelift last before another is

needed?

**BASSILIOS:** It varies with the individual. For certain people, a lift lasts five to seven years; for others, ten years; still others, only one. The latter is why we developed a two-stage concept. You do the major operation now, a year later you come back for a tightening up. After the first surgery, the skin reacts intensely. It swells, and the elastic tissue disappears due, perhaps, to heredity, the sun, bad skin care. Whatever the reason, the skin doesn't shrink back to what it used to be, so it will be a little droopy. Therefore, you come back and we tighten this looseness. After the second operation, there is very little swelling. Then, on the average, the base will hold up for five to six years.

**ITFM:** Say I did everything perfectly—good skin care, stayed out of the sun—would I still need another lift in five years?

**BASSILIOS:** Perhaps yes. It's like anything else; we are only treating the aging process. We do not know why human beings deteriorate, which is what aging is. But medicine is making great progress, and hopefully we will discover all the secrets of the human cell. In the last ten

years alone, we have effected the cloning process and test-tube babies. It's incredible how quickly we're moving. Once we find the secrets of the cell, it'll be the end of the knife and the beginning of keeping a youthful life forever.

**ITFM:** How long does it take to recover from facelift surgery?

**BASSILIOS:** Ten days.

**ITFM:** And an eye-job?

**BASSILIOS:** A week.

**ITFM:** Is there a great deal of pain involved in a facelift?

**BASSILIOS:** Discomfort more than pain. There is a heavy bandage on your face for the first three or four days, and we request that you sleep on your back for ten days. In the case of an eye-job, there is very little pain. Maybe a little swelling and discoloration, some difficulty in focusing after the surgery, but very little pain. Plus, we prescribe pain killers, sleeping pills and antibiotics. Antibiotics because one of the most important things after surgery is not to develop any infection.

**ITFM:** Is the patient awake during the facelift operation?

**BASSILIOS:** No. The patient is comfor-

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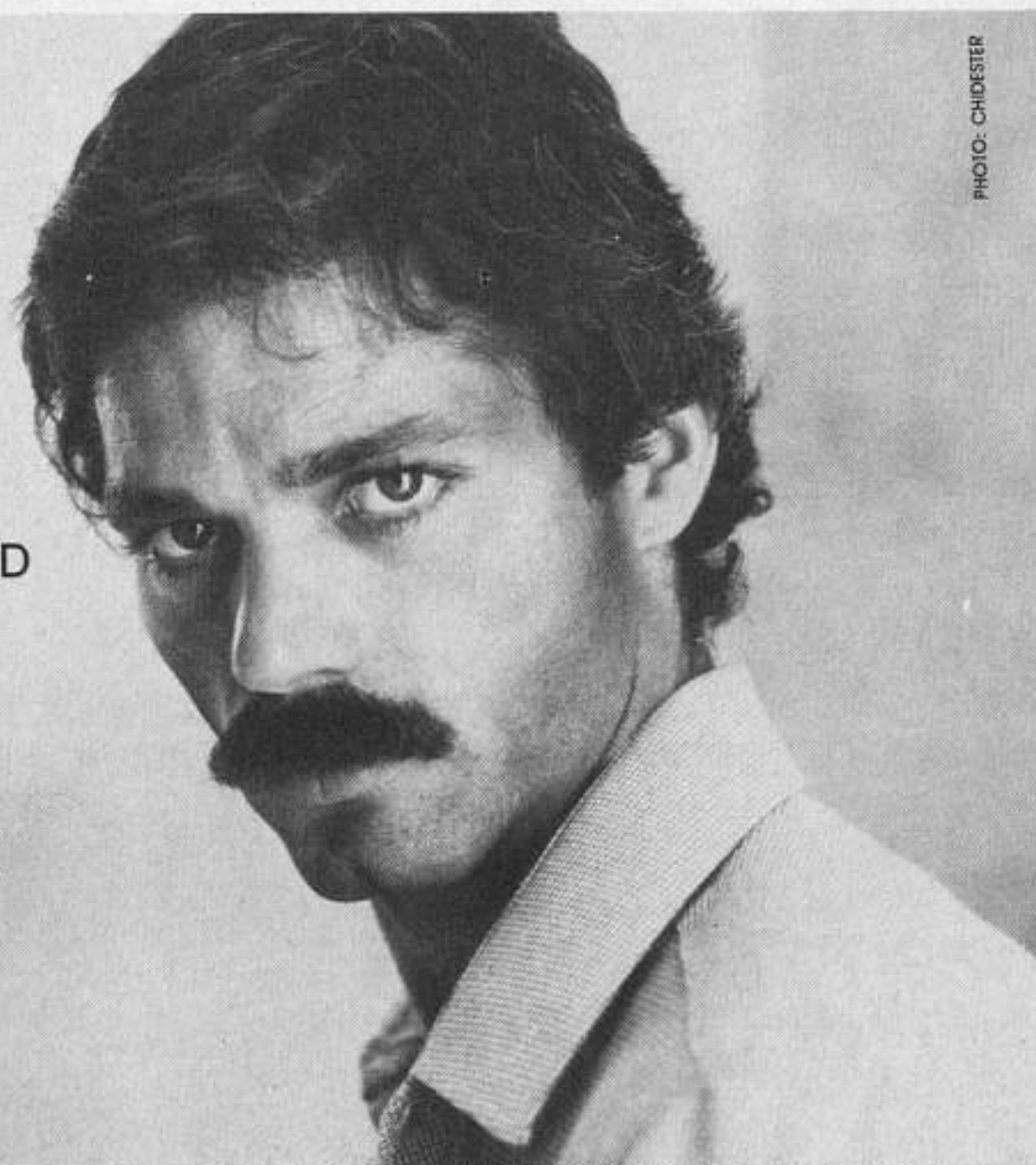


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# be done, but the penis can not be elongated."

tably is what we call a twilight zone. It's like being in a dream, while the surgeon works. The sedating of the patient is done by injecting a local anesthetic in the area where the work is to be done.

**ITFM:** Then the patient is half-awake?

**BASSILIOS:** No. For a facelift, he is completely sedated and unaware of what's going on. In eye surgery, however, I like the patient to be communicable because we need to see how much skin to remove, which cannot be done with the eyes closed.

**ITFM:** Is there any danger involved with facelift surgery?

**BASSILIOS:** There is a risk involved in all surgery. But "danger?"

**ITFM:** Well, didn't comedian Totie Fields die, in part, because of a facelift?

**BASSILIOS:** I don't think it was because of the facelift. She had medical problems. People who should not get plastic surgery are people with hypertension, diabetes, heart disease. In the case of Totie Fields, I believe something was wrong with her circulation. You see, this is why we insist that every patient, be he teenaged or middle-aged, get a complete physical. The boy

who wants a nosejob will say, "But doctor, I don't need that. I had a physical about a year ago." I don't care; this is *elective* surgery. It is not an emergency, where I have to rush. You have to be physically fit, and I don't mean just looking fit. A good examination by your family physician, plus all the lab work requested by the surgeon should be done. There are surgeons who insist that a person be completely screened by a psychiatrist. We have to watch for psychological problems in the preliminary interview because such patients will be the most unhappy with the results.

**ITFM:** What are common, unrealistic expectations about facelifts?

**BASSILIOS:** That you will look 25-years-old again. This can never be because the hands will tell, your body will tell, your reactions, your mental status, everything. If you come here and say, "Make me look ten years younger," this is not realistic. I am going to make you look good for your age; that's all I can do. If you're expecting every wrinkle, every expression line to be removed, you are going to be totally disappointed.

**ITFM:** Speaking of expression lines, if a patient continues to express himself in the same manner that he did before surgery, won't the same lines reappear?

**BASSILIOS:** Yes. If you have frown lines between the eyes because you worry a lot, surgery is not going to make you worry less. All it does is make you look good. The happiness must be supplied from within.

**ITFM:** Are there certain things in the face that a facelift cannot correct?

**BASSILIOS:** Yes. Certain lines around the mouth can be improved but not removed. Scars, too; improved but not removed. People think plastic surgery can do anything, and there will be no scars. Untrue. Everytime you make an incision, you create a scar tissue that the body has to repair. The only difference between a scar from an accident, say, and a surgeon's scar is that the surgeon's scar is going to be very fine and unnoticeable. Camouflaged naturally. There are certain lines on the face where you can place your scar tissue so that it doesn't show, so that it looks like a natural line or crease.



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ITFM: I'm told that a salesman can take a tax deduction for a facelift.

BASSILIOS: Anyone can! Anyone can say my looks are going to affect my job. The IRS lost its case, about five years ago, against a corporate executive who argued that it was part of his daily thing to look good.

ITFM: Are more men getting facelifts now than years ago when a desire to look better made a man suspect?

BASSILIOS: There has been a steady increase in the number of men getting facelifts. The funny thing is plastic surgery is a science that developed from male patients during World War I and II, from high explosive burns, poison gas, bullet wounds, damage to the bones. Plastic surgery advanced tremendously.

ITFM: Is it better to get eye-jobs and minor work done while you are young or to get the major facelift all at once when you are older?

BASSILIOS: You should do only what you have to do. There is no time factor defining when or why you should have an operation. Anytime you feel certain things can be done, it should be done. And nowadays, plastic surgery is not frowned upon. They are doing it out in the open—Betty Ford, for instance, and Phyllis Diller. In the old days, people used to hide it. They had tremendous guilt about tampering with the “looks God gave me.” Now we don't feel that way. If you want to look better, you can look better. So long as there are available techniques, surgeons who are ethical and not doing things just for the money. Today we have good techniques, facilities, anesthesia. So everything can be done fairly safely now.

ITFM: How about a fanny-lift or a thigh-tightner?

BASSILIOS: Yes, yes. But those surgical procedures have their limitations. The best thing for people to do is control their diet and to exercise, then, with luck, whatever still needs to be done, we can do with plastic surgery.

ITFM: Can stomach definition be simulated?

BASSILIOS: Stomach tucks can be done and has often been done on people who are flabby due to a great weight loss.

ITFM: How about pec-lifts?

BASSILIOS: It can all be done, pecs, tummies, thighs. But you must keep the body in tone. If you don't like to lift weights, exercise moderately.

ITFM: Can penises be elongated? Can their width be increased?

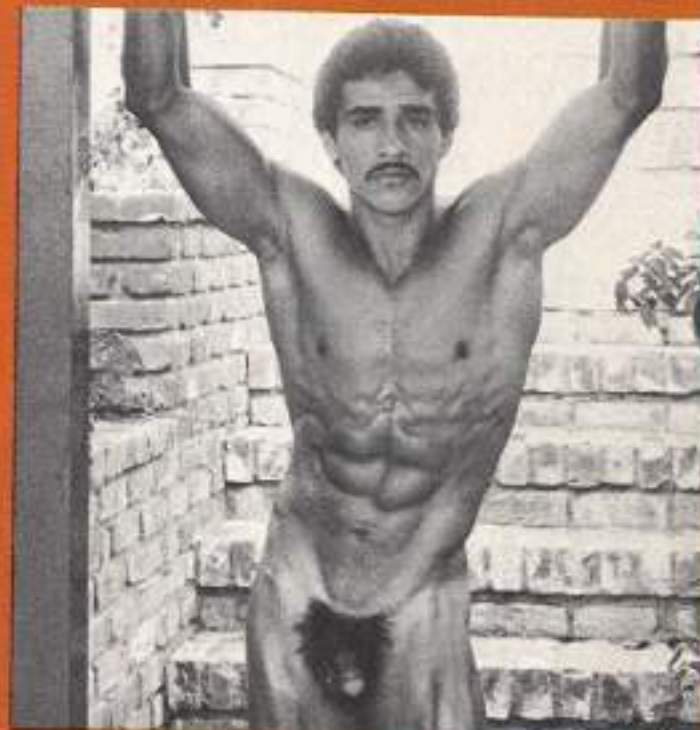
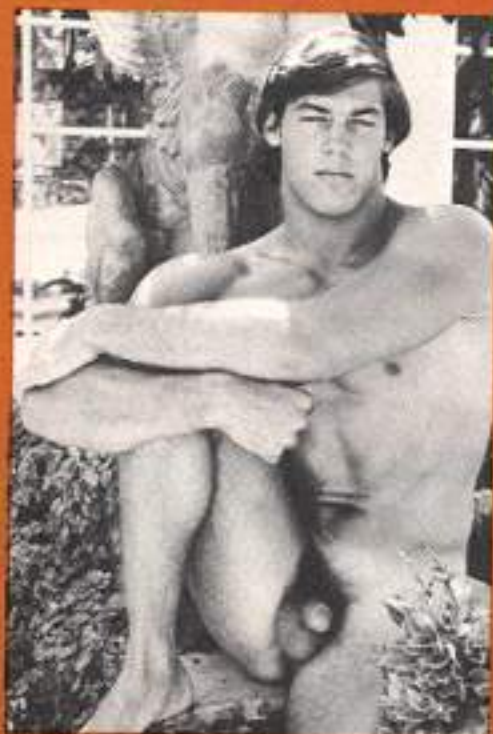
BASSILIOS: No. We have no surgical procedures at present to make the penis longer or make the width bigger. We do, however, have certain implants for men who are unable to get erections.

ITFM: There is a rumor that Judy Garland had great masses of hanging flesh cut off during her later years. Is there such an operation for people who want to get thin quickly?

BASSILIOS: It depends on the area. (Continued on page 92)



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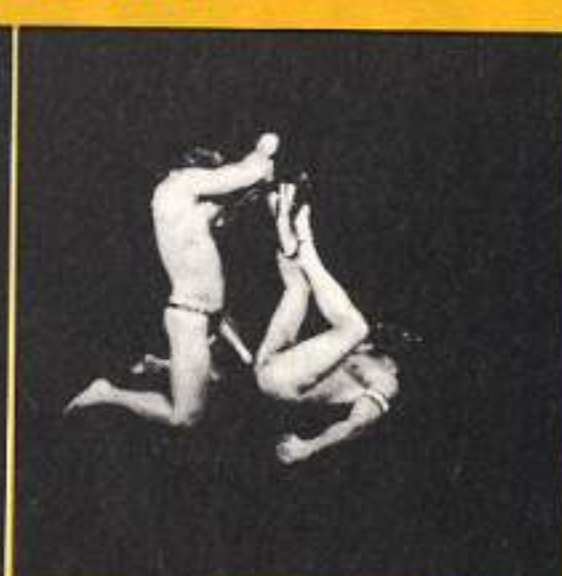
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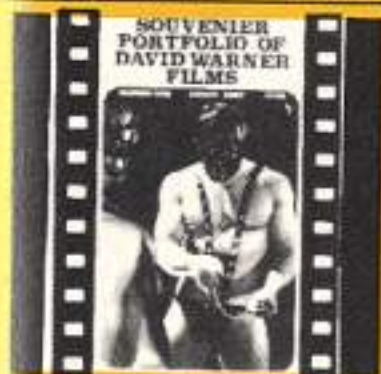
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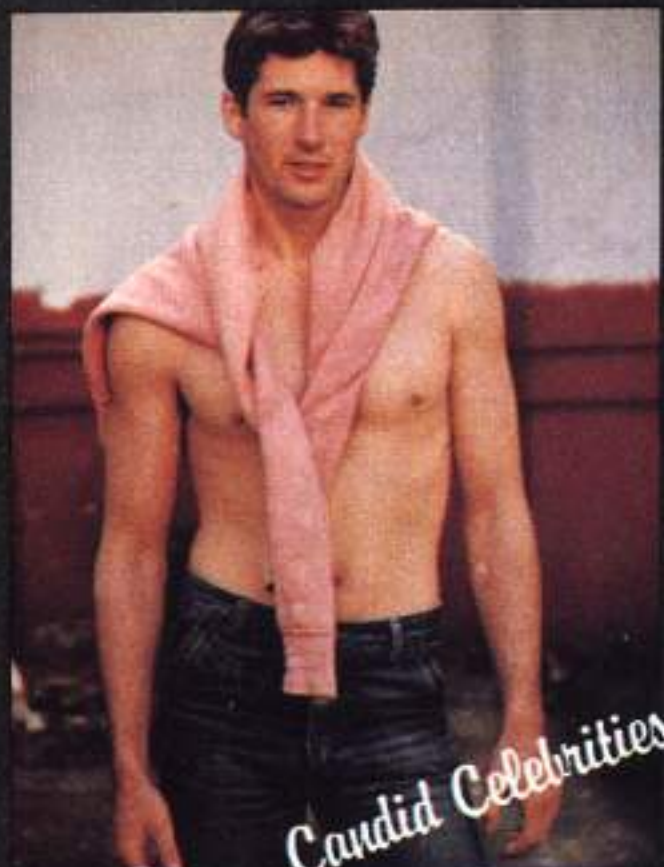
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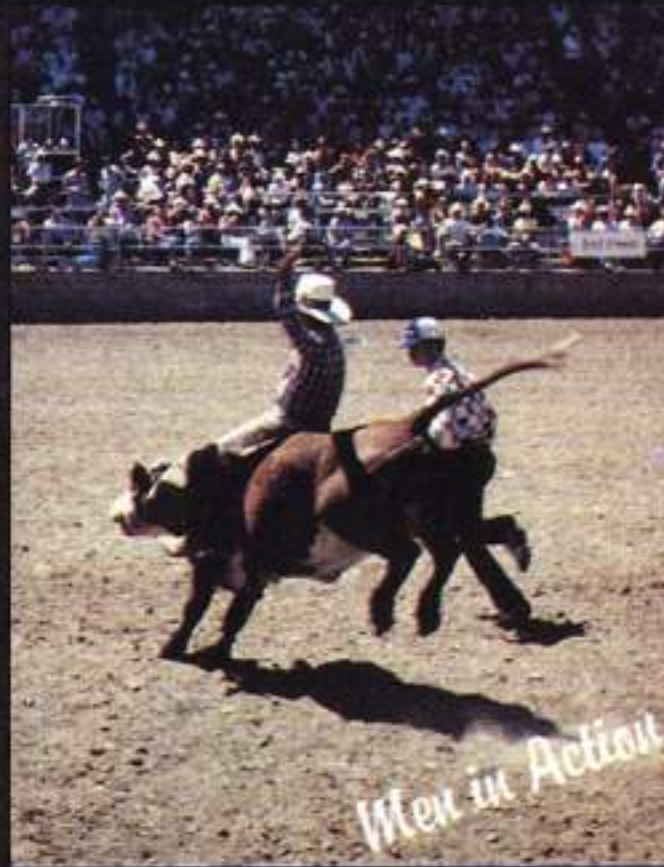
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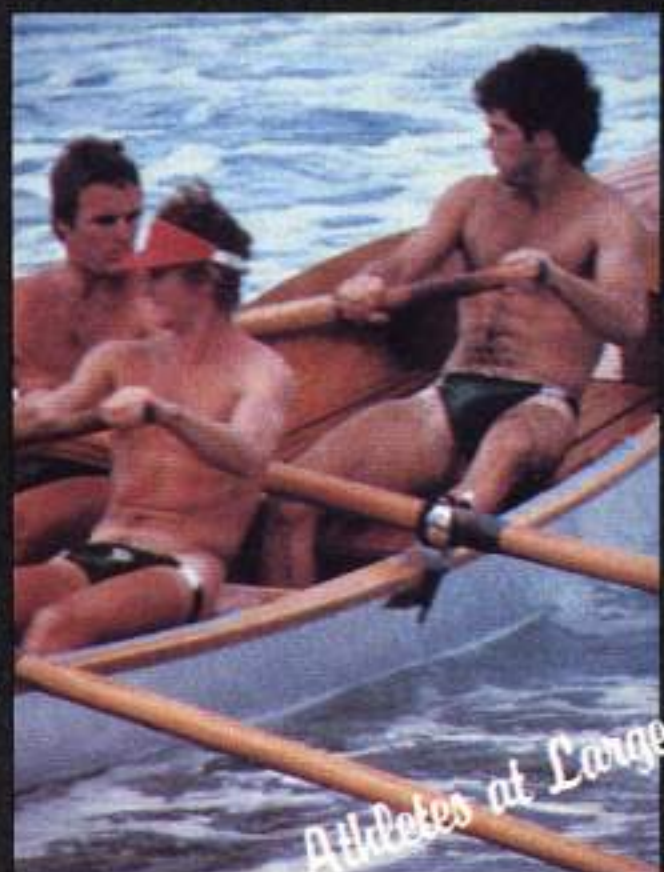
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[The text in this section is too small to transcribe accurately but appears to be a list of steps or tips.]

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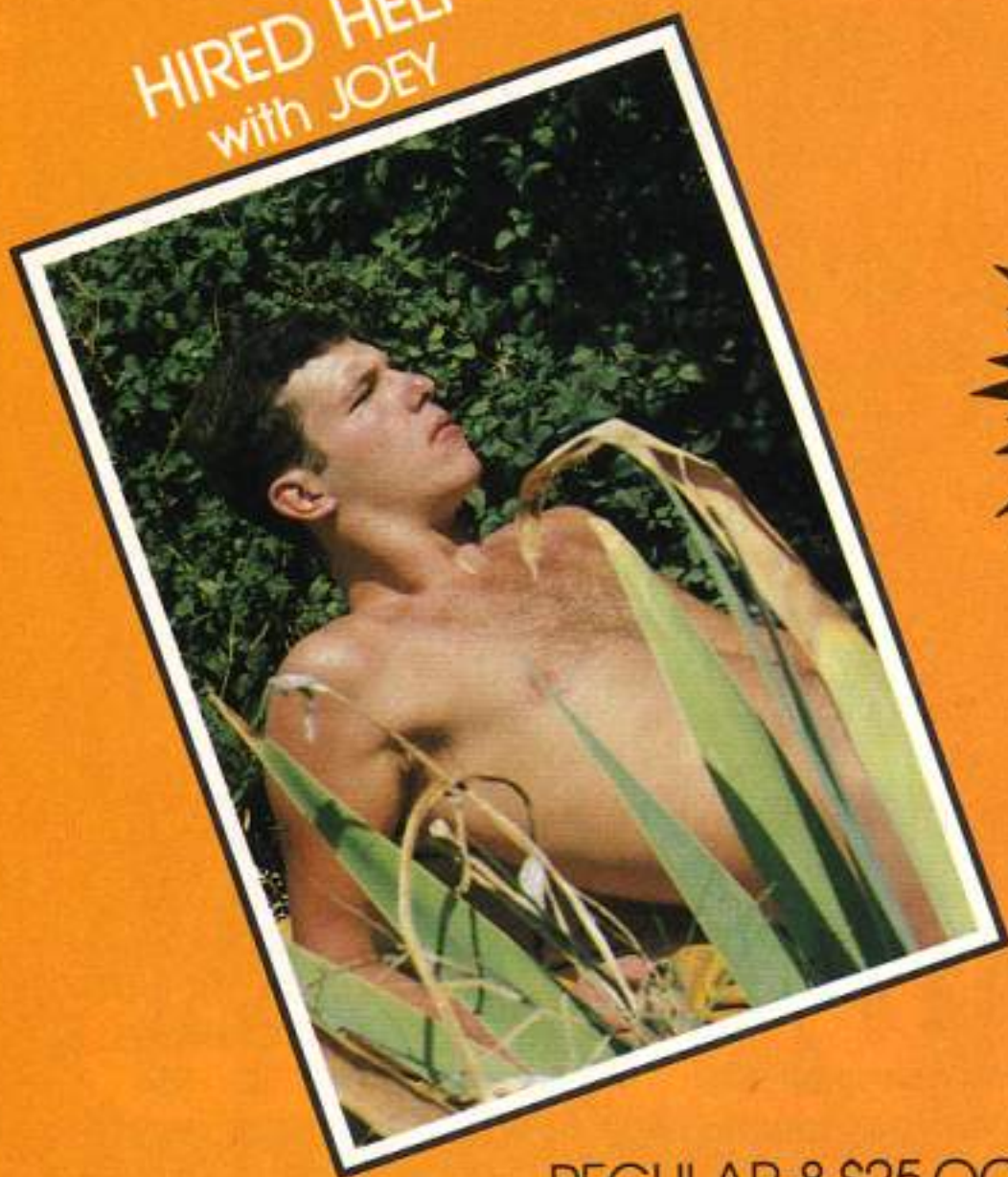
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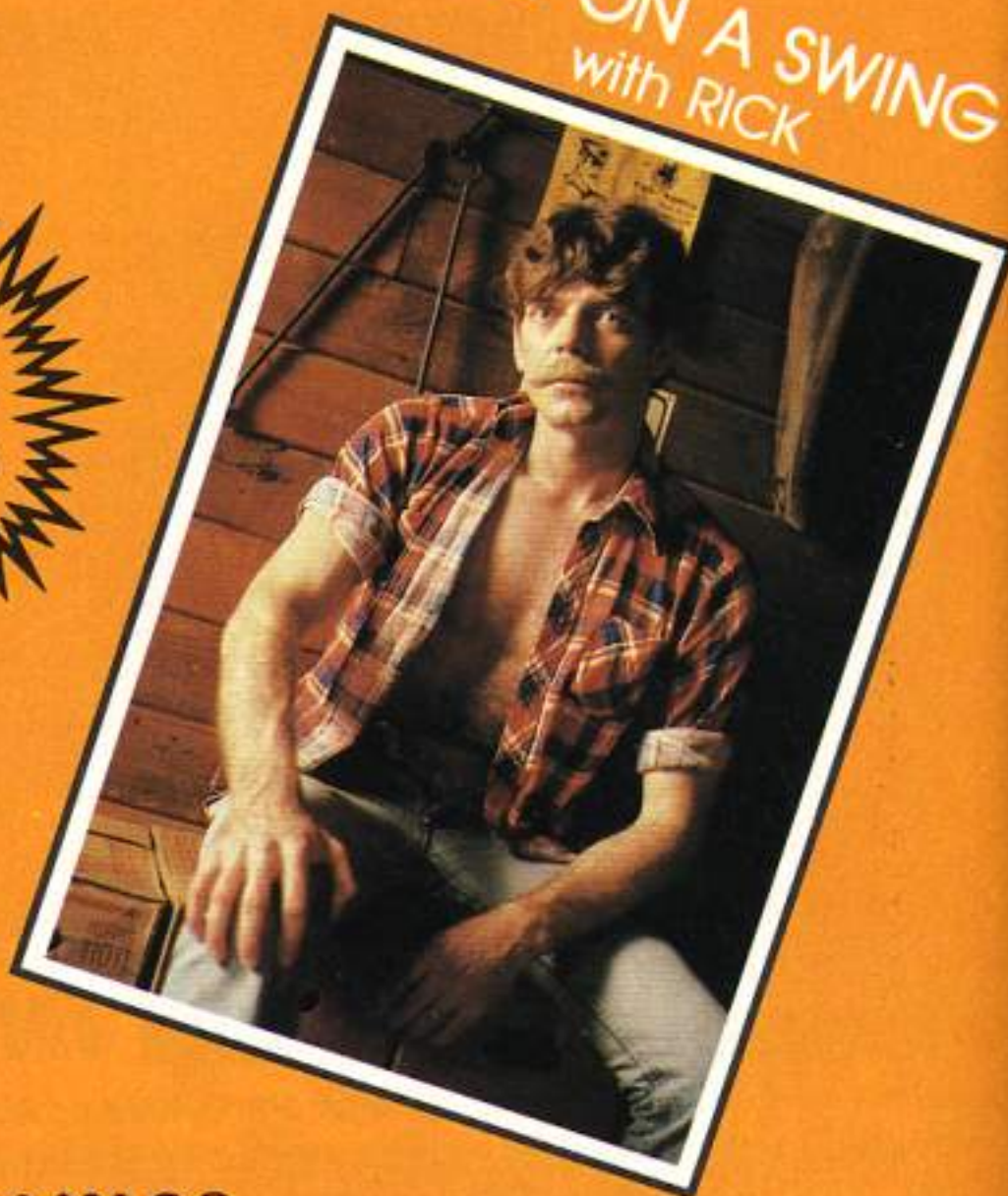


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## COWBOY INTERVIEWS

DAVE WILSON (Continued from page 31):

**WILSON:** Recently, yes. (*laughs*.) I can't train in Oregon anymore. I still judge the shows. I put on nutritional lectures in clinics in Washington [State], with forest groups and they don't seem to mind too much. They accept me because of my knowledge. It's also because I don't live there. See, I'm coming in just for a short visit and then I leave.

A lot of people was wonderin' if I was going to do the Rodeo again, if I had the guts to return or if I was gonna crawl in a hole and try to pretend straight again. Well, there's no way going back.

**ITFM:** What do you think of people like Anita Bryant and Larry Falwell who campaign to keep homosexuals in closets?

**WILSON:** I see two things. Anita Bryant is doing the same thing that the Romans did to the Christians. But the more persecution, the more they came out. O.K., I'm a Christian too, and I love the Lord very much. I've been telling Christians all over that homosexuality is not the problem.

**ITFM:** Intolerance is the problem.

**WILSON:** What Christians have to do is tell 'em Jesus loves 'em.

**ITFM:** I have a friend from Arizona, who is gay, who said when he was a teenager, he actually went out and beat up gay people. Did you ever do that?

**WILSON:** No, not against homosexuals. But against hippies that came through town, we used to rope 'em, roll their cycles down the hill and shave their head.

**ITFM:** How do you feel about that now?

**WILSON:** It was a fun thing to do—which was very wrong.

**ITFM:** Do you feel you were always gay or that you "turned" gay?

**WILSON:** I had the tendencies ever since I was very young. I tried to get them out of my mind. I hid it, hid it for years. I was married for five years, was in the Army ... Of course, I wasn't gay in the service even though ... I kinda wanted to be.

**ITFM:** So when you entered the rodeo last year, it was like an announcement to the world ...

**WILSON:** To myself. I actually came out a few months before the rodeo. I came out officially in Portland. Began to trick and went overboard, like everybody does. But it wasn't really complete until I came here. That's when I came out to myself and said, Yes, I am. This is my territory. Here at the rodeo I could meet gays that were cowboys. See, there's no cowboys in Portland. And here I finally met men like myself, who I could sit down with and rap about horses and cows. I met some people here who show horses professionally like I do. It's really neat; we correspond back and forth about the winnings and purses, and they're part of my family now.

**ITFM:** Did you tell your parents?

**WILSON:** My mother knows about it, for sure. And my Dad, I haven't confronted him with it. I wanted to several times. But he'll probably know after this weekend.

**ITFM:** What are your plans for the future?

**WILSON:** Right now it's up in the air. I think about moving, but I like where I live and grew up very much.

**ITFM:** Perhaps the freedom in San Francisco ...

**WILSON:** I hate San Francisco! That's not my scene at all. I have to be outdoors. In San Francisco right now I'd have to be selling fertilizer and animal supplements.

**ITFM:** You're a real cowboy, huh?

**WILSON:** In the realest sense of the word, yes. A cowboy is a man who works with horses and cows.

**ITFM:** What do you think when you walk into a bar in San Francisco, say, and it's full of pretend cowboys?

**WILSON:** It bothers me. They're not being themselves. And I've come to value that a great deal in the last year. If I see a San Francisco businessman in a cowboy outfit, I think he should dress and act like a business person. Or else you have nothing to go on. I'm not into just tricking. I'd like them to appreciate me for who I am, and me to appreciate them for who they are.

**ITFM:** O.K., on a lighter note, what are the telltale signs of the fake cowboy?

**WILSON:** Three things. The way they walk, the way they dress and the way they put their hat down. Fake cowboys just don't move right. They wear Lees, Wranglers or some of those other form-fitted jeans that are coming out. Cowboys wear one brand: Levi Strauss. A cowboy will sell anything he has to get a good buckle. A cowboy's buckle is his image. You go to a horse show, that's the first thing everybody looks at. It's a sign of professionalism. The bigger, the better. Silver and Gold only. The third thing is the hat they wear. Wearing it back on your head is fake. It's sexy to show your forelocks; that's what everybody wants to do. But the cowboy hat has a big brim for a reason. To keep the rain from going down your neck and to keep sun out of your eyes. Pushing it back defeats the purpose. Now a lot of cowboys are switching to trucker caps because everybody is wearing cowboy hats. The big give-away is how they set the hat down. The way to put a cowboy hat down is to turn it upside down and put it down on its crown; so you won't disturb the fold of the brim. Now if you took my hat off my head, you'd see the worse expression on my face because you don't touch a cowboy's hat. That's them. That's part of their body. And you don't touch the body without permission.

**ITFM:** That must all mean something incredible when two cowboys have sex.

**WILSON:** You bet. ■■

RON BREWER (Continued from page 31):

**BREWER:** Name another.

**ITFM:** Let's talk about the sexual power of cowboy clothes. Do you perceive them as that?

**BREWER:** Oh, I can't help it. We were talking about this last night. A man is referred to as "a stud," "a horse," "a cowboy." The cowboy is the American macho, but I think it's good. It gets to the origin of America, the pioneer.

**ITFM:** A lot of cowboys are right-wing, but I wonder if this applies to gay cowboys. Are you right-wing?

**BREWER:** Sometimes.

**ITFM:** Yet the right-wing is hostile to gays. Gay rights is a liberal concern.

**BREWER:** Sometimes I find myself in the middle. But it's a real world, and we have to start living in it. So we have to not compromise. We have to find the right answers. Now I come up against a lot of heavy rednecks. It takes time, a lot of work, a lot. You have to earn your position with them, and it's by example do ye teach. But it's important for us to do this. Not to say, O.K., you're a redneck, you're a son-of-a-bitch. No, we have to deal with it and say, I'm gay, I'm bigger and more understanding. Separatism didn't work for the Jews or the Blacks; it's not going to work for the Gays. (*He suddenly becomes focused on the rider out in the arena.*) Goddamn, the horses are spooking today! He approaches the barrel and jumps off from it.

Horses are getting real weird this weekend. The travel, the heat, the elevation. They need to come a couple of days before to acclimate.

(*Dave Wilson passes.*) Hey Cowboy!

**WILSON:** Hey Ron! (*He moves on.*)

**BREWER:** See, Dave Wilson wears white. You know what he wore last year? Red. He's saying, O.K., I've done it—I don't have anything to lose anymore. And that's great. He's found it. And I hope to find that same peace. He's having a ball.

**ITFM:** You say you want to find the same peace? And here you are, you own a gay bar, you're in a gay rodeo.

**BREWER:** I'm not as close as he is. I admire him. I haven't lost anything. He lost his business. It's safer and easier for me to be here than him. I think the Catholics call it, "bearing your cross."

**ITFM:** Do you consider yourself a cowboy? Because you don't talk like a cowboy. You seem much more like the sort of modern man that can be found in Chicago or New York. Are you a cowboy?

**BREWER:** Oh yeah. I ride a horse, and I own property, and I keep the horse on the property.

**ITFM:** You just seem too sophisticated.

**BREWER:** I have a Masters in Business from Cal Berkeley; what can I do? I am sophisticated, and it cost a lot of money too. Shit! From Cal, man. What else can I sound like, you know? Cowboys are grown up and educated too. ■■





By Fred Majors

"Fred Majors" is the pseudonym of a good friend of IN TOUCH, a big blond boy who got out of the Marines a few months ago. He never dreamt that the magazine he used to hide deep in his duffelbag would one day be the first to publish his lusty verse:

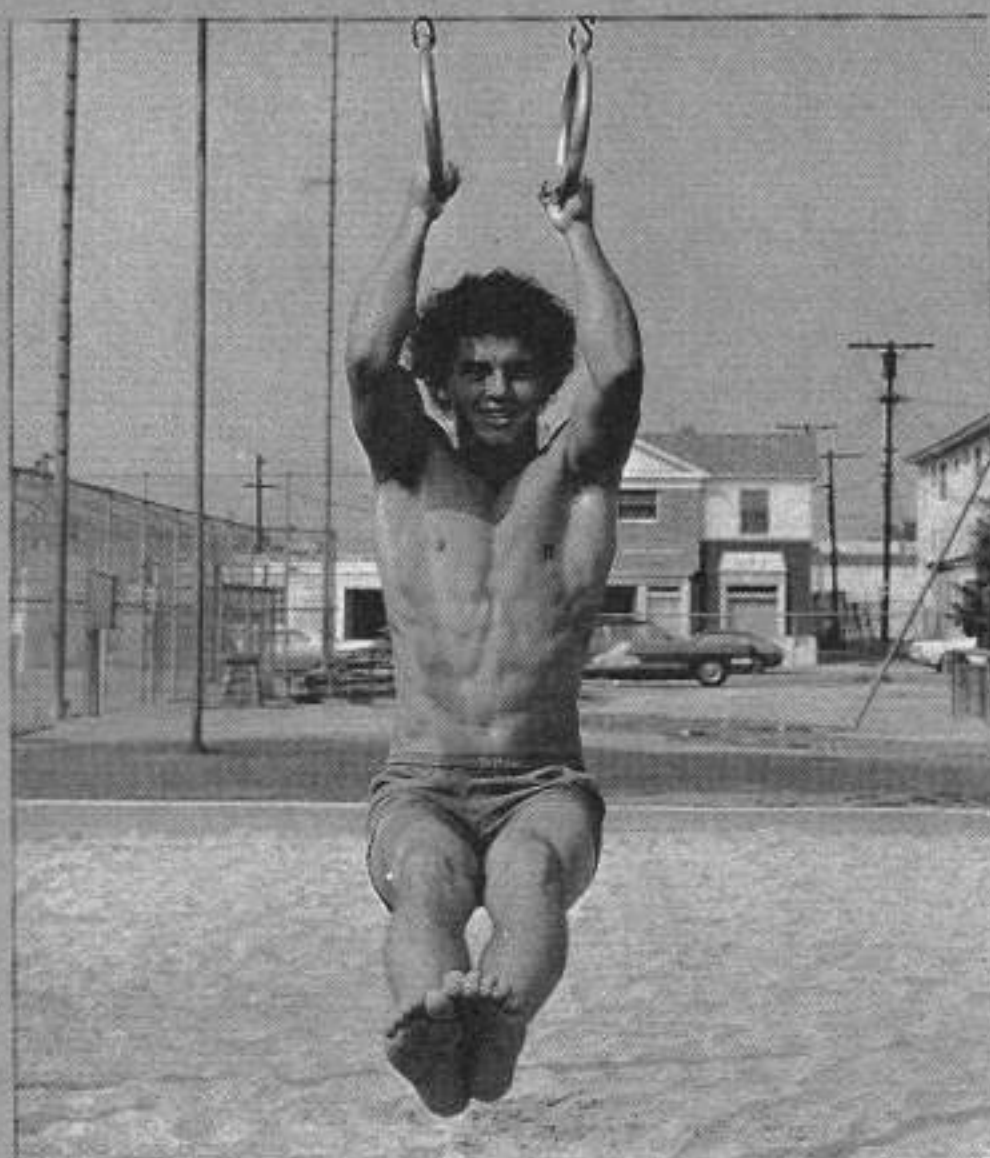
# "My Thir

*Seamen recruits with their bodies a-glistening  
Marine Corps boots with their hair all a-bristling  
Wranglers on horses  
And gymnasts on rings  
These are a few of my favorite things*

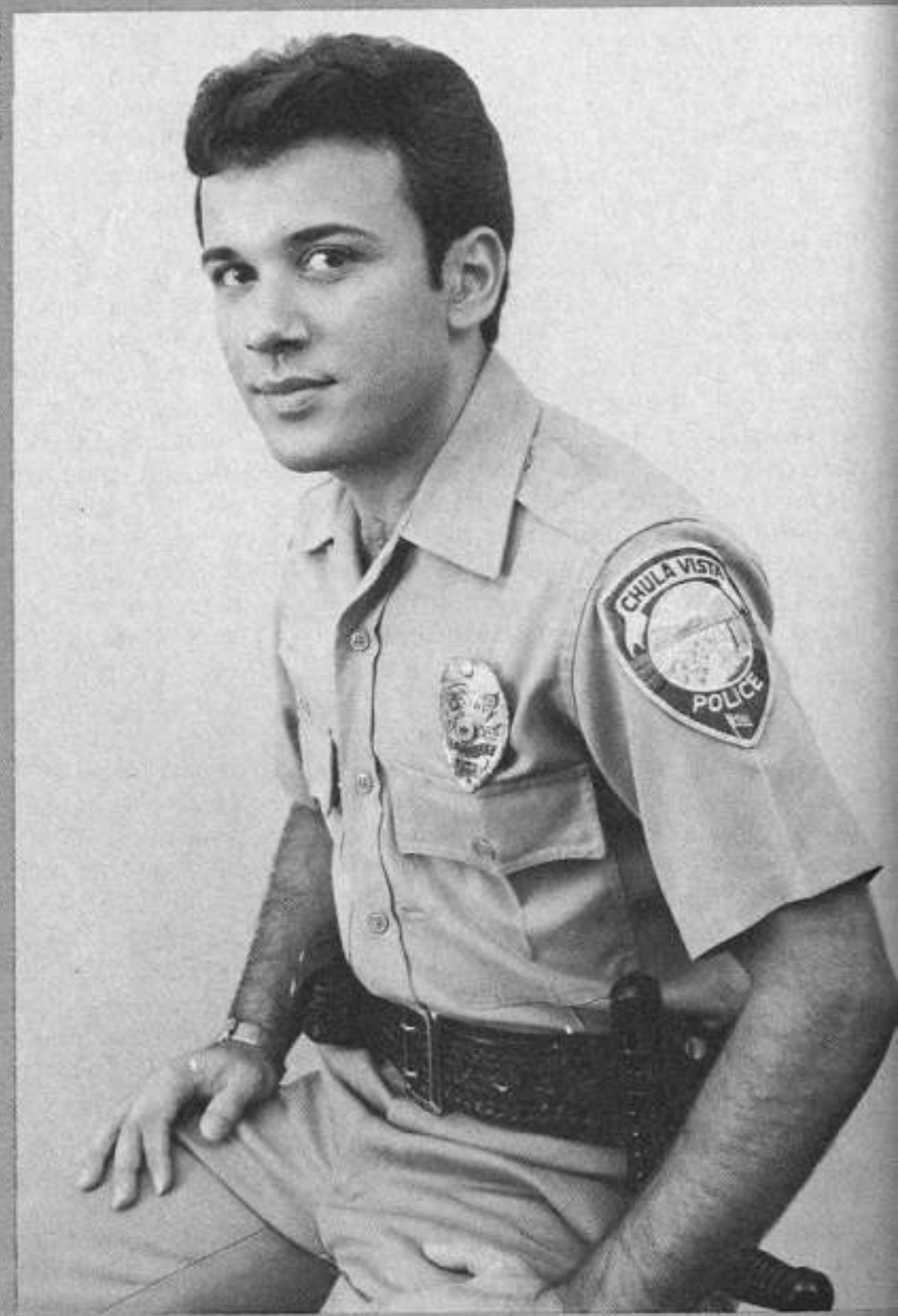
*Beefy policemen in black-and-white prowl cars  
Angel-faced convicts sulking behind bars  
Soldiers with large guns  
And airmen with wings  
These are a few of my favorite things*

JIM PATTERSON

BY CHASE



LAYNE NIELSON

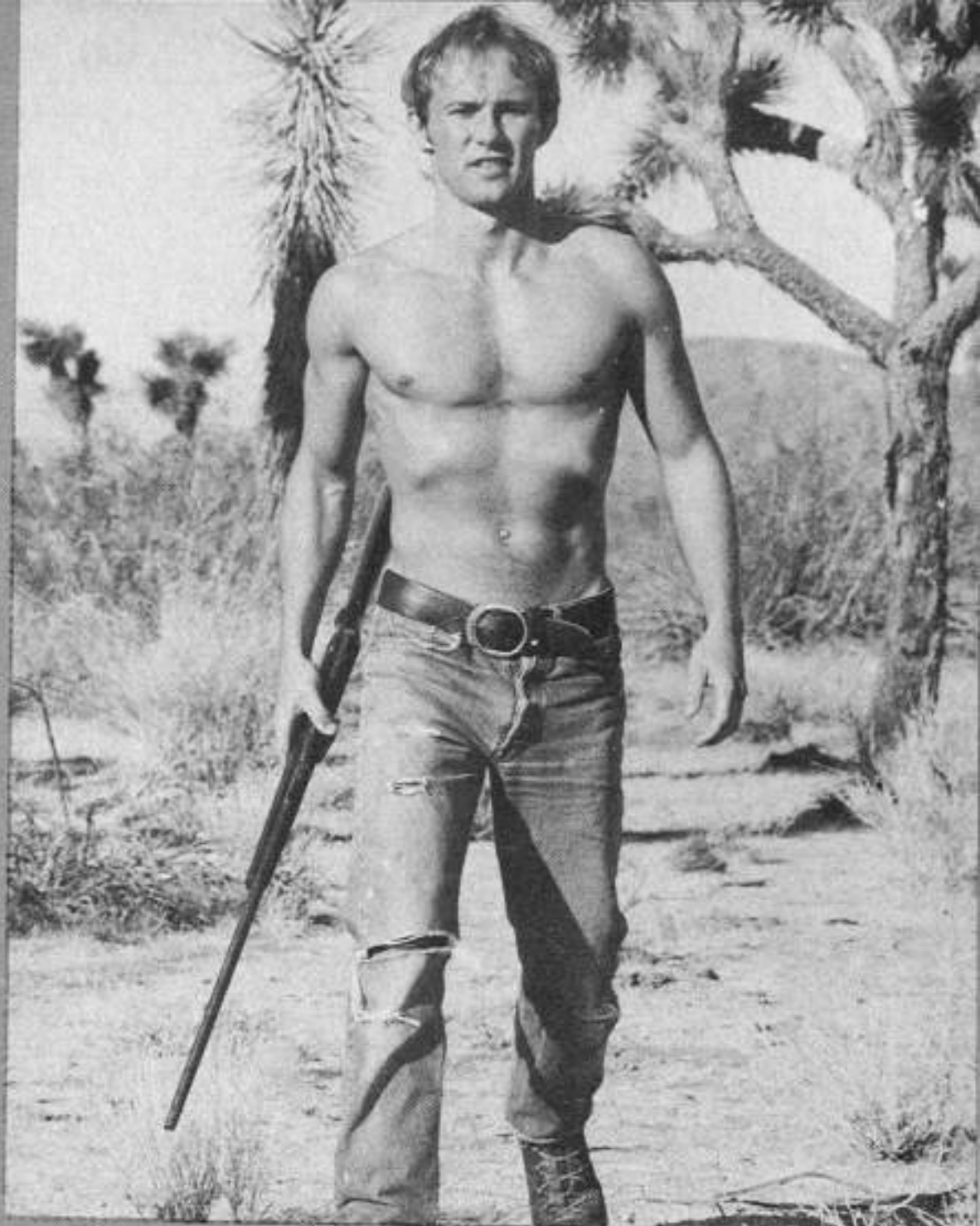




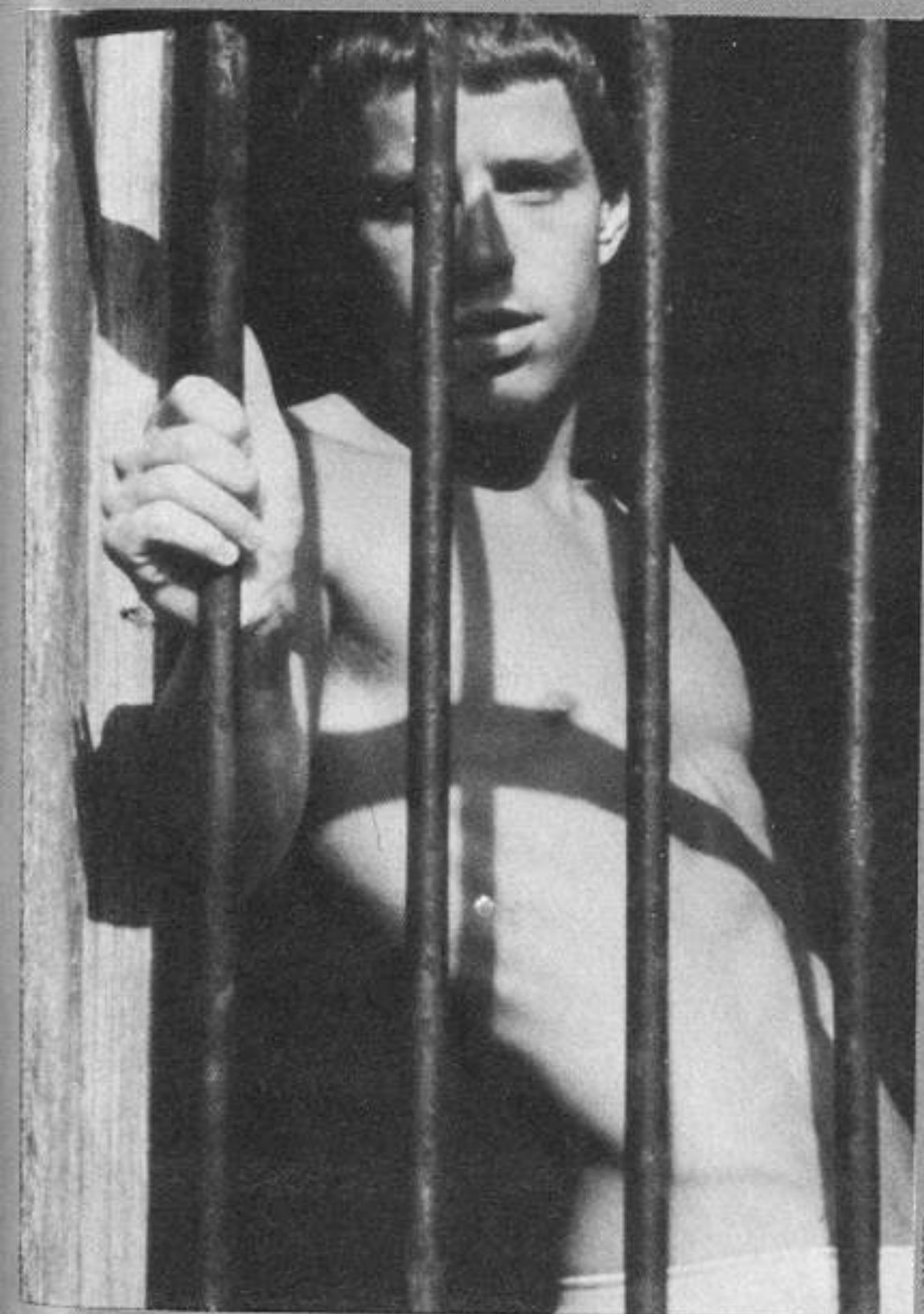
# Favorite gs” ★ ★ ★ ★

*When the names fly  
When the words sting  
When I'm feeling sad  
I simply remember my favorite things  
And then I don't feel so bad*

*Long, slim-hipped surfers with their bodies for sale  
The good looking man who delivers the mail  
Picking up strangers  
And all that it brings  
These are a few of my favorite things*



DAVE SANDS

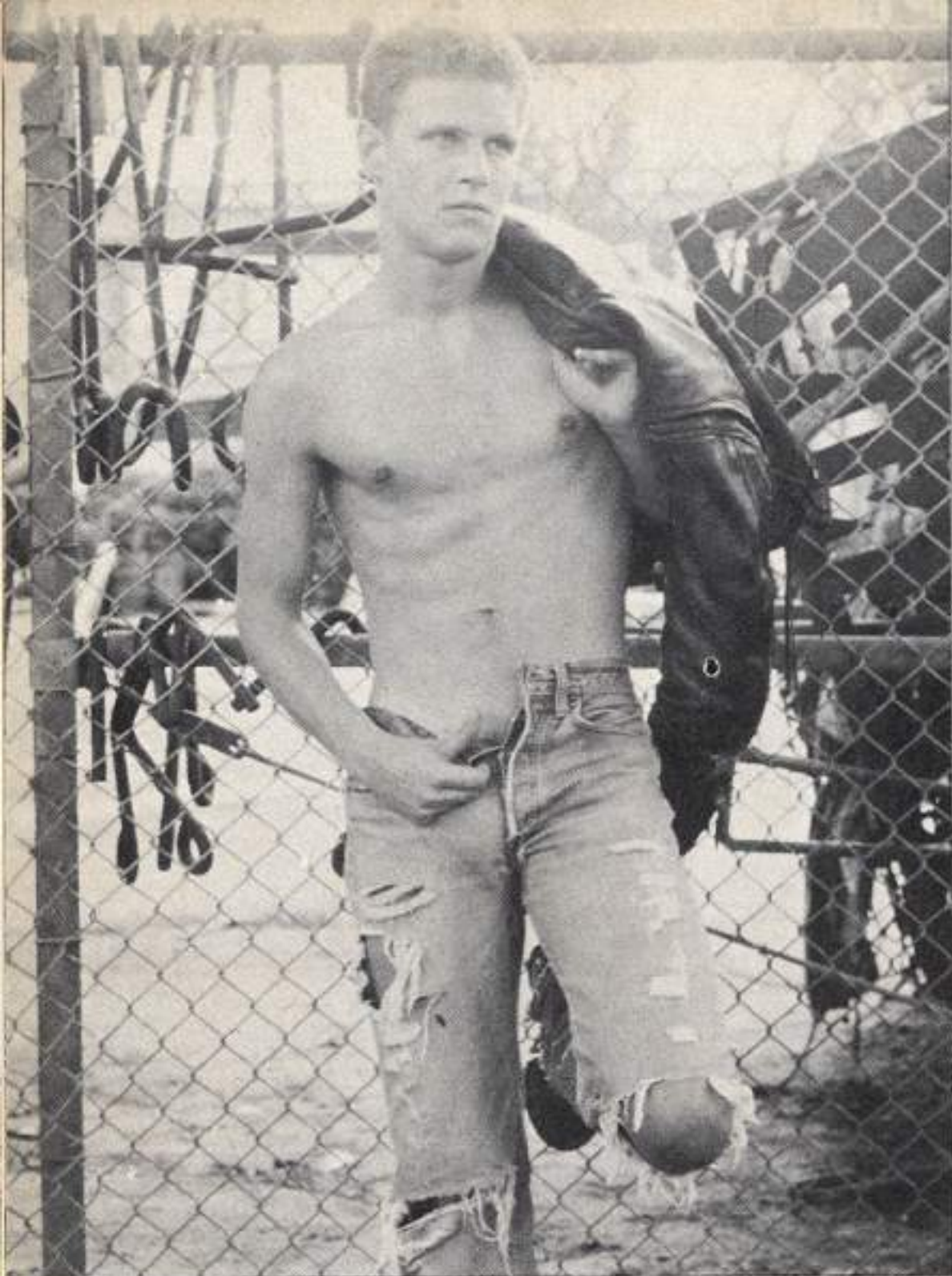


D.J. GARRETT



HY CHASE



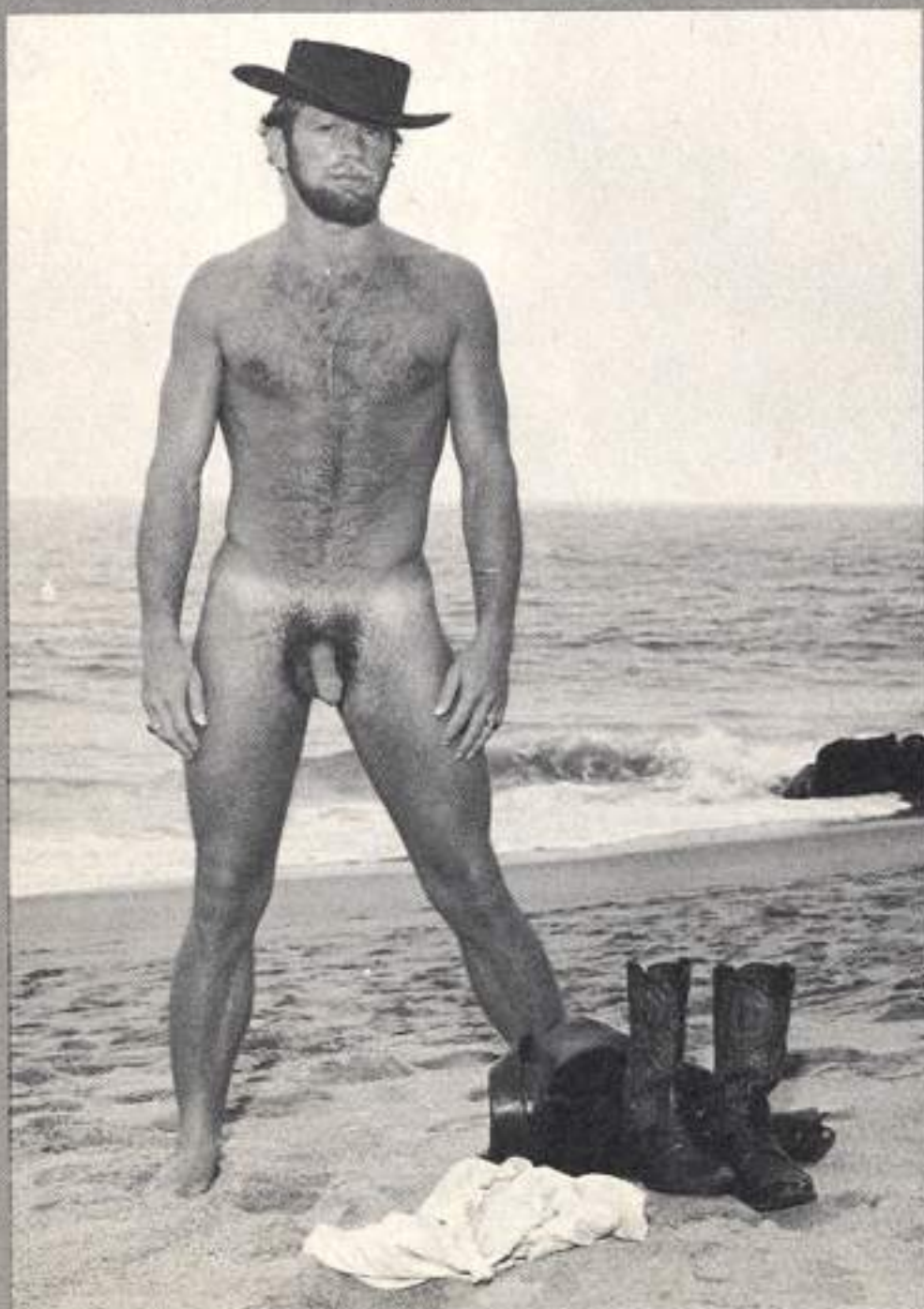


*Boys wearing trousers with blue stitched-in patches  
Blond-headed Germans with thick-looking lashes  
Bikers on cycles  
Where they reign as kings  
These are a few of my favorite things*

*When the clamps bite  
When the strap stings  
When I'm feeling sad  
I simply remember my favorite things  
And then I don't feel so bad*

*Open nude beaches where everything hangs out  
Dimly-lit gay bars where everyone makes out  
Men dressed in leather  
And some men on swings  
These are a few of my favorite things*

J. BRIAN



MY CHASE

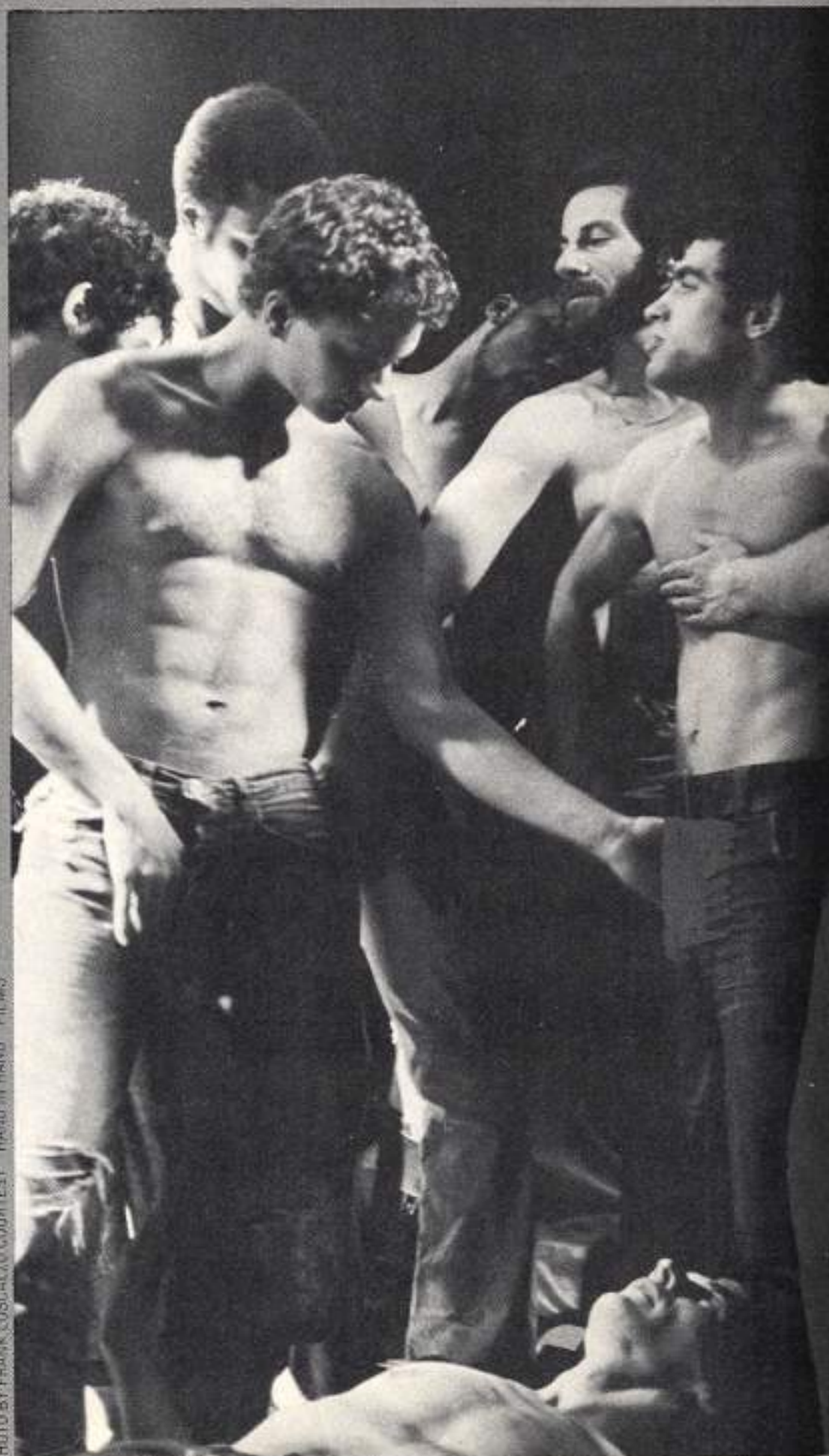


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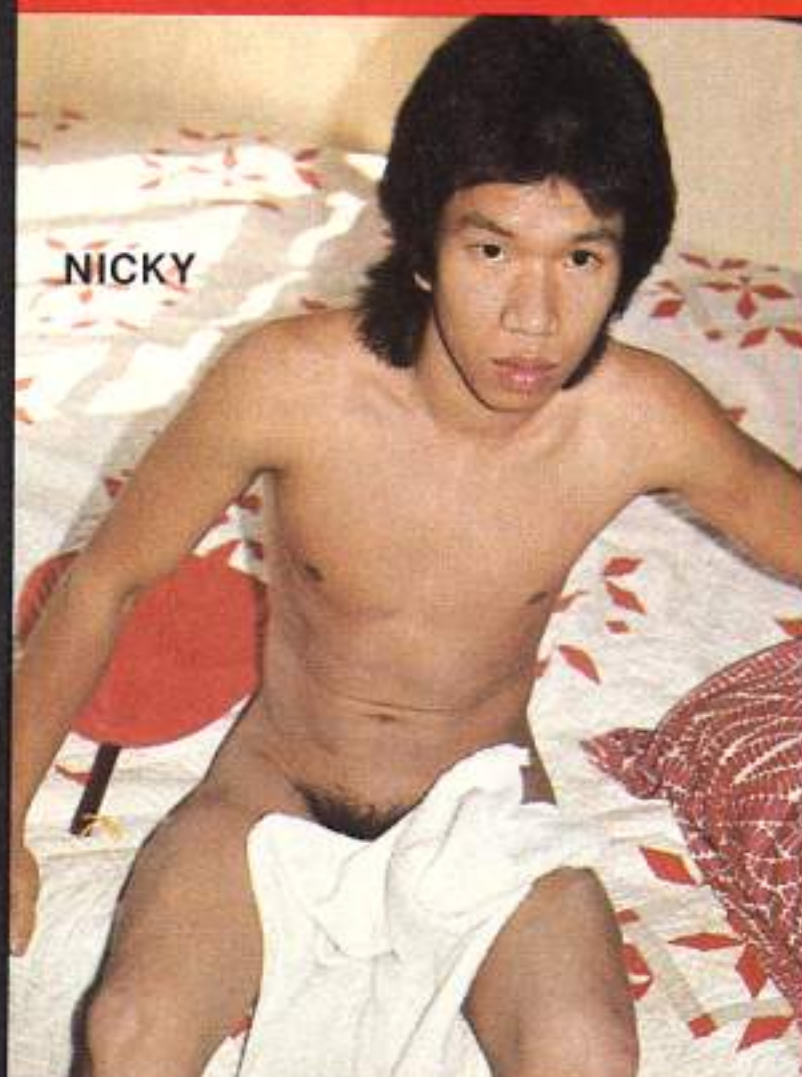
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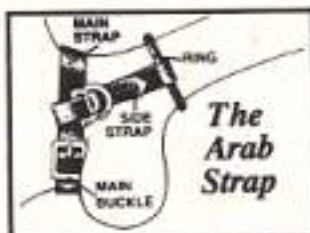
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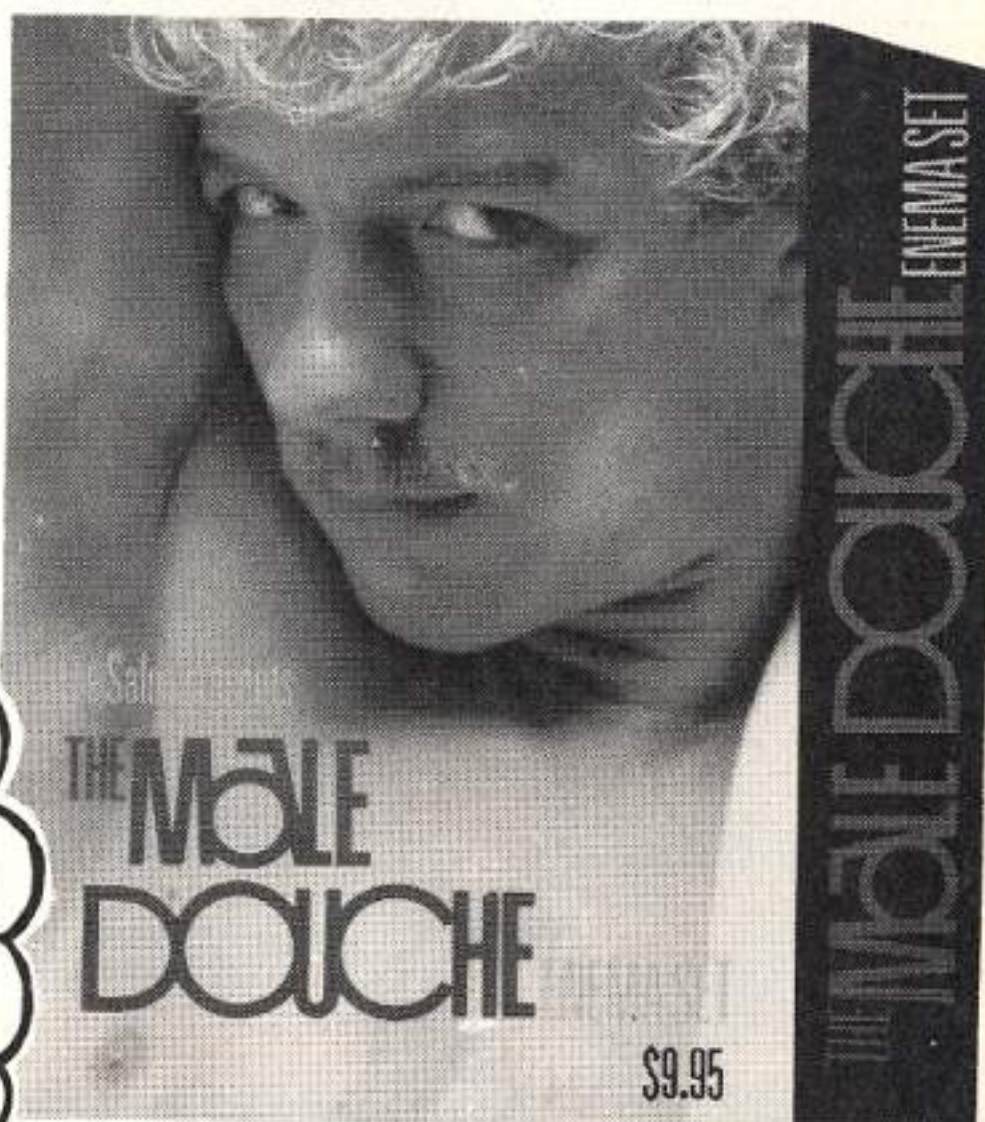
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**"It's nice  
being idolized."**

# Mark Hamill

**By George Haddad-Garcia**

**T**hanks to *Star Wars* and *The Empire Strikes Back*, Mark Hamill has been rocketted—pardon the pun—to overnight stardom, though not quite superstardom, despite the fact that he is the top-line name in these two humongous box-office hits. "I don't always want to be a hero," he insists, "and I don't want to be instantly identified with *Star Wars*." To that end, he has done films like *Corvette Summer*, in which he played a car-crazy teenager, and *The Big Red One*, where he was a war-scarred GI. But don't think Mark will turn down *Star Wars III*. It may just be his last installment, that's all. Producer George Lucas promises that when we next meet Luke Skywalker, he will do battle with the evil Darth Vader, and only one will walk away alive. To hear Mark talk, you'd think he wouldn't mind giving it up to Vader:

"It's nice being idolized, but I must find an equitable solution. Girls, boys, people of all ages keep finding out where I am and peering through the windows. Last year I had a bungalow in Malibu, a two-room nothing, and some kids found out where I was, set up a tent in the backyard. What could I do? Squatter's rights, you know. Gosh, I couldn't even go to the bathroom without their prying—and that, as far as I'm concerned, is the last bastion of a man's home!"

Of course, some of these camp followers are gay. How does Mark feel about that? "Gay, straight, what's the difference? Everyone should be able to do their own thing. I'm glad to have fans, period."

"I'll sign autographs and all, but there is a limit. I could spend my whole life signing autographs on the strength of *Star Wars* alone. But I don't have unlimited time. I'm married and I have friends, a small circle of friends, and they come first. Most fans, it seems, just want to touch me; it would really shock them if I wanted to sit down and have a

conversation. Not that fans are dumb or anything. It's just that they want Luke Skywalker. I'm not Luke Skywalker. I'm just an ordinary guy named Mark Hamill."

Rather than discuss Luke Skywalker or the success (or lack of success) of his other pictures, Mark wants to tell us something about the person he really is:

"My father was a naval officer who was stationed in Virginia when I was a kid, and he used to take me up to New York every night to go to the theater. It became an obsession for me, and at 18, I made up my mind to become a stage actor. But like all middle-class American fathers, my father wanted me to go to some Eastern college or at least into the Navy."

"But with my temperament and tendency toward highly visual and animate things, I couldn't see myself getting a degree in science or learning the mechanics of naval defense. A friend of my brother named Michael Frank had written a musical called—now catch your breath—*Anthem in E-Flat Caliope*, and he asked me to play a part. It wasn't the big time. It was backers' auditions..." (This means the play is performed in an apartment or loft, and prospective backers come and see if they want to invest in it) "... but it was held in Manhattan. Well, the play sort of flopped, but I was signed with a talent agency—a biggie—which dropped me when I only got TV jobs, though I probably did about 140 shows, from the soap opera *General Hospital* to a co-starring role in *The Texas Wheelers*."

"Eventually I met a wonderful agent, a glamorous brunette named Nancy Hudson. We had tremendous rapport on every level; we even shopped at the same supermarket. Sure, it was love, but neither of us was ready to admit it. We were both very much into ourselves, very ambitious and, worse, easily attracted to other people."

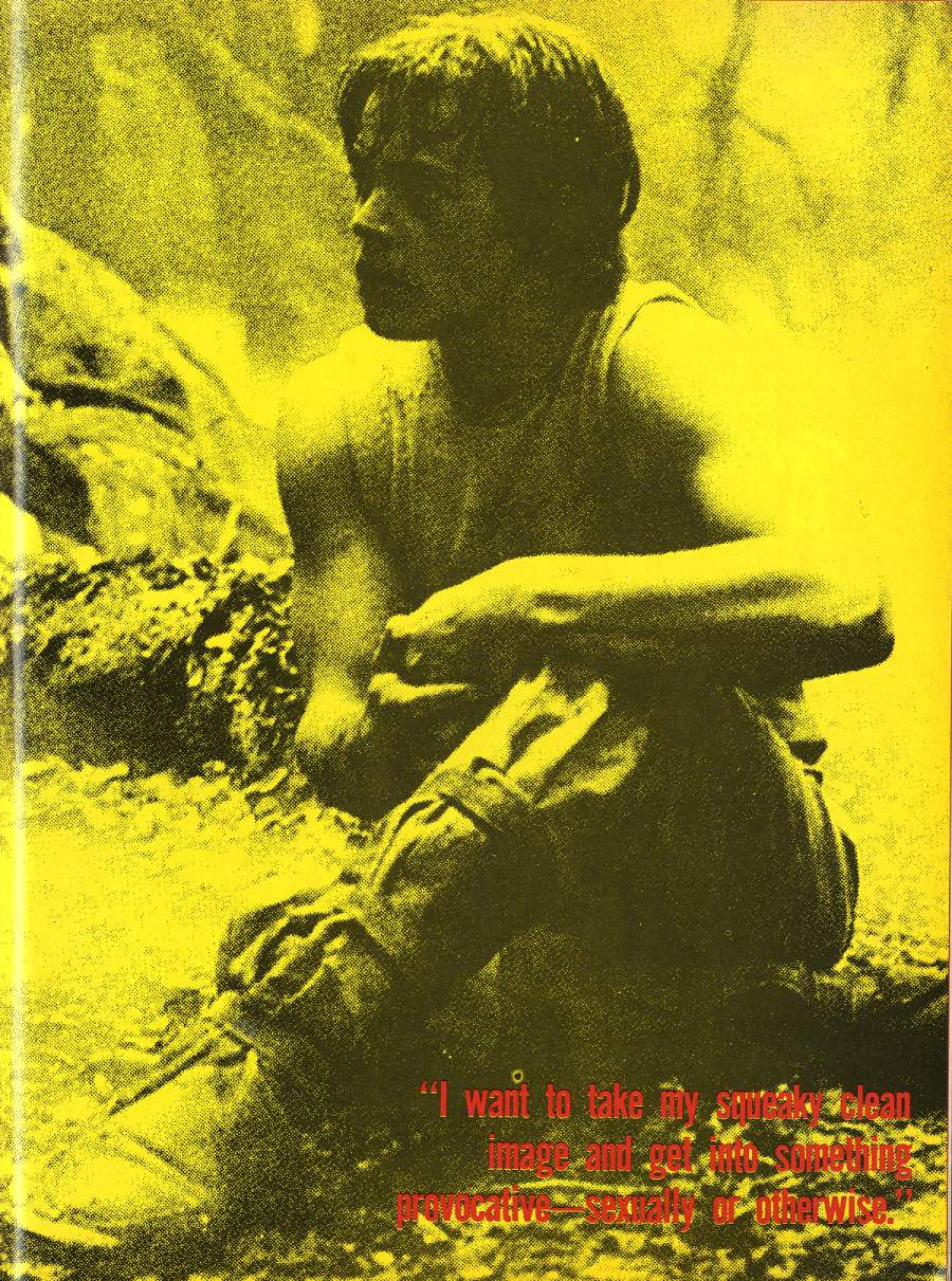
"I allow, or used to allow myself to become involved; I'm a terribly romantic person. I'm the kind of guy who will go out a month in advance to buy Valentine's Day cards for every girl in his address book. I'll do this not because of any great passion or because I think I'm a great lover, just out of sheer sentiment."

Mark's wife is a former model, Mary Lou York (the two are also parents now), who once posed for *Playboy*. "She never let me see the layout. When they were about to go to press with it, she chickened out and wouldn't give her permission for the pictures to be published." He laughs charmingly, very much like a small boy.

He prefers not to go into his feelings about any possible gay friends, though he admits that his man-boy image appeals to millions of gays. "Heck, I'd have to be blind not to know that!"

He does, however, wish to set the record straight on one account. It was widely reported that he had been in a serious accident after the first *Star Wars* and needed facial reconstruction. "Not true," says Hamill with a shake of his head. "All that happened was that I broke my nose. But the rumors spread that I was disfigured and everything. Not true." A close look at his beautiful baby face





**"I want to take my squeaky clean  
image and get into something  
provocative—sexually or otherwise."**



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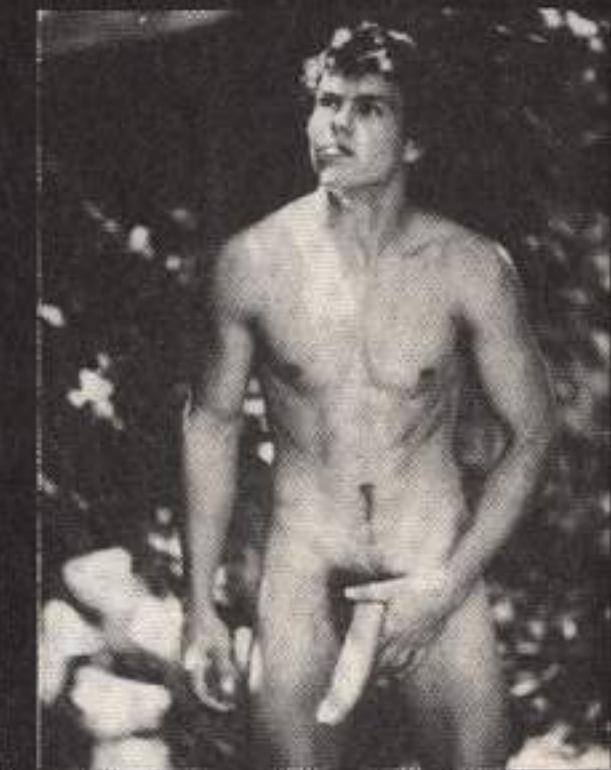
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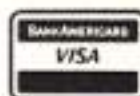
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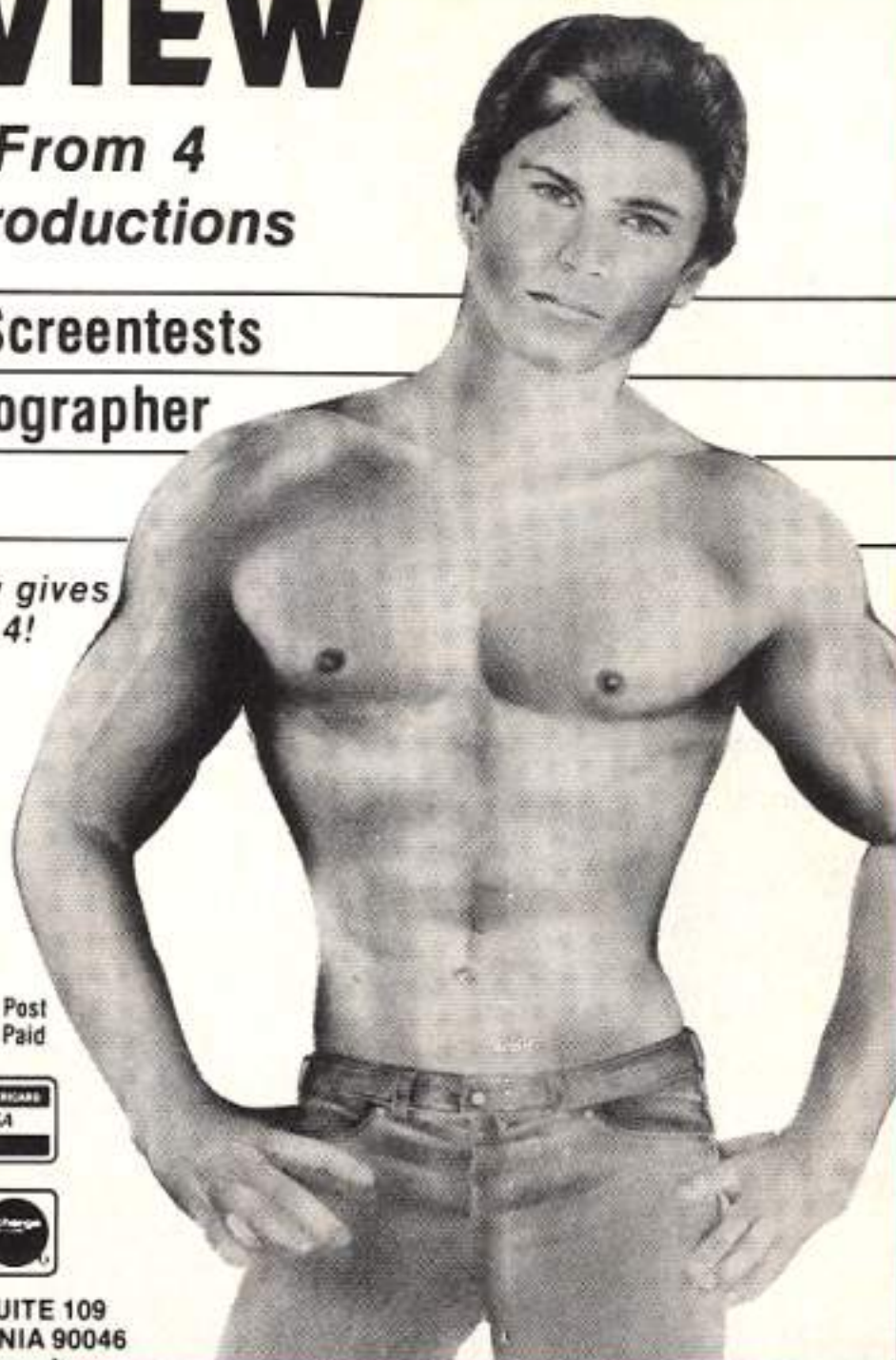
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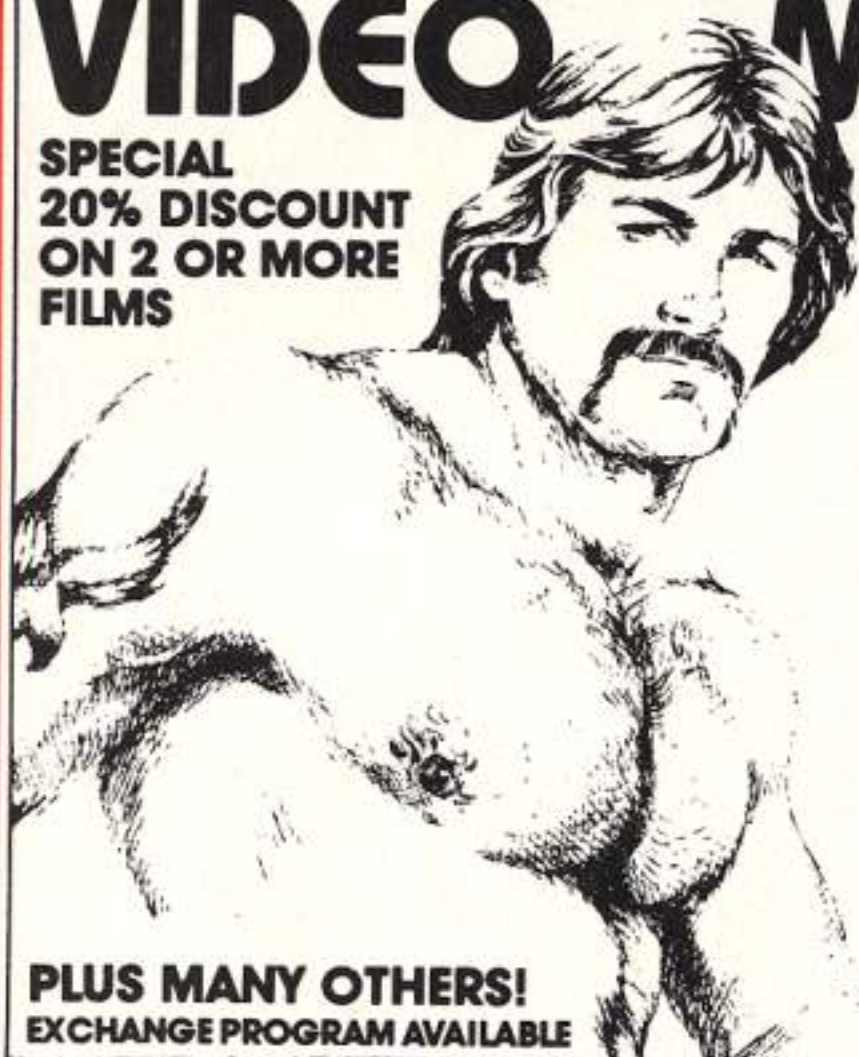
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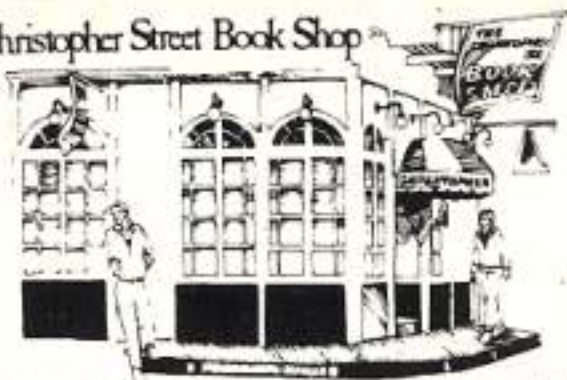
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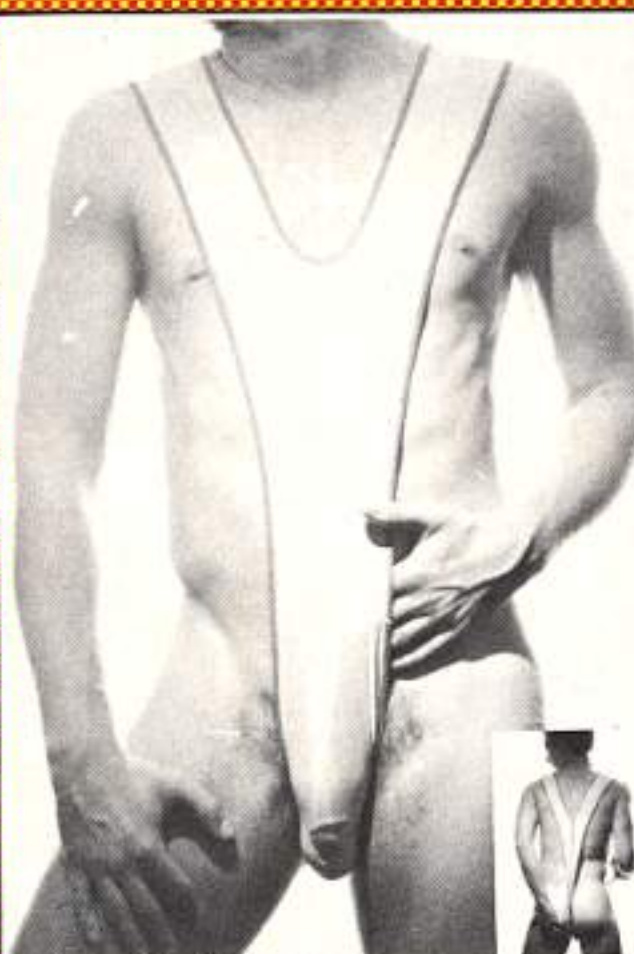
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is not disappointing—nor contradictory. This guy was, is, and probably always will be a humdinger in any galaxy.

Hamill quickly tires of talking about his looks, which have sometimes hampered his development as an actor. "I want to take my squeaky-clean image and get into something provocative—sexually or otherwise—something that would take the audience's preconceived notion of me and mangle it." Would he play a gay? "Sure, if the whole thing was right."

One intriguing possibility is the lead in *Interview with the Vampire*, which earlier had been rumored as a John Travolta vehicle. Mark would play the part of Louis, a young plantation owner of the 18th Century who is attacked by a vampire one night and changed over, who denies his new nature at first and then spends the rest of his time trying to find out what the meaning of such a nocturnal life can be—a beautiful story, as created by novelist Ann Rice, that had more than a few inner reverberations with the experience of the average gay man. "Louis is searching," says Mark, "searching to escape from the timeless abyss he has been thrown into. The character is as far from Bela Lugosi as you can get."

Concerning criticisms of his "non-acting" in the Skywalker role, he patiently notes, "Yes, a number of . . . persons . . . have criticized Carrie [Fisher] and myself for not demonstrating greater acting ability. Do they realize we were competing with R2D2 and C3PO! Never work with children, animals or robots. What scene stealers! If you watch the movie closely, you'll see that we—the human part of the cast—are underplaying in the extreme to blend into the context and style of the film."

It's hard to imagine that Mark is all of 29, but 29 he is. He is also a millionaire, thanks to his profit-sharing percentage in the *Star Wars*

Emma Peel in *The Avengers* TV series.) Still Mark is not dispirited. "I'm here to stay," he says with a twinkle in his blue eyes.

"I'm one of the few actors who actually looks forward to aging. Or at least a few 'character lines'—wrinkles!"

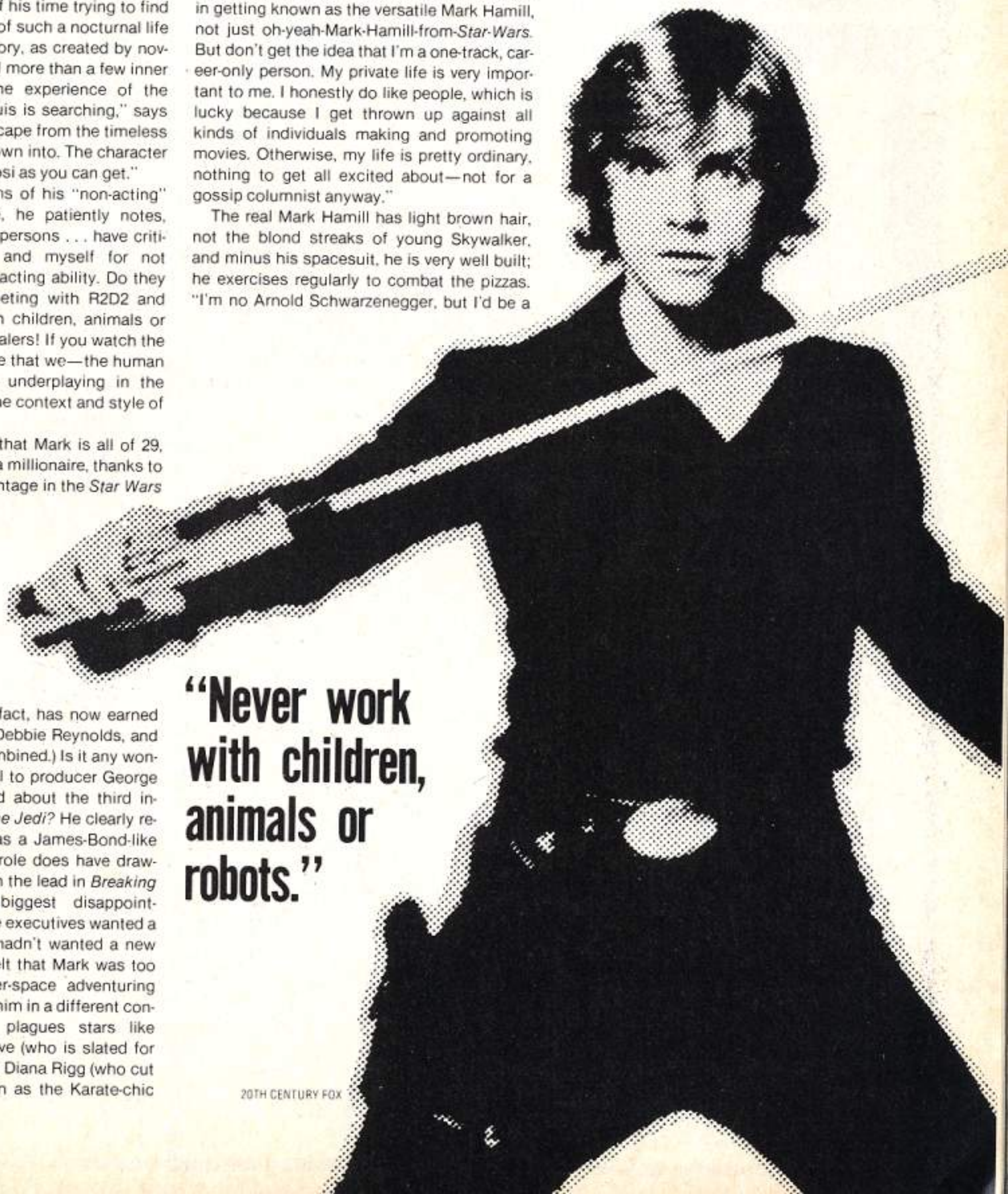
What Mark would like to do non-professionally is travel extensively in Europe and eat more pizza. "The pizza in England is ok—only fair actually. That's where *Star Wars* and *Empire* were made, and after a few weeks I was missing American pizza. But I do love London, with all its sights, the blend of modern and Victorian and medieval. Someday I'd like to have homes all over the world and hop from spot to spot."

Though Hamill feels talking about money is vulgar, he allows that "the first million was very significant. But now I'm more interested in getting known as the versatile Mark Hamill, not just oh-yeah-Mark-Hamill-from-*Star Wars*. But don't get the idea that I'm a one-track, career-only person. My private life is very important to me. I honestly do like people, which is lucky because I get thrown up against all kinds of individuals making and promoting movies. Otherwise, my life is pretty ordinary, nothing to get all excited about—not for a gossip columnist anyway."

The real Mark Hamill has light brown hair, not the blond streaks of young Skywalker, and minus his spacesuit, he is very well built; he exercises regularly to combat the pizzas. "I'm no Arnold Schwarzenegger, but I'd be a

good opponent in just about any match of strength. I can be very physical, and I like movement and action."

Mark may co-star with Jane Fonda in his next film, the story of a female prison warden and the young man she becomes attached to. Mark hasn't worked with any superstar-class actresses but feels, "the bigger the actor or actress, the better. I'm not a stickler for top-billing. I can expand and learn a lot from actors who've been around a long time and gone through different image changes. I find I get into great conversations with them—that myth that stars are cattle is nonsense. You can't become a big, lasting star and be stupid; this is the toughest business on earth. I may look like a kid, but I'm a tough cookie, the kind that crumbles real slowly." ■■



**"Never work with children, animals or robots."**

saga. (Carrie Fisher, in fact, has now earned more than her mother, Debbie Reynolds, and father, Eddie Fisher, combined.) Is it any wonder that Mark is so loyal to producer George Lucas or so tight-lipped about the third installment, *Revenge of the Jedi*? He clearly regards Luke Skywalker as a James-Bond-like launching pad, but the role does have drawbacks. He missed out on the lead in *Breaking Away*—"one of my biggest disappointments"—because movie executives wanted a new face. Even if they hadn't wanted a new face, they might have felt that Mark was too synonymous with hyper-space adventuring for audiences to accept him in a different context—a bugaboo that plagues stars like Hamill, Christopher Reeve (who is slated for *Superman II* and *III*), and Diana Rigg (who cut such a sharp impression as the Karate-chic





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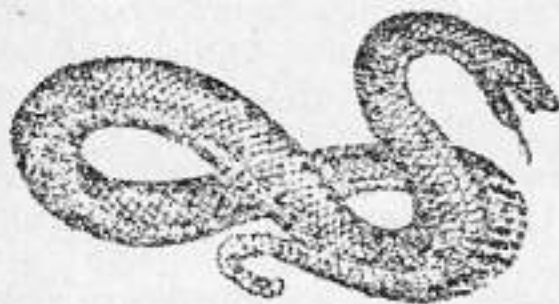


# GAY RODEO

(Continued from page 36)

taken for granted. And so here they were—big town, cowtown, redneck, white-collar, liberal, Baptist—singing their allegiance with their hats over their hearts, the most denied, the most legislated against. And I'm feeling like I'm not even there. I'm getting this weird reading on things. Flags are waving and I'm thinking about Langston Hughes. Langston Hughes was a black poet who wrote about the back-of-the-bus situation of black people, and his words are traveling very well to me in that dust field in Reno:

*O, let America be America again—  
The land that never has been yet—  
And yet must be.  
And yet must be!*



That night was a Saturday night, and the Reno gay bars were packed, spilling out into the streets, bringing down police har-

assment. "Off the sidewalk or go to jail," the cops said, getting out of paddy wagons with nervous German shepherds advancing on leashes, and proceeded to arrest people—the Emperor of Chicago was one of the bigger cats netted—outside Club 99 and Chute #1. Ragsdale was so annoyed that he later demanded an audience with the mayor of Reno and had the clout to get it. Ragsdale complained about the plainly harassing posture of the police and the disgusting, selective enforcement of a law—no drinking outside the door of a bar—that was totally ignored in Reno, especially downtown where visitors casino-hopped from Harrah's to the Sahara to the Shy Clown with drinks in hand.

I didn't see the arrests myself, though I was at one of those bars. I read about them in an astute, struggling gay newspaper, out of Sacramento, with the whimsical name, *Mom*. . . *Guess What!* But I was in no condition to observe arrests anyway, being myself quite arrested by a long-haired cowboy who looked like a male Sissy Spacek and had that same spooked-out, pink-eyed quality. "Definitely stay away from him," Nick said when we first saw him. "He looks like he's about to go out and commit a mass murder." Ah-huh. In any event by the end of the evening I got to know him . . . very well. He turned out to be a sweet, even somewhat frightened guy who lived in a remote mountainside sec-

tion of the Sacramento Valley, was very taken with my East Coast ways and left a big, clunky ring behind in my hotel room . . . by accident? Anyway, his way of cruising was to sing to me, drunkenly, across the room, singing along with the live Country-Western band. The song I remember best was a song he sang again later in the hotel room. It was a song I would hear on the radio in Reno right as I was leaving and that I eventually had to buy because I was missing Reno. I guess I had fallen a little in love with the place and its gung-ho Out-West spirit, its romantic involvement with the past. The past, in fact, was more vivid than its present, intruding a double-image on things. Even the streets you traveled on spoke of vibrant mythological periods: Eureka Avenue, Mill Street, Bret Harte Avenue, Mark Twain Avenue, and six little courts, one right after the other, named Borite, Calcite, Dolomite, Erbium, Flourite and Graphite. The song the cowboy sang to me had a part that went:

*You're just a Coca-Cola cowboy  
With an Eastwood smile  
And Robert-Redford hair.  
But you walked across my heart  
Like it was Texas.  
And you taught me how to say,  
"I just don't care."*

And that pretty much puts the finger on the way I felt about the gay rodeo in Reno. ■■

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\*\*\*

*I left the interview feeling high. At home I looked in the mirror, took a deep breath and asked the big question. "Mirror, mirror on the wall, do I need an overhaul?" Why, no, the mirror seemed to reply, not at all. So I have decided to wait . . . and ask again next year. Meanwhile I'm late for my dental appointment. Nobody said it would be easy keeping it all together!*





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# NIGHTLIFE!



**MAN BRAND:** This great mural in L.A.'s always-popular Stud was painted by the owner Emiel Adels. So that's how the Marlboro Man gets his kicks.



**WHAT AMERICA NEEDS IS A GAY FORTUNE COOKIE.** And that's exactly what America has got. "Fortune in Men's Eyes" Fortune Cookies offers these snippets of Chop-Suey: "Verbalize your most hidden fantasy with a redhead," "Beware waiter with big dick—his fuck will hurt," "You will meet hot, hung rock star in supermarket," and "Varsity wrestler with thick cock will telephone soon." (Chisul Products, Box 841, San Francisco, Ca. 94101)



**"I LOVE ALL YOU GUYS!"** said Taka Boom, disco singer who regularly performs at L.A.'s Probe and is here seen in the high-tech digs of Greg's Blue Dot. "Some people get up here and say that, but I mean it, y'all. After the show I plan to come down and fuck each and every one of you!" Always a performer who knocks herself out, Taka Boom (sister of Chaka Kahn) also fired up her audience of shirtless, dancing men at the "Heavenly Bodies" fashion show, which International Male hosted in West Hollywood at Studio One.

ROSE DE CASTRO



A. CASTAIGNE.

191-



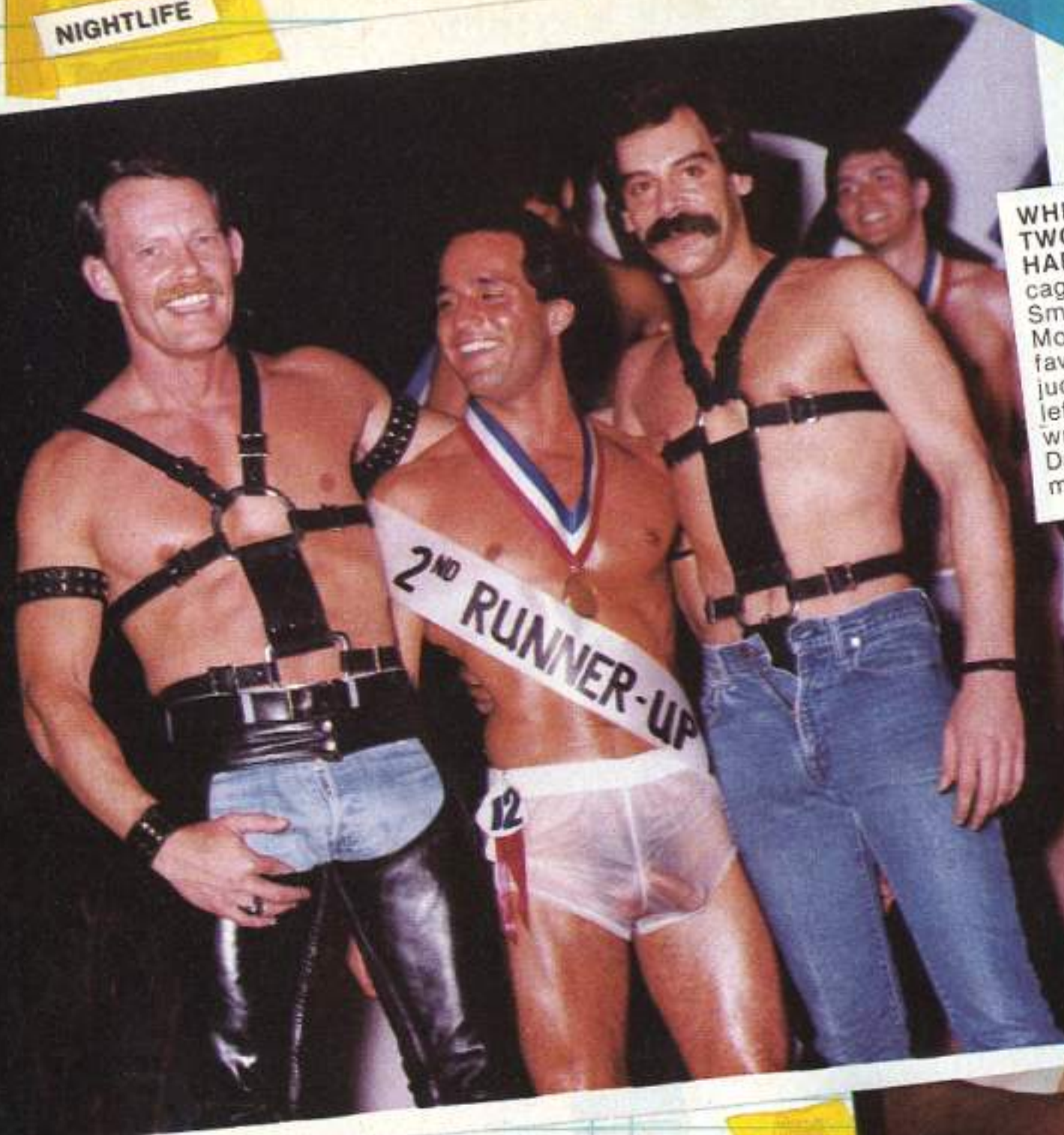
**YOU KNOW THAT LINE ABOUT THE WEST:** "Where men were men, and women were proud of it." Well, take another look. Actually, there weren't that many women out West during the bleak settlement days, and the buckaroos had to make do as best they could. As you can see from this old engraving, they often managed to have a rootin'-tootin' good time anyway. We don't have to tell you where nights like these lead, what with the drinking and the dancing and the need of a man to hold something warm against him. This engraving is part of the ad campaign of the Twin Oaks Ranch, a gay retreat romantically secluded high in the Tehachapi Mountains, right outside Caliente, California. The ranch offers horseback riding, "no-holds-barred dancing" and obviously lots of opportunities for men to hold something warm against them.

**HE'S GOT THE FIRE DOWN BELOW:** Bette Midler confronts a drag queen doing an imitation of her in *The Rose*, a movie take-off on Janis Joplin. Actually, the man at left is Pearl Heart, a Janis Joplin sound-alike, who not only sang backups for the legendary singer, he overdubbed for her on records. On Joplin's last album, *Pearl*, it is Mr. Heart's voice you hear singing "Trust in Me, Baby": Janis had already flown to Rock-n-Roll Heaven. Still in fine (that is, ripped) form, Pearl recently played two L.A. gay bars, the Detour and Rawhide and is off to tour Europe and Australia.

20TH CENTURY FOX







**WHEN YOU'RE NUMBER TWO, YOU HAVE TO TRY HARDER.** The winner of Chicago's Mr. Redoubt, Steve Smith, is on the right. Colt Model Clint Lockner, our favorite ex-cop and one of the judges of the event, is on the left. But it is the gift-wrapped second runner-up, David Ferretti, who really made this picture indelible.



ROSE DE CASTRO

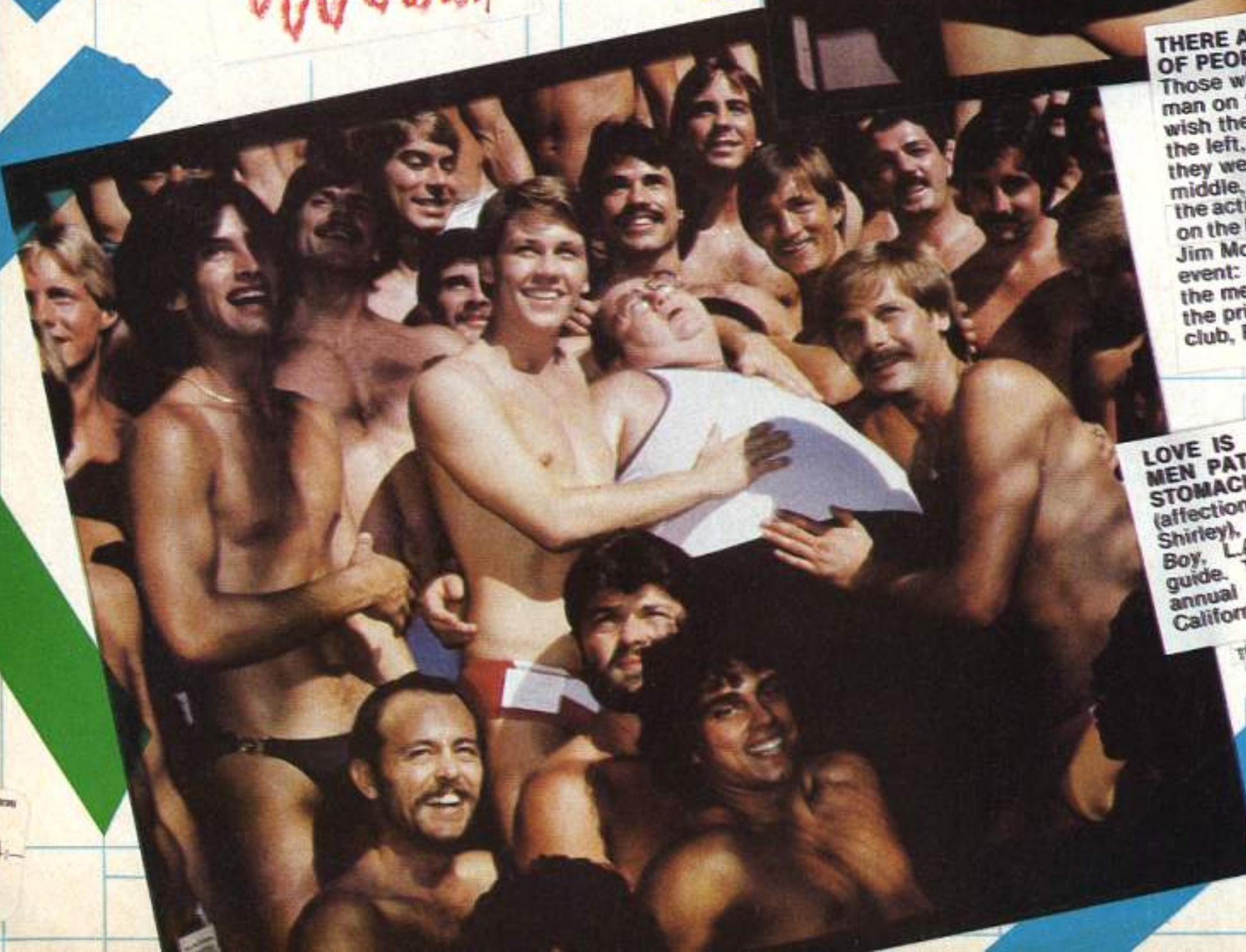
MALE HIDE LEATHER



**THERE ARE THREE KINDS OF PEOPLE IN THIS WORLD.** Those who wish they were the man on the right, those who wish they were the man on the left, and those who wish they were smack-dab in the middle, working both ends of the action. Harold Hasting is on the left, and gym-owner Jim Morris is on the right. The event: a party Morris threw for the members of his gym at the private, Hollywood gay club, Probe.

**LOVE IS A MILLION NAKED MEN PATTING YOU ON THE STOMACH.** Above we see Sol (affectionately known as Fat Shirley), publisher of Data-Boy, L.A.'s widely read bar-guide. The event: Data-Boy's annual contest to find Mr. California Superman.

TRUDY SAKON STUDIOS







A KISS ON THE HAND MAY BE QUITE CONTINENTAL, BUT BOMBSHELLS ARE A BOY'S BEST FRIEND. Two "mourners" at the "Hollywood Babylon" party held at New York's enormous Warehouse disco, Bonds, in honor of Kenneth Anger's immortally bizarre book by the same name, which raised movie gossip to the level of bitchery, atrocity, and at the very least, art.

**HAPPY HOUR, SAPPY HOUR.** Back Street, an enterprising bar in Detroit, features Sad Hour, which is held from one to four in the afternoon, during which time the patrons watch soap operas on a super-wide TV screen. Prices on drinks are reduced, but ads in the local gay paper advise customers to "bring your own Valium and crying towel!"

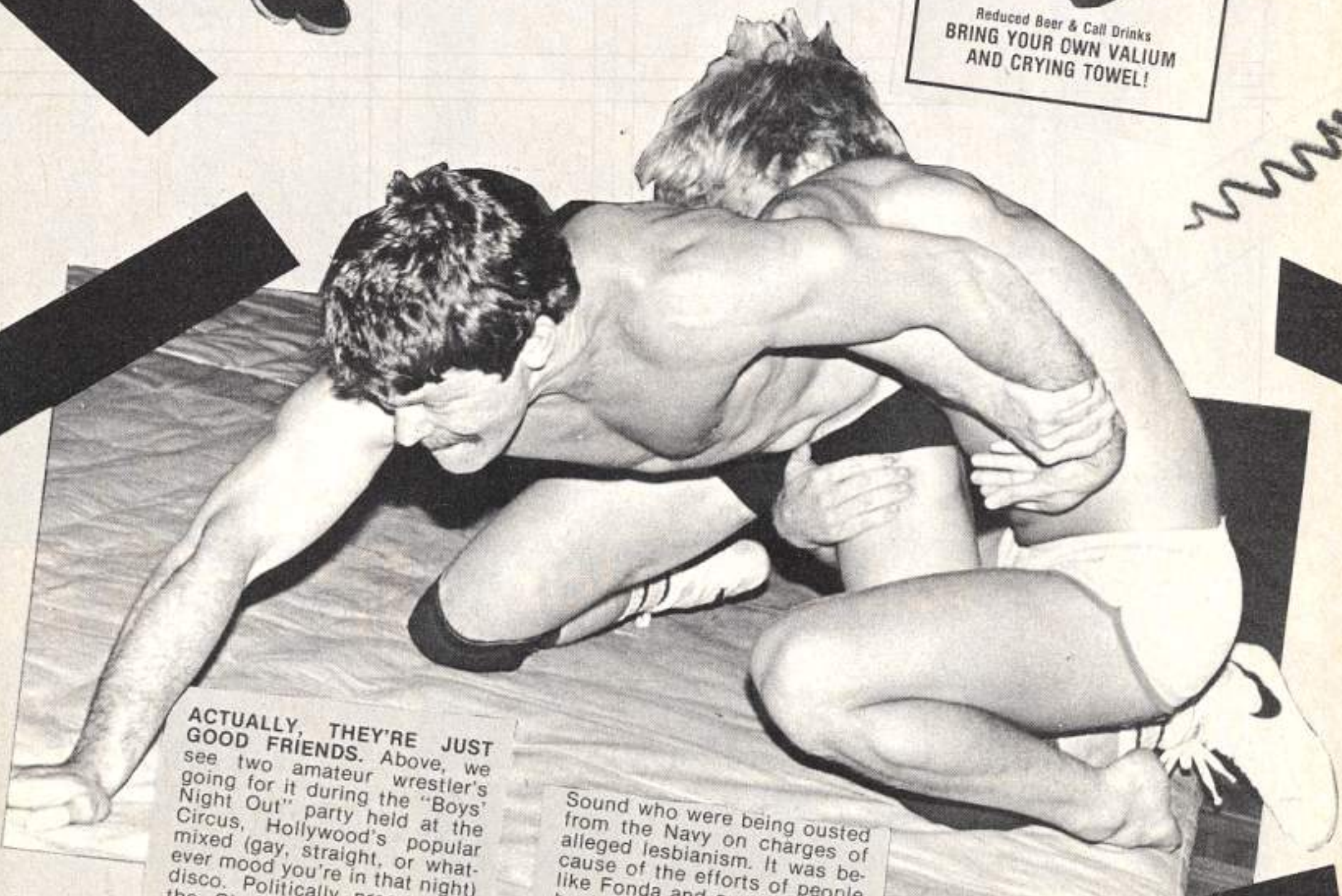
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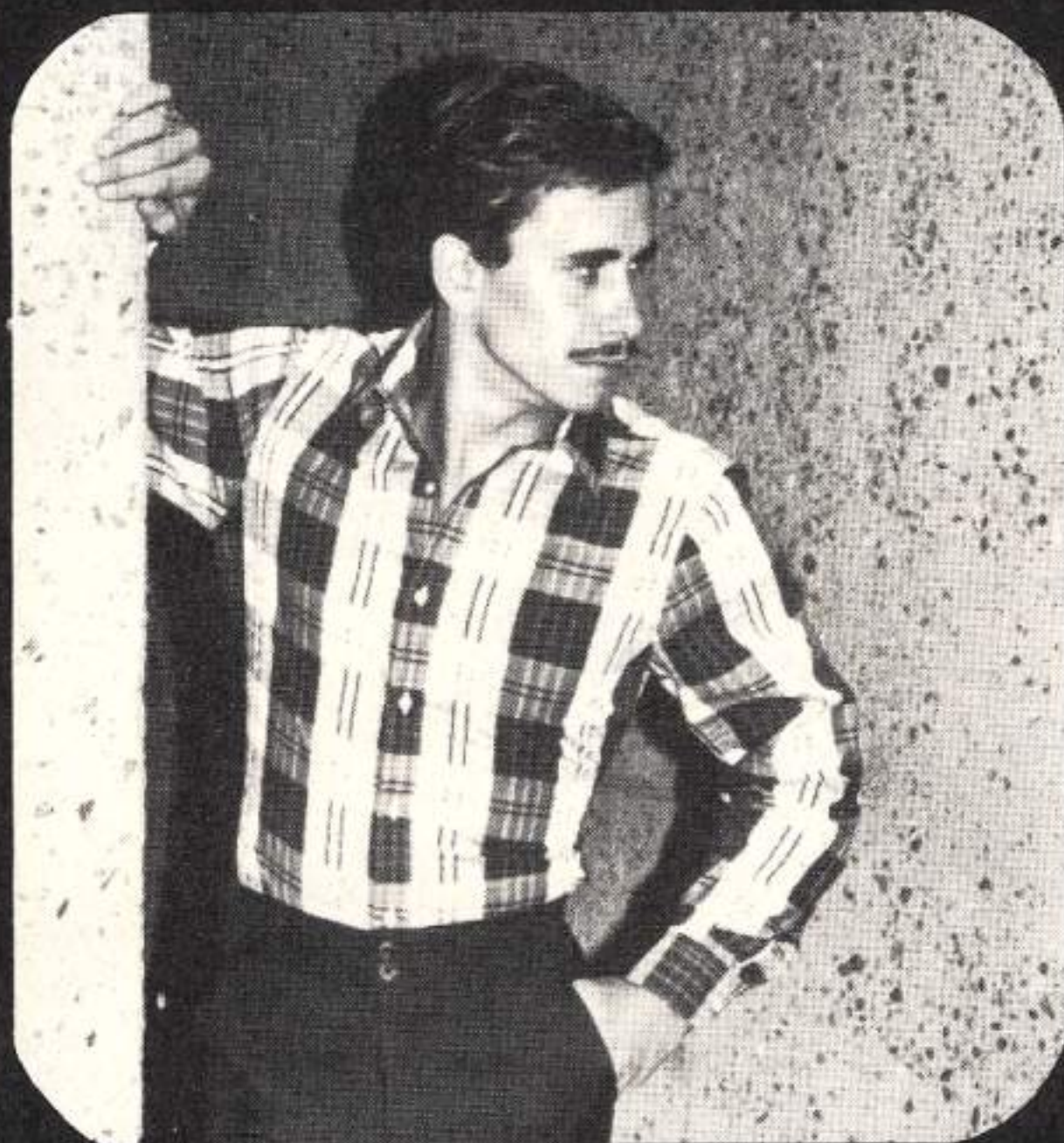


**ACTUALLY, THEY'RE JUST GOOD FRIENDS.** Above, we see two amateur wrestler's going for it during the "Boys' Night Out" party held at the Circus, Hollywood's popular mixed (gay, straight, or whatever mood you're in that night) disco. Politically progressive, the Circus is the only L.A. club, straight or gay, to have Jane Fonda appear there. She came not to entertain but to help raise cash for the eight women sailors of the Norton

Sound who were being ousted from the Navy on charges of alleged lesbianism. It was because of the efforts of people like Fonda and concerned gay businesses like the Circus that the media focused enough attention on the case to cower the Navy into dropping the highly spurious charges.



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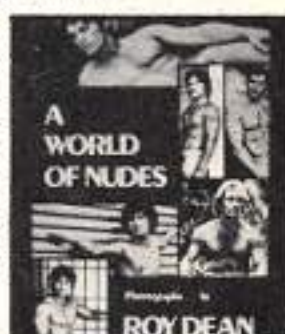


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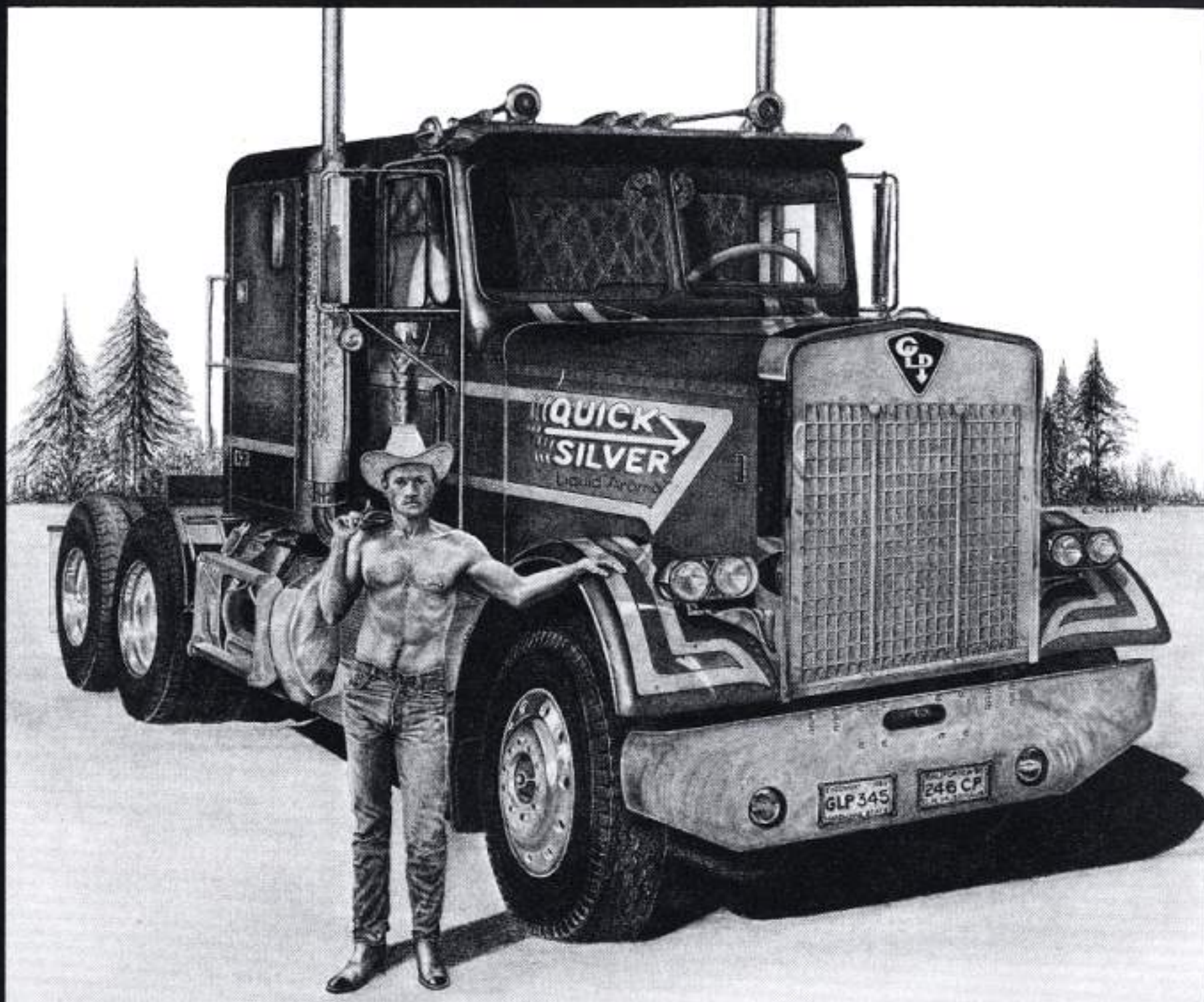
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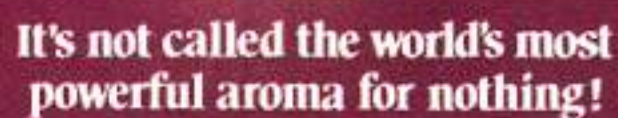
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